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AFRICAN GAME TRAILS*

AN ACCOUNT OF THE AFRICAN WANDERINGS OF AN AMERICAN HUNTER-NATURALIST

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION

VI.—TREKKING THROUGH THE THIRST TO THE SOTIK.

An Askari on duty.

From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

ON June 5th we started south from Kijabe to trek through the thirst, through the waterless country which lies across the way to the Sotik.

The preceding Sunday, at Nairobi, I had visited the excellent French Catholic Mission, had been most courteously received by the fathers, had gone over their plantations and the school in which they taught the children of the settlers (much to my surprise, among them were three Parsee children, who were evidently put on a totally different plane from the other Indians, even the Goanese), and had been keenly interested in their account of their work and of the obstacles with which they met.

At Kijabe I spent several exceedingly interesting hours at the American Industrial Mission. Its head, Mr. Hurlburt, had called on me in Washington at the White House, in the preceding October, and I had then made up my mind that if the chance occurred I must certainly visit his mission. It is an interdenominational mission, and is carried on in a spirit which combines to a marked degree broad sanity and common sense with disinterested fervor. Of course, such work, under the conditions which necessarily obtain in East Africa, can only show gradual progress; but I am sure that missionary work of the Kijabe kind will be an indispensable factor in the slow uplifting of the natives. There is full recognition of the fact that industrial training is a foundation stone in the effort to raise ethical and moral standards. Industrial teaching must go hand in hand with moral teaching—and in both the mere force of example and the influence of firm, kindly sympathy and understanding, count immeasurably. There is further recognition of the fact that in such a country the missionary should either already know how to, or else at once learn how to, take the lead himself in all kinds of industrial and mechanical work. Finally the effort is made consistently to teach the native how to live a more comfortable, useful, and physically and morally cleanly life,

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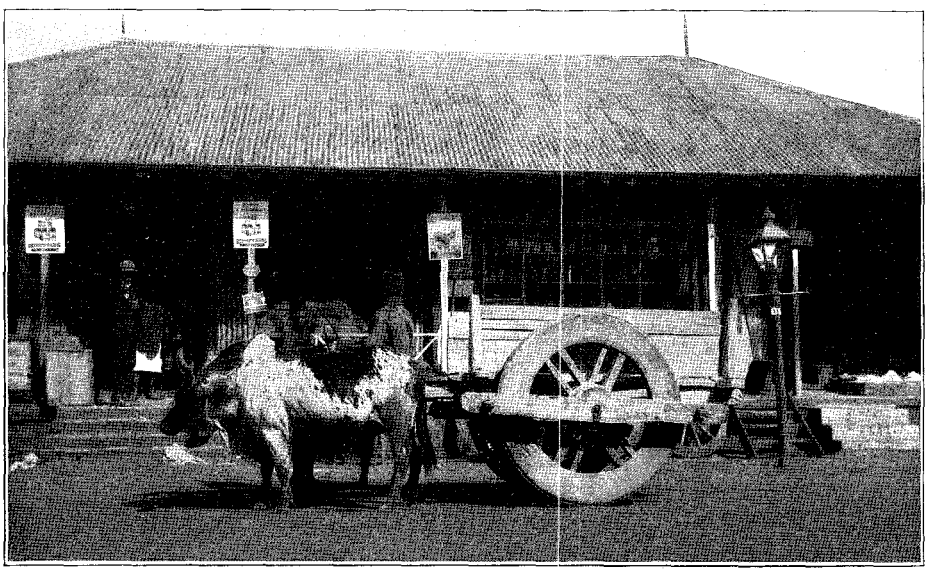

Ox-cart at Nairobi.

From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

not under white conditions, but under the conditions which he will actually have to face when he goes back to his people, to live among them, and, if things go well, to be in his turn a conscious or unconscious missionary for good.

At lunch, in addition to the missionaries and their wives and children, there were half a dozen of the neighboring settlers, with their families. It is always a good thing to see the missionary and the settler working shoulder to shoulder. Many parts of East Africa can, and I believe will, be made into a White Man's country; and the process will be helped, not hindered, by treating the black man well. At Kijabe, nearly under the equator, the beautiful scenery was almost northern in type; at night we needed blazing camp-fires and the days were as cool as September on Long Island or by the southern shores of the Great Lakes. It is a very healthy region; the children of the missionaries and settlers, of all ages, were bright and strong; those of Mr. and Mrs. Hurlburt had not been out of the country for eight years, and showed no ill effects whatever; on the contrary, I quite believed Mrs. Hurlburt when she said that she regarded the fertile wooded hills of Kijabe, with their forests and clear brooks, as forming a true health resort.

Mr. Roosevelt and the Reverend Mr. Hurlburt, head of the American Industrial Mission at Kijabe.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

The northern look of the place was enhanced by

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the fact that the forests contained junipers; but they also contained monkeys, a small green monkey, and the big guerza, with its long silky hair and bold black-and-white coloring. Kermit, Heller, and Loring shot several. There were rhinoceros and buffalo in the neighborhood. A few days previously some buffalo had charged, unprovoked, a couple of the native boys of the mission, who had escaped only by their agility in tree-climbing. On one of his trips to an outlying mission station, Mr. Hurlburt had himself narrowly escaped a serious accident. Quite wantonly, a cow rhino, with a calf, charged the safari almost before they knew of its presence. It attacked Hurlburt's mule, which fortunately he was not riding, and tossed and killed it; it passed through the line, and then turned and again charged it, this time attacking one of the porters. The porter dodged behind a tree, and the rhino hit the tree, knocked off a huge flake of bark and wood, and galloped away.

Mr. Roosevelt after luncheon with the head missionary.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

The trek across "the thirst," as any waterless country is apt to be called by an Africander, is about sixty miles, by the road. On our horses we could have ridden it in a night; but on a serious trip of any kind loads must be carried, and laden porters cannot go fast, and must rest at intervals. We had rather more than our porters could carry, and needed additional transportation for the water for the safari; and we had hired four ox-wagons. They were under the lead of a fine young Colonial Englishman named Ulyate, whose great-grandfather had come to South Africa in 1820, as part of the most important English emigration that ever went thither. His father and sisters had lunched with us at the missionaries' the day before; his wife's baby was too young for her to come. It was the best kind of pioneer family; all the members, with some of their fellow colonials, had spent much of the preceding three years in adventurous exploration of the country in their ox-wagons, the wives and daughters as valiant as the men; one of the two daughters I met had driven one of the ox-wagons on the hardest and most dangerous trip they made, while her younger sister led the oxen. It was on this trip that they had pioneered the way across the waterless route I was to take. For those who, like our-

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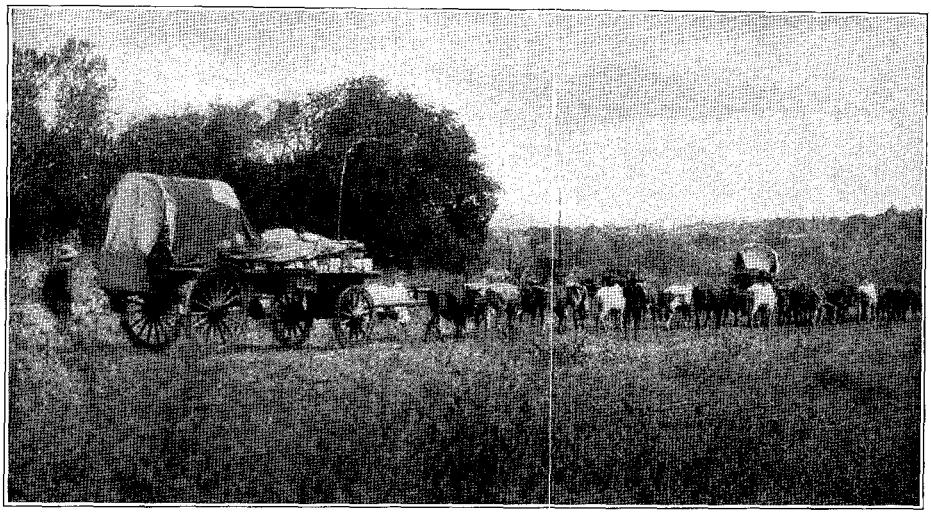
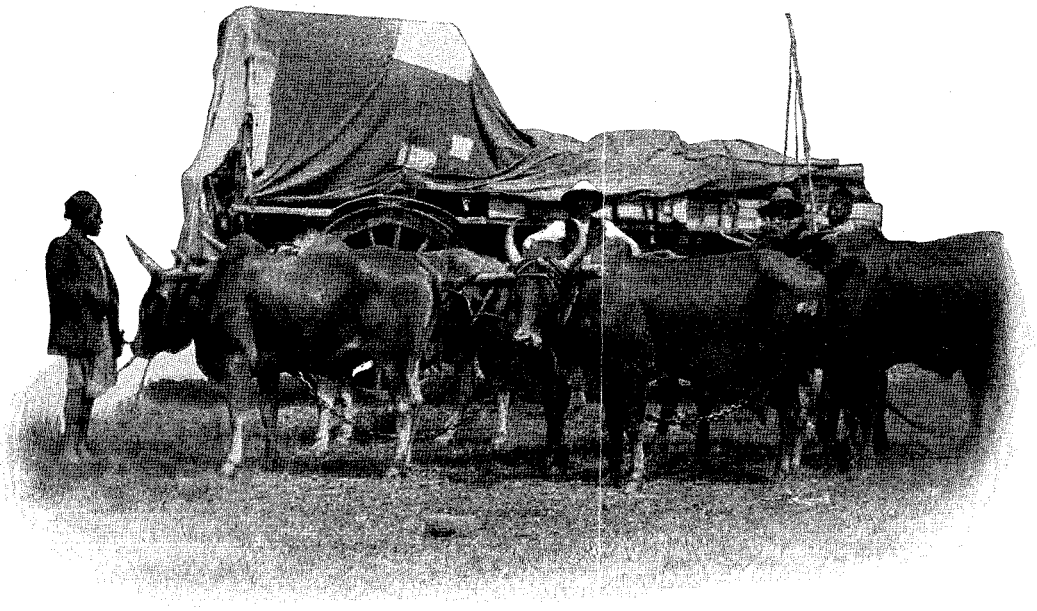


The ox-wagons trekking through the scrub.
From a photograph by R. J. Cuninghame.

selves, followed the path they had thus blazed, there was no danger to the men, and merely discomfort to the oxen; but the first trip was a real feat, for no one could tell what lay ahead, or what exact route would be practicable. The family had now settled on a big farm, but also carried on the business of "transport riding," as freighting with wagons is called in Africa; and they did it admirably.

With Ulyate were three other white wagon-drivers, all colonials; two of them English, the third Dutch, or Boer. There was also a Cape boy, a Kaffir wagon-driver;



A halt.
From a photograph by R. J. Cuninghame.

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utterly different from any of the East African natives, and dressed in ordinary clothes. In addition there were various natives—primitive savages in dress and habit, but coming from the cattle-owning tribes. Each ox-team was guided by one of these savages, who led the first yoke by a leathern thong, while the wagon-driver, with his long whip, stalked to and fro beside the line of oxen, or rode in the wagon. The huge wagons, with their white tops or "sails," were larger than those our own settlers and freighters used. Except one small one, to which there were but eight oxen, each was drawn by a span of seven or eight yoke; they were all native humped cattle.

Watering the oxen. Taking their last drink for three days.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

We had one hundred and ninety-six porters, in addition to the askaris, tent-boys, gun-bearers, and saises. The management of such a safari is a work of difficulty; but probably no better man for the purpose than Cuninghame could be found anywhere, and he had chosen his headmen well. In the thirst, the march goes on by day and night. The longest halt is made in the day, for men and animals both travel better at night than under the blazing noon. We were fortunate in that it was just after the full of the moon, so that our night treks were made in good light. Of course, on such a march the porters must be spared as much as possible; camp is not pitched, and each white man uses for the trip only what he wears, or carries on his horse—and the horse also must be loaded as lightly as possible. I took nothing but my army overcoat, rifle and cartridges, and three canteens of water. Kermit did the same.

The wagons broke camp about ten, to trek to the water, a mile and a half off, where the oxen would be outspanned to take the last drink for three days; stock will not drink early in the morning nearly as freely as if the march is begun later. We, riding our horses, followed by the long line of burdened porters, left at half-past twelve, and in a couple of hours overtook the wagons. The porters were in high spirits. In the morning, before the start, they twice held

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The safari
From a photograph

regular dances, the chief musician being one of their own number who carried an extraordinary kind of native harp; and after their loads were allotted they marched out of camp singing and blowing their horns and whistles. Three askaris brought up the rear to look after laggards, and see that no weak or sick man fell out without our knowing or being able to give him help.

The trail led first through open brush, or low dry forest, and then out on the vast plains, where the withered grass was dotted here and there with low, scantily leaved thorn-trees, from three to eight feet high. Hour after hour we drew slowly ahead under the shimmering moonlight. The horsemen walked first, with the gun-bearers, saises, and usually a few very energetic and powerful porters; then came the safari in single file; and then the lumbering white-topped wagons, the patient oxen walking easily, each team led by a half-naked savage with frizzed hair and a spear or throwing-stick in his hand, while at intervals the long whips of the drivers cracked like rifles. The dust rose in clouds from the dry earth, and soon covered all of us; in the distance herds of zebra and hartebeest gazed at us as we passed, and we saw the old spoor of rhino, beasts we hoped to avoid, as they often charge such a caravan.

Every one rested under the fly-tent at noon in the trek through the Thirst.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Slowly the shadows lengthened; the light waned, the glare of the white, dusty plain was softened, and the bold outlines of the distant mountains grew dim. Just before nightfall we halted on the further side of a dry watercourse. The safari came up singing and whistling, and the men put down their loads, lit fires, and with chatter and laughter prepared their food. The crossing was not good, the sides of the watercourse being steep; and each wagon was brought through by a double span, the whips cracking lustily as an accompaniment to the shouts of the

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on the march
by Edmund Heller.

drivers, as the thirty oxen threw their weight into the yokes by which they were attached to the long trek tow. The horses were fed. We had tea, with bread and cold meat—and a most delicious meal it was—and then lay dozing or talking beside the bush-fires. At half-past eight, the moon having risen, we were off again. The safari was still in high spirits, and started with the usual chanting and drumming.

We pushed steadily onward across the plain, the dust rising in clouds under the spectral moonlight. Sometimes we rode, sometimes we walked to ease our horses. The Southern Cross was directly ahead, not far above the horizon. Higher and higher rose the moon, and brighter the flood of her light. At intervals the barking call of zebras was heard on either hand. It was after midnight when we again halted. The porters were tired, and did not sing as they came up; the air was cool, almost nipping, and they at once huddled down in their blankets, some of them building fires. We, the white men, after seeing our horses staked out, each lay down in his overcoat or jacket and slicker, with his head on his saddle, and his rifle beside him, and had a little over two hours' sleep. At three we were off again, the shivering porters making no sound as they started; but once under way the more irrepressible spirits speedily began a kind of intermittent chant, and most of the rest by degrees joined in the occasional grunt or hum that served as chorus.

For four hours we travelled steadily, first through the moonlight, and then through the reddening dawn. Jackals shrieked, and the plains plover wailed and scolded as they circled round us. When the sun was well up, we halted; the desolate flats stretched far and wide on every side and rose into lofty hills ahead of us. The porters received their water and food, and lay down to sleep, some directly in the open, others rigging little sun shelters under the scattering thorn-bushes. The horses were fed, were given half a pail of water apiece, and were turned loose to feed with the oxen; this was the last time the oxen would feed freely, unless there was rain; and this was to be our longest halt. We had an excellent breakfast, like our supper the night before, and then slept as well as we could.

Noon came, and soon afterward we

The porter-harper and his native harp.
From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

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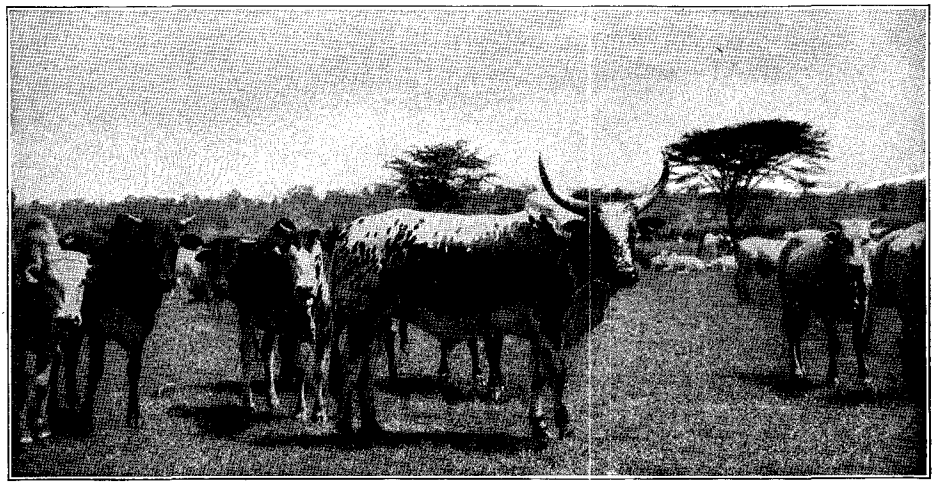
Masai huts from centre of kraal.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

again started. The country grew hilly, and brushy. It was too dry for much game, but we saw a small herd of giraffe, which are independent of water. Now riding our horses, now leading them, we travelled until nearly sunset, when we halted at the foot of a steep divide, beyond which our course lay across slopes that gradually fell to the stream for which we were heading. Here the porters had all the food and water they wished, and so did the horses; and, each with a double span of oxen, the wagons were driven up the slope, the weary cattle straining hard in the yokes.

Black clouds had risen and thickened in the west, boding rain. Three-fourths of our journey was over; and it was safe to start the safari and then leave it to come on by itself, while the ox-wagons followed later. At nine, before the moon struggled above the hill-crests to our left, we were off. Soon we passed the wagons, drawn up abreast, a lantern high on a pole, while the tired oxen lay in their yokes, attached to the trek tow.



Masai cattle.
From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

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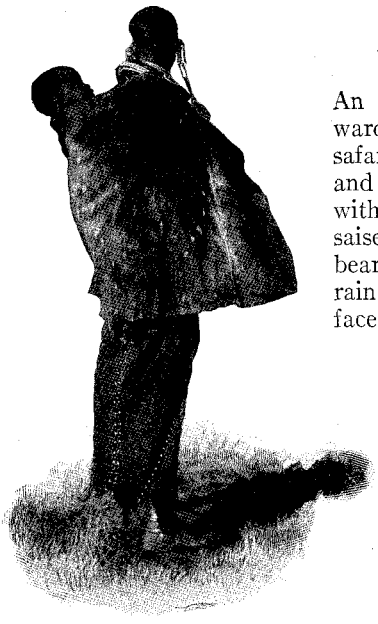


A Masai woman and toto.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

ually settled into a steady, gentle downpour. Our horses began to slip in the greasy soil; we knew the rain would refresh the cattle, but would make the going harder.

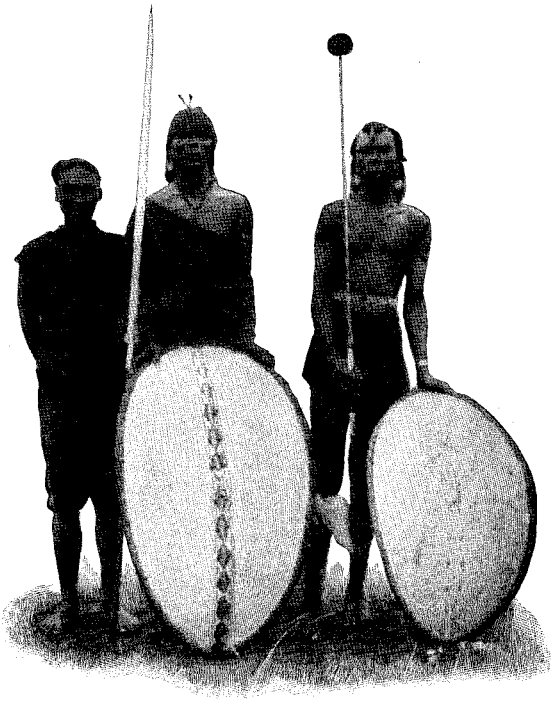
At one we halted, in the rain, for a couple of hours' rest. Just before this we heard two lions roaring, or rather grunting, not far in front of us; they were after prey. Lions are bold on rainy nights, and we did not wish to lose any of our horses; so a watch was organized, and we kept ready for immediate action, but the lions did not come. The native boys built fires, and lay close to them, relieving one another, and us, as sentinels. Kermit and I had our army overcoats, which are warm and practically water-proof; the others had coats almost as good. We lay down in the rain, on the drenched grass, with our saddle-cloths over our feet, and our heads on our saddles, and slept comfortably for two hours.

At three we mounted and were off again, the rain still falling. There were steep ravines to cross, slippery from the wet; but we made good time, and soon after six off-saddled on the farther side of a steep drift or ford in the little Suavi River. It is a rapid stream flowing between high, well-wooded banks; it was an attractive camp site, and, as we afterward found, the nights were so cool as to make great camp-fires welcome.

An hour afterward we left the safari behind, and rode ahead, with only our saises and gun-bearers. Gusts of rain blew in our faces, and grad-

Masai with stretching-stone in ear.
From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

At half-past ten the safari appeared, in excellent spirits, the flag waving, to an accompaniment of chanting and horn-blowing; and, to their loudly expressed satisfaction, the porters were told that they should have an extra day's rations, as well as a day's rest. Camp was soon pitched; and all, of every rank, slept soundly that night, though the lions moaned near by. The wagons did not get in until ten the following morning. By that time the oxen had been nearly three days without water, so, by dawn, they were unyoked and driven down to drink before the drift was attempted, the wagons being left a mile or two back. The approaches to the drift were steep and difficult, and, with two spans to each, the wagons swayed and plunged over the twisted bowlder-choked trails, down into the river-bed, crossed it, and, with lurching and straining, men shouting and



Giant Masai warriors and an average-sized porter.
From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

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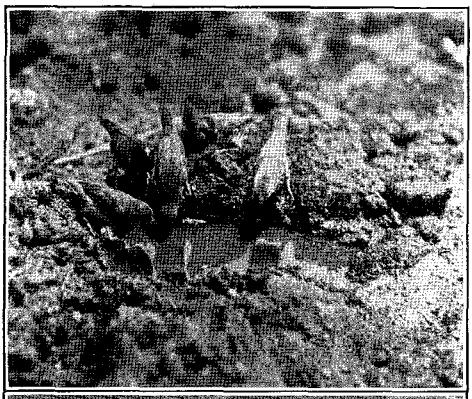
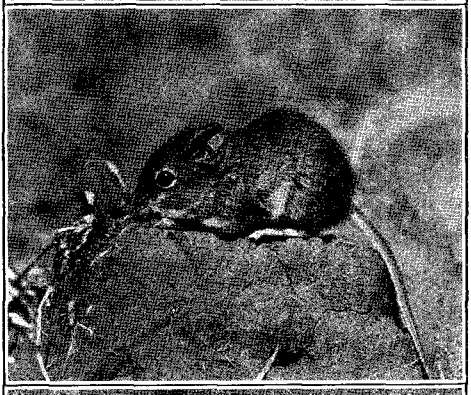
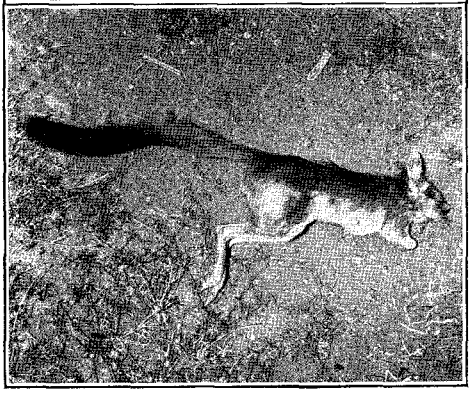


Waxbills and one weaver bird drinking.

A courser.



An elephant shrew.



A spring-haas

whips cracking, drew slowly up the opposite bank.

After a day's rest we pushed on in two days' easy travelling to the Guaso Nyero of the south. Our camps were pleasant, by running streams of swift water; one was really beautiful, in a grassy bend of a rapid little river, by huge African yew-trees, with wooded cliffs in front. It was cool, rainy weather, with overcast skies and misty mornings, so that it seemed strangely unlike the tropics. The country was alive with herds of Masai cattle, sheep, and donkeys. The Masai, herdsmen by profession and warriors by preference, with their great spears and ox-hide shields, were stalwart savages, and showed the mixture of types common to this part of Africa, which is the edge of an ethnic whirlpool. Some of them were of seemingly pure negro type; others except in their black skin had little negro about them, their features being as clear-cut as those of ebony Nilotic Arabs. They were dignified, but friendly and civil, shaking hands as soon as they came up to us.

On the Guaso Nyero was a settler from South Africa, with his family; and we met another settler travelling with a big flock of sheep which he had bought for trading purposes. The latter, while journeying over our route with cattle, a month before, had been attacked by lions one night. They seized his cook as he lay by the fire, but fortunately grabbed his red blanket, which they carried off and the terrified man escaped; and they killed a cow and a calf. Ulyate's brother-in-law, Smith, had been rendered a hopeless cripple for life, six months previously, by a lioness he had wounded. Another settler while at one of our camping-places lost two of his horses, which were killed although within a boma. One night lions came within threatening neighborhood of our ox-wagons; and we often heard them moaning in the early part of the night, roaring when full fed toward morning; but we were not molested.

The safari was in high feather, for the days were cool, the work easy, and we shot enough game to give them meat. When we broke camp after breakfast,

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the porters would all stand ranged by their loads; then Tarlton would whistle, and a chorus of whistles, horns, and tomtoms would answer, as each porter lifted and adjusted his burden, fell into his place, and then joined in some shrill or guttural chorus as the long line swung off at its marching pace. After nightfall the camp-fires blazed in the cool air, and as we stood or sat around them each man had tales to tell: Cuninghame and Tarlton of elephant-hunting in the Congo, and of perilous adventures hunting lion and buffalo; Mearns of long hikes and fierce fighting in the steaming Philippine forests; Loring and Heller of hunting and collecting in Alaska, in the Rockies, and among the deserts of the Mexican border; and always our talk came back to strange experiences with birds and beasts, both great and small, and to the ways of the great game. The three naturalists revelled in the teeming bird life, with its wealth of beauty and color—nor was the beauty only of color and shape, for at dawn the bird songs made real music. The naturalists trapped many small mammals: big-eared mice looking like our white-footed mice, mice with spiny fur, mice that lived in trees, rats striped like our chipmunks, rats that jumped like zebras, big cane-rats, dormice, and tiny shrews. Meercats, things akin to a small mongoose, lived out in the open plains, burrowing in companies like prairie dogs, very spry and active, and looking like picket pins when they stood up on end to survey us. I killed a nine-foot python which had swallowed a rabbit. Game was not plentiful, but we killed enough for the table. I shot a wildebeest bull one day, having edged up to it on foot, and after missing it standing, breaking it down with a bullet through the hips, and it galloped across my front at three hundred yards. Kermit killed our first topi, a bull; a beautiful animal, the size of a hartebeest, its glossy coat with a satin sheen, varying from brown to silver and purple.

By the Guaso Nyero we halted for several days; and we arranged to leave Mearns and Loring in a permanent camp, so that they might seriously study and collect the birds and small mam-

Young dik dik.

Tame serval kitten.

A banded mongoose.

Colobus monkey.

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mals while the rest of us pushed wherever we wished after the big game. The tents were pitched, and the ox-wagons drawn up on the southern side of the muddy river, by the edge of a wide plain, on which we could see the game grazing as we walked around camp. The alluvial flats bordering the river, and some of the higher plains, were covered with an open forest growth, the most common tree looking exactly like a giant sage-brush, thirty feet high; and there were tall aloes and cactus and flat-topped mimosa. for the gaudy flowers of the tall mint which grew close to the river. We got a small cobra, less than eighteen inches long; it had swallowed another snake almost as big as itself; unfortunately the head of the swallowed snake was digested, but the body looked like that of a young puff-adder.

The day after reaching this camp I rode off for a hunt, accompanied by my two gun-bearers and with a dozen porters following, to handle whatever I killed. One of my original gun-bearers, Mahomet, though a

Extreme form of Robertsi gazelle.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

We found a wee hedgehog, with much white about it. He would cuddle up in my hand snuffing busily with his funny little nose. We did not have the heart to turn the tame, friendly little fellow over to the naturalists, and so we let him go. Birds abounded. One kind of cuckoo called like a whippoorwill in the early morning and late evening, and after nightfall. Among our friendly visitors were the pretty, rather strikingly colored little chats—Livingstone's wheatear—which showed real curiosity in coming into camp. They were nesting in burrows on the open plains round about. Mearns got a white egg and a nest at the end of a little burrow two feet long; wounded, the birds ran into holes or burrows. They sang attractively on the wing, often at night. The plover-like coursers, very pretty birds, continually circled round us with querulous clamor. Gorgeously colored, diminutive sunbirds, of many different kinds, were abundant; they had an especial fondness good man in the field, had proved in other respects so unsatisfactory that he had been replaced by another, a Wkamba heathen named Gouvinali—I could never remember his name until, as a mnemonic aid, Kermit suggested that I think of Gouverneur Morris, the old Federalist statesman, whose life I had once studied. He was a capital man for the work.

Half a mile from camp I saw a buck tommy with a good head, and as we needed his delicious venison for our own table, I dismounted and after a little care killed him as he faced me at two hundred and ten yards. Sending him back by one of the porters, I rode on toward two topi we saw far in front. But there were zebra, hartebeest, and wildebeest in between, all of which ran; and the topi proved wary. I was still walking after them when we made out two eland bulls ahead and to our left. The ground was too open to admit of the possibility of a stalk; but leaving my horse

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Ulyate and eland calf brought in by Masai.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

and the porters to follow slowly, the gun-bearers and I walked quartering toward them. They hesitated about going, and when I had come as close as I dared, I motioned to the two gun-bearers to continue walking, and dropped on one knee. I had the little Springfield, and was anxious to test the new sharp-pointed military bullet on some large animal. The biggest bull was half facing me, just two hundred and eighty yards off; I fired a little bit high and a trifle to the left; but the tiny ball broke his back and the splendid beast, heavy as a prize bull, came plunging and struggling to the ground. The other bull started to run off, but after I had walked a hundred yards forward, he actually trotted back toward his companion; then halted, turned, and galloped across my front at a distance of a hundred and eighty yards; and him too I brought down with a single shot. The little full-jacketed, sharp-pointed bullet made a terrific rending compared with the heavier, ordinary-shaped bullet of the same composition.

I was much pleased with my two prizes, for the National Museum particularly desired a good group of eland. They were splendid animals, like beautiful heavy cattle; and I could not sufficiently admire their sleek, handsome, striped coats, their shapely heads, fine horns, and massive bodies. The big bull, an old one, looked blue at a distance; he was very heavy and his dewlap hung down just as with cattle. His companion, although much less heavy, was a full-grown bull in his prime, with longer horns; for the big one's horns had begun to wear down at the tips. In their stomachs were grass, and, rather to my surprise, aloe leaves.

We had two canvas cloths with us, which Heller had instructed me to put over anything I shot, in order to protect it from the sun; so, covering both bulls, I left a porter with them, and sent in another to notify Heller—who came out with an ox-wagon to bring in the skins and meat. I had killed these two eland bulls, as well as the buck gazelle (bringing down each with a single bullet) within three-quarters of an hour after leaving camp.

I wanted a topi, and continued the hunt. The country swarmed with the herds and flocks of the Masai, who own a wealth of live stock. Each herd of cattle and donkeys or flock of sheep was guarded by its herdsmen; bands of stalwart, picturesque warriors, with their huge spears and ox-

Cuninghame and one of Mr. Roosevelt's Robertsi heads.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

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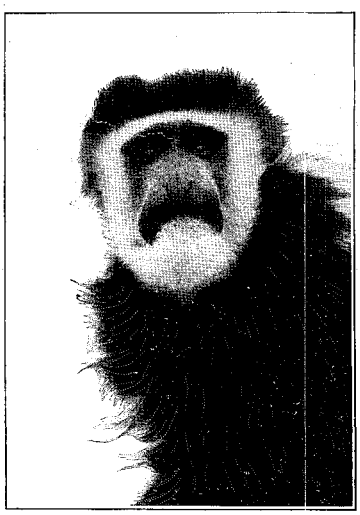
hide shields, occasionally strolled by us; and we passed many bomas, the kraals where the stock is gathered at night, with the huts of the owners ringing them. Yet there was much game in the country also, chiefly zebra and hartebeest; the latter, according to their custom, continually jumping up on anthills to get a clearer view of me, and sometimes standing on them motionless for a considerable time, as sentries to scan the country around.

At last we spied a herd of topi, distinguishable from the hartebeest at a very long distance by their dark coloring, the purples and browns giving the coat a heavy shading which when far off, in certain lights, looks almost black. Topi, hartebeest, and wildebeest belong to the same group, and are specialized, and their peculiar physical and mental traits developed, in the order named. The wildebeest is the least normal and most grotesque and odd-looking of the three, and his idiosyncrasies of temper are also the most marked. The hartebeest comes next, with his very high withers, long face, and queerly shaped horns; while the topi, although with a general hartebeest look, has the features of shape and horn less pronounced, and bears a greater resemblance to his more ordinary kinsfolk. In the same way, though it will now and then buck and plunge when it begins to run after being startled, its demeanor is less pronounced in this respect. The topi's power of leaping is great; I have seen one when frightened bound clear over a companion, and immediately afterward over a high anthill.



A Colobus monkey.
From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

The herd of topi we saw was more shy than the neighboring zebra and hartebeest. There was no cover and I spent an hour trying to walk up to them by manœuvring in one way and another. They did not run clear away, but kept standing and letting me approach to distances varying from four hundred and fifty to six hundred yards; tempting me to shoot, while nevertheless I could not estimate the range accurately, and was not certain whether I was over or under-shooting. So I fired more times than I care to mention before I finally got my topi—at just five hundred and twenty yards. It was a handsome cow, weighing two hundred and sixty pounds; for topi are somewhat smaller than kongoni. The beauty of its coat, in texture and coloring, struck me afresh as I looked at the sleek creature stretched out on the grass. Like the eland, it was free from ticks; for the hideous pests do not frequent this part of the country in any great numbers.

I reached camp early in the afternoon, and sat down at the mouth of my tent to enjoy myself. It was on such occasions that the "pigskin library" proved itself indeed a blessing. In addition to the original books we had picked up one or two old favorites on the way: Alice's Adventures, for instance, and Fitzgerald—I say Fitzgerald, because reading other versions of Omar Khayyam always leaves me with the feeling that Fitzgerald is the major partner in the book we really like. Then there was a book I had not read, Dumas's "Les louves de Machecoul." This was presented to me at Port Said by M. Jusserand, the brother of an old and valued friend, the French ambassador at Washington—the vice-president of the "Tennis Cabinet." We had been speaking of Balzac, and I mentioned regretfully that I did not at heart care for his longer novels excepting the "Chouans"; and, as John Hay once told me, in the eyes of all true Balzacians, to like the "Chouans" merely aggravates the offence of not liking the novels which they deem really great. M. Jusserand thereupon asked me if I knew Dumas's Vendean novel; being a fairly good Dumas man, I was rather ashamed to admit that I did not; whereupon he sent it to me, and I enjoyed it to the full.

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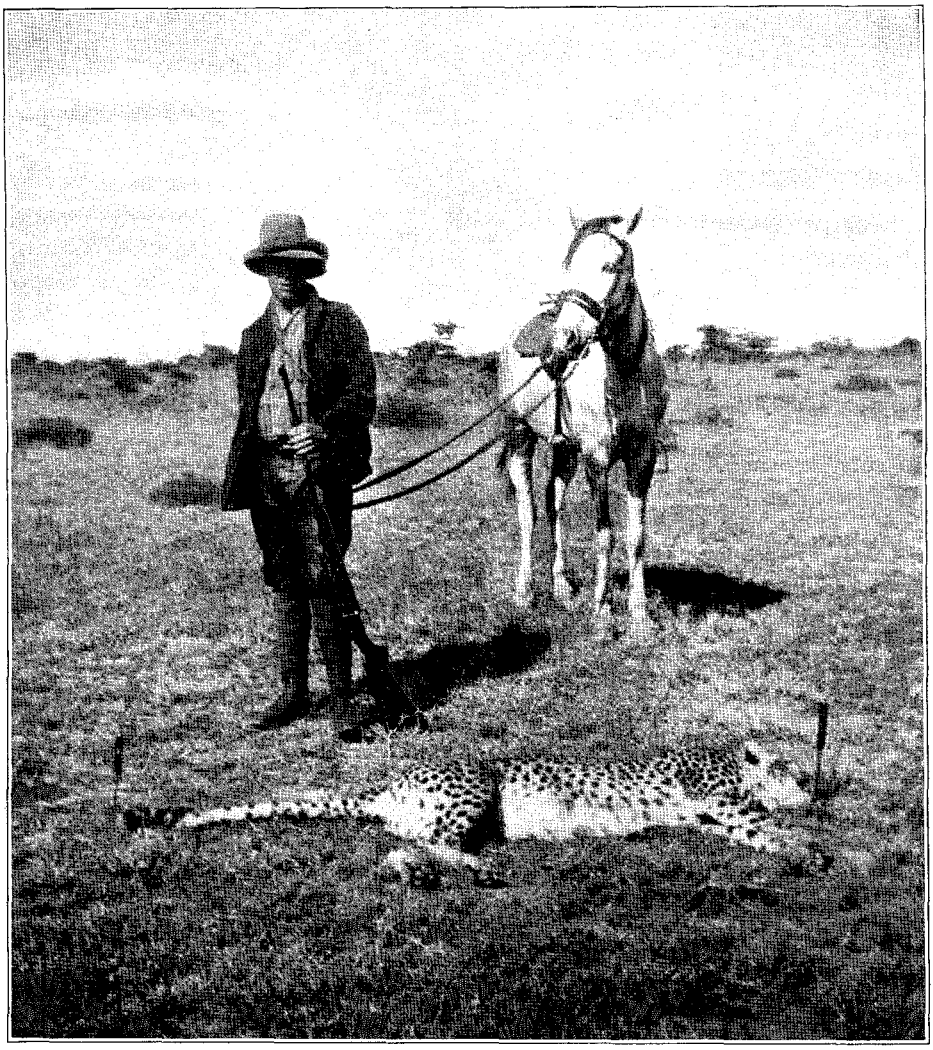

Tarlton and cheetah shot by Kermit Roosevelt.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

The next day was Kermit's red-letter day. We were each out until after dark; I merely got some of the ordinary game, taking the skins for the naturalists, the flesh for our following; he killed two cheetahs, and a fine maned lion, finer than any previously killed. There were three cheetahs together. Kermit, who was with Tarlton, galloped the big male, and, although it had a mile's start, ran into it in three miles, and shot it as it lay under a bush. He afterward shot another, a female, who was lying on a stone koppie. Neither made any attempt to charge; the male had been eating a tommy. The lion was with a lioness, which wheeled to one side, as the horsemen galloped after her maned mate. He turned to bay after a run of less than a mile, and started to charge from a distance of two hundred yards; but Kermit's first bullets mortally wounded him and crippled him so that he could not come at any pace and was easily stopped before covering half the distance. Although nearly a foot longer than the biggest of the lions I had already killed, he was so gaunt—whereas they were very fat—that he weighed but little more, only four hundred and twelve pounds.

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Head of the old bull eland.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

The following day I was out by myself, after impalla and Roberts' gazelle; and the day after I went out with Tarlton to try for lion. We were away from camp for over fifteen hours. Each was followed by his sais and gun-bearers, and we took a dozen porters also. The day may be worth describing, as a sample of the days when we did not start before dawn for a morning's hunt.

We left camp at seven, steering for a high, rocky hill, four miles off. We passed zebra and hartebeest, and on the hill came upon Chanler's reedbuck; but we wanted none of these. Continually, Tarlton stopped to examine some distant object with his glasses, and from the hill we scanned the country far and wide; but we saw nothing we desired and continued on our course. The day was windy and cool, and the sky often overcast. Slowly we walked across the stretches of brown grassland, sometimes treeless, sometimes scantily covered with an open growth of thorn-trees, each branch armed with long spikes, needle-sharp; and among the thorns here and there stood the huge cactus-like euphorbias, shaped like candelabra, groups of tall aloes, and gnarled wild olives of great age, with hoary trunks and twisted branches. Now and then there would be a dry water-course, with flat-topped acacias bordering it, and perhaps some one pool of thick greenish water. There was game always in view, and about noon we sighted three rhinos, a bull, a cow, and a big calf, nearly a mile ahead of us. We were travelling down wind, and they scented us, but did not charge, making off in a semicircle and halting when abreast of us. We examined them carefully through the glasses. The cow was bigger than the bull, and had fair horns, but nothing extraordinary; and as we were twelve miles from camp, so that Heller would have had to come out for the night if we shot her, we decided to leave her alone. Then our attention was attracted by seeing the game all gazing in one direction, and we made out a hyena; I got a shot at it, at three hundred yards, but missed. Soon afterward we saw another rhino, but on approaching it proved to be about two-thirds grown, with a stubby horn. We did not wish to

A wounded wildebeest.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

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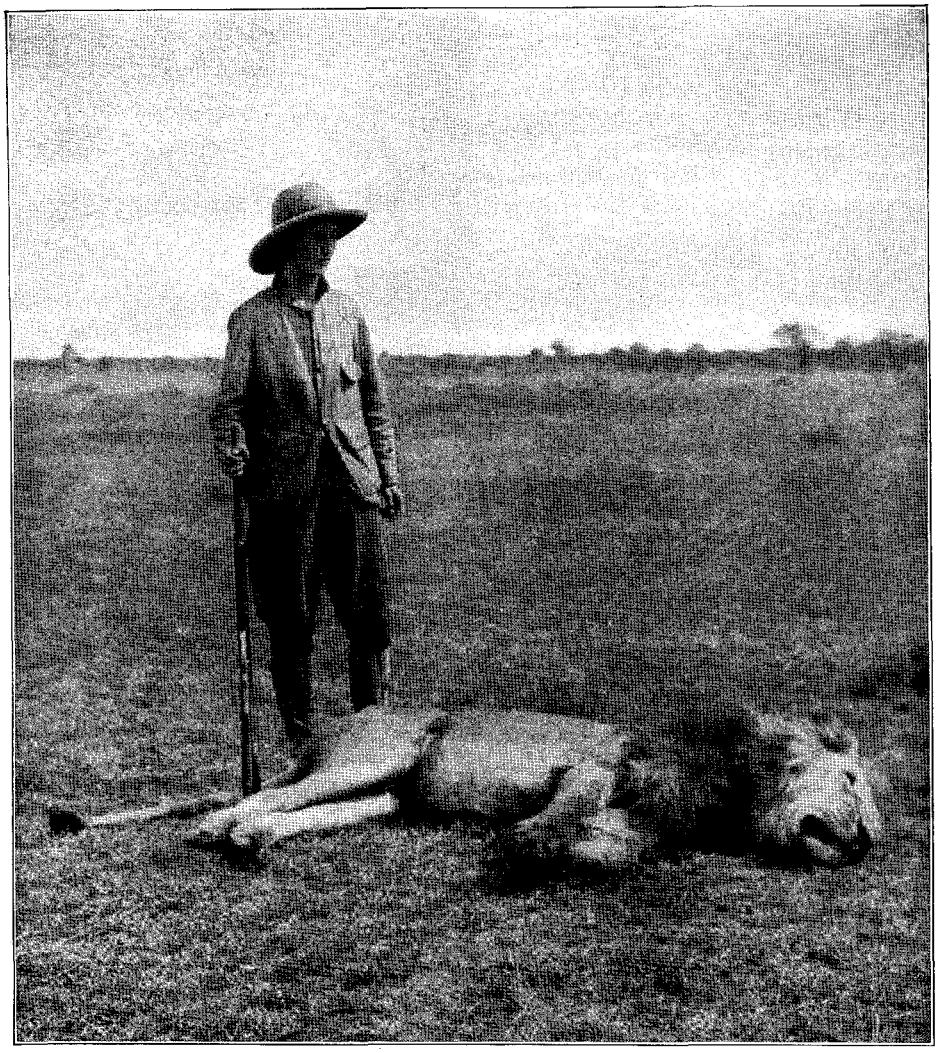

Kermit and his big lion.
From a photograph by R. J. Cuninghame.

shoot it, and therefore desired to avoid a charge; and so we passed three or four hundred yards to leeward, trusting to its bad eyesight. Just opposite it, when it was on our right, we saw another hyena on our left, about as far off as the rhino. I decided to take a shot, and run the chance of disturbing the rhino. So I knelt down and aimed with the little Springfield, keeping the Holland by me to be ready for events. I never left camp, on foot or on horseback, for any distance, no matter how short, without carrying one of the repeating rifles; and when on a hunt my two gun-bearers carried, one the other magazine rifle, and one the double-barrelled Holland. [See page 277.]

Tarlton, whose eye for distance was good, told me the hyena was over three hundred yards off; it was walking slowly to the left. I put up the three-hundred-yard sight, and drew a rather coarse bead; and down went the hyena with its throat cut; the little sharp-pointed, full-jacketed bullet makes a slashing wound. The distance was just three hundred and fifty long paces. As soon as I had pulled trigger I wheeled to watch the rhino. It started

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round at the shot and gazed toward us with its ears cocked forward, but made no movement to advance. Two porters carried the hyena to camp. While they were dressing it, I could not help laughing at finding that we were the centre of a thoroughly African circle of deeply interested spectators. We were in the middle of a vast plain, covered with sun-scorched grass and here and there a stunted thorn; in the background were isolated barren hills, and the mirage wavered in the distance. Vultures wheeled overhead. The rhino, less than half a mile away, stared steadily at us. Wildebeest—their heavy forequarters and the carriage of their heads making them look like bison—and hartebeest were somewhat nearer, in a ring all round us, intent upon our proceedings. Four topi became so much interested that they approached within two hundred and fifty yards and stood motionless. A buck tommy came even closer, and a zebra trotted by at about the same distance, uttering its queer bark or neigh. It continued its course past the rhino, and started a new train of ideas in the latter's muddled reptilian brain; round it wheeled, gazed after the zebra, and then evidently concluded that everything was normal, for it lay down to sleep.

On we went, past a wildebeest herd lying down; at a distance they looked exactly like bison as they used to lie out on the prairie in the old days. We halted for an hour and a half to rest the men and horses, and took our lunch under a thick-trunked olive-tree that must have been a couple of centuries old. Again we went on, ever scanning through the glasses every distant object which we thought might possibly be a lion, and ever being disappointed. A serval-cat jumped up ahead of us in the tall grass, but I missed it. Then, trotting on foot, I got ahead of two warthog boars, and killed the biggest; making a bad initial miss and then emptying my magazine at it as it ran. We sent it in to camp, and went on, following a donga, or small watercourse, fringed with big acacias. The afternoon was wearing away, and it was time for lions to be abroad.

The sun was near the horizon when Tarlton thought he saw something tawny in the watercourse ahead of us, behind a grassy anthill, toward which we walked after dismounting. Some buck were grazing peacefully beyond it, and for a moment we supposed that this was what he had seen. But as we stood, one of the porters behind called out "Simba"; and we caught a glimpse of a big lioness galloping down beside the trees, just beyond the donga; she was out of sight in an instant. Mounting our horses, we crossed the donga; she was not to be seen, and we loped at a smart pace parallel with the line of trees, hoping to see her in the open. But, as it turned out, as soon as she saw us pass, she crouched in the bed of the donga; we had

A wounded tommy.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

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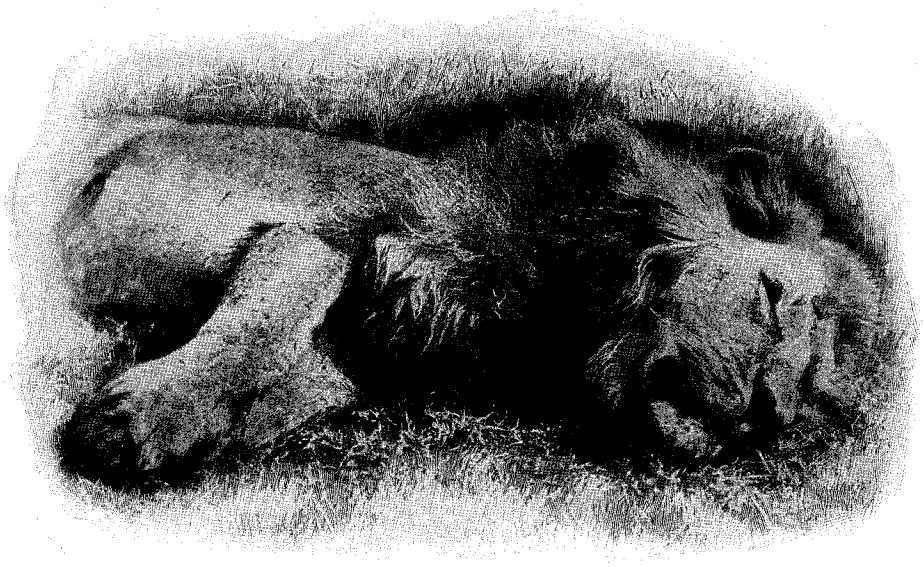

The big lion shot by Kermit.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

gone by her a quarter of a mile when a shout from one of our followers announced that he had seen her, and back we galloped, threw ourselves from our horses, and walked toward where the man was pointing. Tarlton took his big double-barrel and advised me to take mine, as the sun had just set and it was likely to be close work; but I shook my head, for the Winchester 405 is, at least for me personally, the "medicine gun" for lions. In another moment up she jumped, and galloped slowly down the other side of the donga, switching her tail and growling; I scrambled across the donga, and just before she went round a clump of trees, eighty yards off, I fired. The bullet hit her fair, and going forward injured her spine. Over she rolled, growling savagely, and dragged herself into the watercourse; and running forward I finished her with two bullets behind the shoulder. She was a big, fat lioness, very old, with two cubs inside her; her lower canines were much worn and injured. She was very heavy, and probably weighed considerably over three hundred pounds.

The light was growing dim, and camp was eight or ten miles away. The porters —they are always much excited over the death of a lion—wished to carry the body whole to camp, and I let them try. While they were lashing it to a pole another lion began to moan hungrily half a mile away. Then we started; there was no moon, but the night was clear and we could guide ourselves by the stars. The porters staggered under their heavy load, and we made slow progress; most of the time Tarlton and I walked, with our double-barrels in our hands, for it was a dangerous neighborhood. Again and again we heard lions, and twice one accompanied us for some distance, grunting occasionally, while we kept the men closed. Once the porters were thrown into a panic by a succession of steam-engine-like snorts on our left, which announced the immediate proximity of a rhino. They halted in a huddle while Tarlton and I ran forward and crouched to try to catch the great beast's loom against the sky-line; but it moved off. Four miles from camp was a Masai kraal, and we went toward this when we caught the gleam of the fires; for the porters were getting exhausted.

The kraal was in shape a big oval, with a thick wall of thorn-bushes, eight feet high, the low huts standing just within this wall, while the cattle and sheep crowded small bomas in the centre. The fires gleamed here and there within, and as we approached we heard the talking and laughing of men

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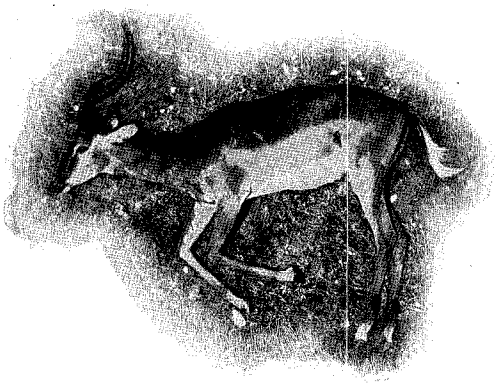
and women, and the lowing and bleating of the pent-up herds and flocks. We hailed loudly, explaining our needs. At first they were very suspicious. They told us we could not bring the lion within, because it would frighten the cattle, but after some parley consented to our building a fire outside, and skinning the animal. They passed two brands over the thorn fence, and our men speedily kindled a blaze, and drew the lioness beside it. By this time the Masai were reassured, and a score of their warriors, followed soon by half a dozen women, came out through a small opening in the fence, and crowded close around the fire, with boisterous, noisy good humor. They showed a tendency to chaff our porters. One, the humorist of the crowd, excited much merriment by describing, with pantomimic accompaniment of gestures, how when the white man shot a lion it might bite a swahili, who thereupon would call for his mother. But they were entirely friendly, and offered me calabashes of milk. The men were tall, finely shaped savages, their hair plastered with red mud, and drawn out into longish ringlets; they were naked except for a blanket worn, not round the loins, but over the shoulders; their ears were slit, and from them bone and wooden ornaments hung; they wore metal bracelets and anklets, and chains which passed around their necks, or else over one side of the neck and under the opposite arm. The women had pleasant faces, and were laden with metal ornaments—chiefly wire anklets, bracelets, and necklaces—of many pounds weight. The features of the men were bold and clear-cut, and their bearing warlike and self-reliant; as the flame of the fire glanced over them, and brought their faces and bronze figures into lurid relief against the darkness, the likeness was striking, not to the West Coast negroes, but to the engravings on the tombs, temples, and palaces of ancient Egypt; they might have been soldiers in the armies of Thothmes or Rameses. They stood resting on their long staffs, and looked at me as I leaned on my rifle; and they laughed and jested with their women, who felt the lion's teeth and claws and laughed back at the men; our gun-bearers worked at the skinning, and answered the jests of their warlike friends with the freedom of men who themselves followed a dangerous trade; the two horses stood quiet just outside the circle; and over all the firelight played and leaped.



An impalla ram.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

It was after ten when we reached camp, and I enjoyed a hot bath and a shave before sitting down to a supper of eland venison and broiled spur-fowl; and surely no supper ever tasted more delicious.

Next day we broke camp. My bag for the five days illustrates ordinary African shooting in this part of the continent. Of course I could have killed many other things; but I shot nothing that was not absolutely needed, both for scientific purposes and for food; the skin of every animal I shot was preserved for the National Museum. The bag included fourteen animals, of ten different species: one lioness, one hyena, one warthog boar, two zebra,

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two eland, one wildebeest, two topi, two impalla, one Roberts' gazelle, one Thomson's gazelle. Except the lioness and one impalla (both of which we shot running), all were shot at rather long ranges; seven were shot standing, two walking, five running. The average distance at which they were shot was a little over two hundred and twenty yards. I used sixty-five cartridges, an amount which will seem excessive chiefly to those who are not accustomed actually to count the cartridges they expend, to measure the distances at which they fire and to estimate for themselves the range, on animals in the field when they are standing or running a good way off. Only one wounded animal got away; and eight of the animals I shot had to be finished with one bullet—two in the case of the lioness—as they lay on the ground. Many of the cartridges expended really represented range-finding.

**As I have mentioned, this beautiful double-barrelled Holland rifle was presented to me by certain English friends; Mr. E. N. Buxton having taken the lead in the matter when he heard that I intended making a trip after big game in Africa. I received the rifle at the White House, while I was President. Inside the case was the following list of donors:

LIST OF ZOÖLOGISTS AND SPORTSMEN WHO ARE DONORS OF A DOUBLE ELEPHANT RIFLE TO THE HON. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, PRESIDENT U. S. A.

IN RECOGNITION OF HIS SERVICES ON BEHALF OF THE PRESERVATION OF SPECIES BY MEANS OF NATIONAL PARKS AND FOREST RESERVES, AND BY OTHER MEANS

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Sir Clement L. Hill, K.C.B., M.P. (Late Head of the African Department; Foreign O.
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Captain Boyd Alexander. ("From the Niger to the Nile.")
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Col. J. H. Patterson, D.S.O. ("The Tsavo Lion.")

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THE LEGEND

By Edith Wharton

I

ARTHUR BERNALD could never afterward recall just when the first conjecture flashed on him: oddly enough, there was no record of it in the agitated jottings of his diary. But, as it seemed to him in retrospect, he had always felt that the queer man at the Wades' must be John Pellerin, if only for the negative reason that he couldn't imaginably be any one else. It was impossible, in the confused pattern of the century's intellectual life, to fit the stranger in anywhere, save in the big gap which, some five and twenty years earlier, had been left by Pellerin's unaccountable disappearance; and conversely, such a man as the Wades' visitor couldn't have lived for sixty years without filling, somewhere in space, a nearly equivalent void.

At all events, it was certainly not to Doctor Wade or to his mother that Bernald owed the hint: the good unconscious Wades, one of whose chief charms in the young man's eyes was that they remained so robustly untainted by Pellerinism, in spite of the fact that Doctor Wade's younger brother, Howland, was among its most impudently flourishing high-priests.

The incident had begun by Bernald's running across Doctor Robert Wade one hot summer night at the University Club, and by Wade's saying, in the tone of unprofessional laxity which the shadowy stillness of the place invited: "I got hold of a queer fish at St. Martin's the other day—case of heat-prostration picked up in Central Park. When we'd patched him up I found he had nowhere to go, and not a dollar in his pocket, and I sent him down to our place at Portchester to re-build."

The opening roused his hearer's attention. Bob Wade had an odd unformulated sense of values that Bernald had learned to trust.

"What sort of chap? Young or old?"

"Oh, every age—full of years, and yet with a lot left. He called himself sixty on the books."

"Sixty's a good age for some kinds of living. And age is of course purely subjective. How has he used his sixty years?"

"Well—part of them in educating himself, apparently. He's a scholar—humanities, languages, and so forth."

"Oh—decayed gentleman," Bernald murmured, disappointed.

"Decayed? Not much!" cried the doctor with his accustomed literalness. "I only mentioned that side of Winterman—his name's Winterman—because it was the side my mother noticed first. I suppose women generally do. But it's only a part—a small part. The man's the big thing."

"Really big?"

"Well—there again. . . . When I took him down to the country, looking rather like a tramp from a 'Shelter,' with an untrimmed beard, and a suit of reach-me-downs he'd slept round the Park in for a week, I felt sure my mother'd carry the silver up to her room, and send for the gardener's dog to sleep in the hall the first night. But she didn't."

"I see. 'Women and children love him.' Oh, Wade!" Bernald groaned.

"Not a bit of it! You're out again. We don't love him, either of us. But we *feel* him—the air's charged with him. You'll see."

And Bernald agreed that he *would* see, the following Sunday. Wade's inarticulate attempts to characterize the stranger had struck his friend. The human revelation had for Bernald a poignant and ever-renewed interest, which his trade, as the dramatic critic of a daily paper, had hitherto failed to discourage. And he knew that Bob Wade, simple and undefiled by literature—Bernald's specific affliction—had a free and personal way of judging men, and the diviner's knack of reaching their hidden

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springs. During the days that followed, the young doctor gave Bernald farther details about John Winterman: details not of fact—for in that respect his visitor's reticence was baffling—but of impression. It appeared that Winterman, while lying insensible in the Park, had been robbed of the few dollars he possessed; and on leaving the hospital, still weak and half-blind, he had quite simply and unprotestingly accepted the Wades' offer to give him shelter till such time as he should be strong enough to go to work.

"But what's his work?" Bernald interjected. "Hasn't he at least told you that?"

"Well, writing. Some kind of writing." Doctor Bob always became vague and clumsy when he approached the confines of literature. "He means to take it up again as soon as his eyes get right."

Bernald groaned. "Oh, Lord—that finishes him; and *me!* He's looking for a publisher, of course—he wants a 'favourable notice.' I won't come!"

"He hasn't written a line for twenty years."

"A line of *what?* What kind of literature can one keep corked up for twenty years?"

Wade surprised him. "The real kind, I should say. But I don't know Winterman's line," the doctor added. "He speaks of the things he used to write merely as 'stuff that wouldn't sell.' He has a wonderfully confidential way of *not* telling one things. But he says he'll have to do something for his living as soon as his eyes are patched up, and that writing is the only trade he knows. The queer thing is that he seems pretty sure of selling *now*. He even talked of buying the bungalow of us, with an acre or two about it."

"The bungalow? What's that?"

"The studio down by the shore that we built for Howland when he thought he meant to paint." (Howland Wade, as Bernald knew, had experienced various "calls.") "Since he's taken to writing nobody's been near it. I offered it to Winterman, and he camps there—cooks his meals, does his own house-keeping, and never comes up to the house except in the evenings, when he joins us on the verandah, in the dark, and smokes while my mother knits."

"A discreet visitor, eh?"

"More than he need be. My mother actually wanted him to stay on in the house—in her pink chintz room. Think of it! But he says houses smother him. I take it he's lived for years in the open."

"In the open where?"

"I can't make out, except that it was somewhere in the East. 'East of everything—beyond the day-spring. In places not on the map.' That's the way he put it; and when I said: 'You've been an explorer, then?' he smiled in his beard, and answered: 'Yes; that's it—an explorer.' Yet he doesn't strike me as a man of action: hasn't the hands or the eyes."

"What sort of hands and eyes has he?"

Wade reflected. His range of observation was not large, but within its limits it was exact and could give an account of itself.

"He's worked a lot with his hands, but that's not what they were made for. I should say they were extraordinarily delicate conductors of sensation. And his eye—his eye too. He hasn't used it to dominate people: he didn't care to. He simply looks through 'em all like windows. Makes me feel like the fellows who think they're made of glass. The mitigating circumstance is that he seems to see such a glorious landscape through me." Wade grinned at the thought of serving such a purpose.

"I see. I'll come on Sunday and be looked through!" Bernald cried.

II

BERNALD came on two successive Sundays; and the second time he lingered till the Tuesday.

"Here he comes!" Wade had said, the first evening, as the two young men, with Wade's mother sat in the sultry dusk, with the Virginian creeper drawing, between the verandah arches, its black arabesques against a moon-lined sky.

In the darkness Bernald heard a step on the gravel, and saw the red flit of a cigar through the shrubs. Then a loosely-moving figure obscured the patch of sky between the creepers, and the red spark became the centre of a dim bearded face, in which Bernald discerned only a broad white gleam of forehead.

It was the young man's subsequent impression that Winterman had not spoken

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much that first evening; at any rate, Bernald himself remembered chiefly what the Wades had said. And this was the more curious because he had come for the purpose of studying their visitor, and because there was nothing to divert him from that purpose in Wade's halting communications or his mother's artless comments. He reflected afterward that there must have been a mysteriously fertilizing quality in the stranger's silence: it had brooded over their talk like a large moist cloud above a dry country.

Mrs. Wade, apparently apprehensive lest her son should have given Bernald an exaggerated notion of their visitor's importance, had hastened to qualify it before the latter appeared.

"He's not what you or Howland would call intellectual—"(Bernald writhed at the coupling of the names)—"not in the least *literary;* though he told Bob he used to write. I don't think, though, it could have been what Howland would call writing." Mrs. Wade always mentioned her younger son with a reverential drop of the voice. She viewed literature much as she did Providence, as an inscrutable mystery; and she spoke of Howland as a dedicated being, set apart to perform secret rites within the veil of the sanctuary.

"I shouldn't say he had a quick mind," she continued, reverting apologetically to Winterman. "Sometimes he hardly seems to follow what we're saying. But he's got such sound ideas—when he does speak he's never silly. And clever people sometimes *are*, don't you think so?" Bernald groaned an unqualified assent. "And he's so capable. The other day something went wrong with the kitchen range, just as I was expecting some friends of Bob's for dinner; and do you know, when Mr. Winterman heard we were in trouble, he came and took a look, and knew at once what to do? I told him it was a dreadful pity he wasn't married!"

Close on midnight, when the session on the verandah ended, and the two young men were strolling down to the bungalow at Winterman's side, Bernald's mind reverted to the image of the fertilizing cloud. There was something brooding, pregnant, in the silent presence beside him: he had, in place of any circumscribing impression of the individual, a large hovering sense of manifold latent meanings. And he felt a distinct thrill of relief when, half-way down the lawn, Doctor Bob was checked by a voice that called him back to the telephone.

"Now I'll be with him alone!" thought Bernald, with a throb like a lover's.

In the low-ceilinged bungalow Winterman had to grope for the lamp on his desk, and as its light struck up into his face Bernald's sense of the rareness of his opportunity increased. He couldn't have said why, for the face, with its ridged brows, its shabby greyish beard and blunt Socratic nose, made no direct appeal to the eye. It seemed rather like a stage on which remarkable things might be enacted, like some shaggy moorland landscape dependent for form and expression on the clouds rolling over it, and the bursts of light between; and one of these flashed out in the smile with which Winterman, as if in answer to his companion's thought, said simply, as he turned to fill his pipe: "Now we'll talk."

So he'd known all along that they hadn't yet—and had guessed that, with Bernald, one might!

The young man's glow of pleasure was so intense that it left him for a moment unable to meet the challenge; and in that moment he felt the brush of something winged and summoning. His spirit rose to it with a rush; but just as he felt himself poised between the ascending pinions, the door opened and Bob Wade plunged in.

"Too bad! I'm so sorry! It was from Howland, to say he can't come to-morrow after all." The doctor panted out his news with honest grief.

"I tried my best to pull it off for you; and my brother *wants* to come—he's keen to talk to you and see what he can do. But you see he's so tremendously in demand. He'll try for another Sunday later on."

Winterman nodded with a whimsical gesture. "Oh, he'll find me here. I shall work my time out slowly." He pointed to the scattered sheets on the kitchen table which formed his writing desk.

"Not slowly enough to suit us," Wade answered hospitably. "Only, if Howland could have come he might have given you a tip or two—put you on the right track—shown you how to get in touch with the public."

Winterman, his hands in his sagging

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pockets, lounged against the bare pine walls, twisting his pipe under his beard. "Does your brother enjoy the privilege of that contact?" he questioned gravely.

Wade stared a little. "Oh, of course Howland's not what you'd call a *popular* writer; he despises that kind of thing. But whatever he says goes with—well, with the chaps that count; and every one tells me he's written *the* book on Pellerin. You must read it when you get back your eyes." He paused, as if to let the name sink in, but Winterman drew at his pipe with a blank face. "You must have heard of Pellerin, I suppose?" the doctor continued. "I've never read a word of him myself: he's too big a proposition for *me*. But one can't escape the talk about him. I have him crammed down my throat even in hospital. The internes read him at the clinics. He tumbles out of the nurses' pockets. The patients keep him under their pillows. Oh, with most of them, of course, it's just a craze, like the last new game or puzzle: they don't understand him in the least. Howland says that even now, twenty-five years after his death, and with his books in everybody's hands, there are not twenty people who really understand Pellerin; and Howland ought to know, if anybody does. He's—what's their great word?—*interpreted* him. You must get Howland to put you through a course of Pellerin."

And as the young men, having taken leave of Winterman, retraced their way across the lawn, Wade continued to develop the theme of his brother's accomplishments.

"I wish I *could* get Howland to take an interest in Winterman: this is the third Sunday he's chucked us. Of course he does get bored with people consulting him about their writings—but I believe if he could only talk to Winterman he'd see something in him, as we do. And it would be such a god-send to the poor man to have some one to advise him about his work. I'm going to make a desperate effort to get Howland here next Sunday."

It was then that Bernald vowed to himself that he would return the next Sunday at all costs. He hardly knew whether he was prompted by the impulse to shield Winterman from Howland Wade's ineptitude, or by the desire to see the latter abandon himself to the full shamelessness of its display; but of one fact he was blissfully assured—and that was of the existence in Winterman of some quality which would provoke Howland to the amplest exercise of his fatuity. "How he'll draw him—how he'll draw him!" Bernald chuckled, with a security the more unaccountable that his one glimpse of Winterman had shown the latter only as a passive subject for experimentation; and he felt himself avenged in advance for the injury of Howland Wade's existence.

III

THAT this hope was to be frustrated Bernald learned from Howland Wade's own lips, the day before the two young men were to meet at Portchester.

"I can't really, my dear fellow," the Interpreter lisped, passing a polished hand over the faded smoothness of his face. "Oh, an authentic engagement, I assure you: otherwise, to oblige old Bob I'd submit cheerfully to looking over his foundling's literature. But I'm pledged this week to the Pellerin Society of Kenosha: I had a hand in founding it, and for two years now they've been patiently waiting for a word from me—the *Fiat Lux*, so to speak. You see it's a ministry, Bernald—I assure you, I look upon my calling quite religiously."

As Bernald listened, his disappointment gradually changed to relief. Howland, on trial, always turned out to be too insufferable, and the pleasure of watching his antics was invariably lost in the impulse to put a sanguinary end to them.

"If he'd only keep his beastly pink hands off Pellerin," Bernald groaned, thinking of the thick manuscript condemned to perpetual incarceration in his own desk by the publication of Howland's "definitive" work on the great man. One couldn't, *after* Howland Wade, expose one's self to the derision of writing about Pellerin: the eagerness with which Wade's book had been devoured proved, not that the public had enough appetite for another, but simply that, for a stomach so undiscriminating, anything better than Wade had given it would be too good. And Bernald, in the confidence that his own work was open to this objection, had stoically locked it up. Yet if he had resigned his exasperated intelligence to the fact that Wade's book ex-

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isted, and was already passing into the immortality of perpetual republication, he could not, after repeated trials, adjust himself to the author's talk about Pellerin. When Wade wrote of the great dead he was egregious, but in conversation he was familiar and fond. It might have been supposed that one of the beauties of Pellerin's hidden life and mysterious taking off would have been to guard him from the fingering of anecdote; but biographers like Howland Wade were born to rise above such obstacles. He might be vague or inaccurate in dealing with the few recorded events of his subject's life; but when he left fact for conjecture no one had a firmer footing. Whole chapters in his volume were constructed in the conditional mood and packed with hypothetical detail; and in talk, by the very law of the process, hypothesis became affirmation, and he was ready to tell you confidentially the exact circumstances of Pellerin's death, and of the "distressing incident" leading up to it. Bernald himself not only questioned the form under which this incident was shaping itself before posterity, but the mere radical fact of its occurrence: he had never been able to discover any break in the dense cloud enveloping Pellerin's later life and its mysterious termination. He had gone away—that was all that any of them knew: he who had so little, at any time, been with them or of them; and his going had so slightly stirred the public consciousness that even the subsequent news of his death, laconically imparted from afar, had dropped unheeded into the universal scrap-basket, to be long afterward fished out, with all its details missing, when some enquiring spirit first became aware, by chance encounter with a two-penny volume in a London book-stall, not only that such a man as John Pellerin had died, but that he had ever lived, or written.

It need hardly be noted that Howland Wade had not been the pioneer in question: his had been the wiser part of swelling the chorus when it rose, and gradually drowning the other voices by his own insistent note. He had pitched the note so screamingly, and held it so long, that he was now the accepted authority on Pellerin, not only in the land which had given birth to his genius but in the Europe which had first acclaimed it; and it was the central point of pain in Bernald's sense of the situation that a man who had so yearned for silence as Pellerin should have his grave piped over by such a voice as Wade's.

Bernald's talk with the Interpreter had revived this ache to the momentary exclusion of other sensations; and he was still sore with it when, the next afternoon, he arrived at Portchester for his second Sunday with the Wades.

At the station he had the surprise of seeing Winterman's face on the platform, and of hearing from him that Doctor Bob had been called away to assist at an operation in a distant town.

"Mrs. Wade wanted to put you off, but I believe the message came too late; so she sent me down to break the news to you," said Winterman, holding out his hand.

Perhaps because they were the first conventional words that Bernald had heard him speak, the young man was struck by the relief his intonation gave them.

"She wanted to send a carriage," Winterman added, "but I told her we'd walk back through the woods." He looked at Bernald with a sudden kindness that flushed the young man with pleasure.

"Are you strong enough? It's not too far?"

"Oh, no. I'm pulling myself together. Getting back to work is the slowest part of the business: not on account of my eyes—I can use them now, though not for reading; but some of the links between things are missing. It's a kind of broken spectrum . . . here, that boy will look after your bag."

The walk through the woods remained in Bernald's memory as an enchanted hour. He used the word literally, as descriptive of the way in which Winterman's contact changed the face of things, or perhaps restored them to their primitive meanings. And the scene they traversed—one of those little untended woods that still, in America, fringe the tawdry skirts of civilization—acquired, as a background to Winterman, the hush of a spot aware of transcendent visitings. Did he talk, or did he make Bernald talk? The young man never knew. He recalled only a sense of lightness and liberation, as if the hard walls of individuality had melted, and he were merged in the poet's deeper interfusion, yet without losing the least sharp edge of self. This general impression resolved itself afterward into the

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sense of Winterman's wide elemental range. His thought encircled things like the horizon at sea. He didn't, as it happened, touch on lofty themes—Bernald was gleefully aware that, to Howland Wade, their talk would hardly have been Talk at all—but Winterman's mind, applied to lowly topics, was like a powerful lens that brought out microscopic delicacies and differences.

The lack of Sunday trains kept Doctor Bob for two days on the scene of his surgical duties, and during those two days Bernald seized every moment of communion with his friend's guest. Winterman, as Wade had said, was reticent as to his personal affairs, or rather as to the practical and material conditions to which the term is generally applied. But it was evident that, in Winterman's case, the usual classification must be reversed, and that the discussion of ideas carried one much farther into his intimacy than any specific acquaintance with the incidents of his life.

"That's exactly what Howland Wade and his tribe have never understood about Pellerin: that it's much less important to know how, or even why, he disapp——"

Bernald pulled himself up with a jerk, and turned to look full at his companion. It was late on the Monday evening, and the two men, after an hour's chat on the verandah to the tune of Mrs. Wade's knitting-needles, had bidden their hostess good-night and strolled back to the bungalow together.

"Come and have a pipe before you turn in," Winterman had said; and they had sat on together till midnight, with the door of the bungalow open on a heaving moonlit bay, and summer insects bumping against the chimney of the lamp. Winterman had just bent down to re-fill his pipe from the jar on the table, and Bernald, jerking about to catch him in the yellow circle of lamplight, sat speechless, staring at a fact that seemed suddenly to have substituted itself for Winterman's face, or rather to have taken on its features.

"No, they never saw that Pellerin's ideas *were* Pellerin. . . ." He continued to stare at Winterman. "Just as this man's ideas are—why, *are* Pellerin!"

The thought uttered itself in a kind of inner shout, and Bernald started upright with the violent impact of his conclusion. Again and again in the last forty-eight hours he had exclaimed to himself: "This is as good as Pellerin." Why hadn't he said till now: "This *is* Pellerin"? . . . Surprising as the answer was, he had no choice but to take it. He hadn't said so simply because Winterman was *better than Pellerin*—that there was so much more of him, so to speak. Yes; but—it came to Bernald in a flash—wouldn't there by this time have been any amount more of Pellerin? . . . The young man felt actually dizzy with the thought. That was it—there was the solution of the haunting problem! This man was Pellerin, and more than Pellerin! It was so fantastic and yet so unanswerable that he burst into a sudden startled laugh.

Winterman, at the same moment, brought his palm down with a sudden crash on the pile of manuscript covering the desk.

"What's the matter?" Bernald gasped.

"My match wasn't out. In another minute the destruction of the library of Alexandria would have been a trifle compared to what you'd have seen." Winterman, with his large deep laugh, shook out the smouldering sheets. "And I should have been a pensioner on Doctor Bob the Lord knows how much longer!"

Bernald pulled himself together. "You've really got going again? The thing's actually getting into shape?"

"This particular thing *is* in shape. I drove at it hard all last week, thinking our friend's brother would be down on Sunday, and might look it over."

Bernald had to repress the tendency to another wild laugh.

"Howland—you meant to show *Howland* what you've done?"

Winterman, looming against the moonlight, slowly turned a dusky shaggy head toward him.

"Isn't it a good thing to do?"

Bernald wavered, torn between loyalty to his friends and the grotesqueness of answering in the affirmative. After all, it was none of his business to furnish Winterman with an estimate of Howland Wade.

"Well, you see, you've never told me what your line *is*," he answered, temporizing.

"No, because nobody's ever told *me*. It's exactly what I want to find out," said the other genially.

"And you expect Wade——?"

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"Why, I gathered from our good Doctor that it's his trade. Doesn't he explain—interpret?"

"In his own domain—which is Pellerinism."

Winterman gazed out musingly upon the moon-touched dusk of waters. "And what *is* Pellerinism?" he asked.

Bernald sprang to his feet with a cry. "Ah, I don't know—but you're Pellerin!"

They stood for a minute facing each other, among the uncertain swaying shadows of the room, with the sea breathing through it as something immense and inarticulate breathed through young Bernald's thoughts; then Winterman threw up his arms with a humorous gesture.

"Don't shoot!" he said.

IV

Dawn found them there, and the risen sun laid its beams on the rough floor of the bungalow, before either of the men was conscious of the passage of time. Bernald, vaguely trying to define his own state in retrospect, could only phrase it: "I floated . . . floated. . . ."

The gist of fact at the core of the extraordinary experience was simply that John Pellerin, twenty-five years earlier, had voluntarily disappeared, causing the rumour of his death to be reported to an inattentive world; and that now he had come back to see what that world had made of him.

"You'll hardly believe it of me; I hardly believe it of myself; but I went away in a rage of disappointment, of wounded pride—no, vanity! I don't know which cut deepest—the sneers or the silence—but between them, there wasn't an inch of me that wasn't raw. I had just the one thing in me: the message, the cry, the revelation. But nobody saw and nobody listened. Nobody wanted what I had to give. I was like a poor devil of a tramp looking for shelter on a bitter night, in a town with every door bolted and all the windows dark. And suddenly I felt that the easiest thing would be to lie down and go to sleep in the snow. Perhaps I'd a vague notion that if they found me there at daylight, frozen stiff, the pathetic spectacle might produce a reaction, a feeling of remorse. . . . So I took care to be found! Well, a good many thousand people die every day on the face of the globe; and I soon discovered that I was simply one of the thousands; and when I made that discovery I really died—and stayed dead a year or two. . . . When I came to life again I was off on the under side of the world, in regions unaware of what we know as 'the public.' Have you any notion how it shifts the point of view to wake under new constellations? I advise any who's been in love with a woman under Cassiopeia to go and think about her under the Southern Cross. . . . It's the only way to tell the pivotal truths from the others. . . . I didn't believe in my theory any less—there was my triumph and my vindication! It held out, resisted, measured itself with the stars. But I didn't care a snap of my finger whether anybody else believed in it, or even knew it had been formulated. It escaped out of my books—my poor still-born books—like Psyche from the chrysalis, and soared away into the blue, and lived there. I knew then how it frees an idea to be ignored; how apprehension circumscribes and deforms it. . . . Once I'd learned that, it was easy enough to turn to and shift for myself. I was sure now that my idea would live: the good ones are self-supporting. And meanwhile *I* had to learn to be so; and I tried my hand at a number of things . . . adventurous, menial, commercial. . . . It's not a bad thing for a man to have to live his life—and we nearly all manage to dodge it. Our first round with the Sphinx may strike something out of us—a book or a picture or a symphony; and we're amazed at our feat, and go on letting that first work breed others, as some animal forms reproduce each other without renewed fertilization. So there we are, committed to our first guess at the riddle; and our works look as like as successive impressions of the same plate, each with the lines a little fainter; whereas they ought to be—if we touch earth between times—as different from each other as those other creatures—jelly-fish, aren't they, of a kind?—where successive generations produce new forms, and it takes a zoologist to see the hidden likeness. . . .

"Well, I proved my first guess, off there in the wilds, and it lived, and grew, and took care of itself. And I said 'Some day it will make itself heard; but by that time my atoms will have waltzed into a new pattern.'

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Then, in Cashmere one day, I met a fellow in a caravan, with a dog-eared book in his pocket. He said he never stirred without it—wanted to know where I'd been, never to have heard of it. It was *my guess*—in its twentieth edition! . . . The globe spun round at that, and all of a sudden I was under the old stars. That's the way it happens when the ballast of vanity shifts! I'd lived a third of a life out there, unconscious of human opinion—because I supposed it was unconscious of *me*. But now—now! Oh, it was different. I wanted to know what they said. . . . Not exactly that, either: I wanted to know *what I'd made them say*. There's a difference. . . . And here I am," said John Pellerin, with a pull at his pipe.

So much Bernald retained of his companion's actual narrative; the rest was swept away under the tide of wonder that rose and submerged him as Pellerin—at some indefinitely later stage of their talk—picked up his manuscript and began to read. Bernald sat opposite, his elbows propped on the table, his eyes fixed on the swaying waters outside, from which the moon gradually faded, leaving them to make a denser blackness in the night. As Pellerin read, this density of blackness—which never for a moment seemed inert or unalive—was attenuated by imperceptible degrees, till a greyish pallour replaced it; then the pallour breathed and brightened, and suddenly dawn was on the sea.

Something of the same nature went on in the young man's mind while he watched and listened. He was conscious of a gradually withdrawing light, of an interval of obscurity full of the stir of invisible forces, and then of the victorious flush of day. And as the light rose, he saw how far he had travelled and what wonders the night had prepared. Pellerin had been right in saying that his first idea had survived, had borne the test of time; but he had given his hearer no hint of the extent to which it had been enlarged and modified, of the fresh implications it now unfolded. In a brief flash of retrospection Bernald saw the earlier books dwindle and fall into their place as mere precursors of this fuller revelation; then, with a leap of helpless rage, he pictured Howland Wade's pink hands on the new treasure, and his prophetic feet upon the lecture platform.

V

"It won't do—oh, he let him down as gently as possible; but it appears it simply won't do."

Doctor Bob imparted the ineluctable fact to Bernald while the two men, accidentally meeting at their club a few nights later, sat together over the dinner they had immediately agreed to consume in company.

Bernald had left Portchester the morning after his strange discovery, and he and Bob Wade had not seen each other since. And now Bernald, moved by an irresistible instinct of postponement, had waited for his companion to bring up Winterman's name, and had even executed several conversational diversions in the hope of delaying its mention. For how could one talk of Winterman with the thought of Pellerin swelling one's breast?

"Yes; the very day Howland got back from Kenosha I brought the manuscript to town, and got him to read it. And yesterday evening I nailed him, and dragged an answer out of him."

"Then Howland hasn't seen Winterman yet?"

"No. He said: 'Before you let him loose on me I'll go over the stuff, and see if it's at all worth while.'"

Bernald drew a freer breath. "And he found it wasn't?"

"Between ourselves, he found it was of no account at all. Queer, isn't it, when the *man* . . . but of course literature's another proposition. Howland says it's one of the cases where an idea might seem original and striking if one didn't happen to be able to trace its descent. And this is straight out of bosh—by Pellerin. . . . Yes: Pellerin. It seems that everything in the article that isn't pure nonsense is just Pellerinism. Howland thinks poor Winterman must have been tremendously struck by Pellerin's writings, and have lived too much out of the world to know that they've become the text-books of modern thought. Otherwise, of course, he'd have taken more trouble to disguise his plagiarisms."

"I see," Bernald mused. "Yet you say there *is* an original element?"

"Yes; but unluckily it's no good."

"It's not—conceivably—in any sense a development of Pellerin's idea: a logical step farther?"

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"*Logical?* Howland says it's twaddle at white heat."

Bernald sat silent, divided between the fierce satisfaction of seeing the Interpreter rush upon his fate, and the despair of knowing that the state of mind he represented was indestructible. Then both emotions were swept away on a wave of pure joy, as he reflected that now, at last, Howland Wade had given him back John Pellerin.

The possession was one he did not mean to part with lightly; and the dread of its being torn from him constrained him to extraordinary precautions.

"You've told Winterman, I suppose? How did he take it?"

"Why, unexpectedly, as he does most things. You can never tell which way he'll jump. I thought he'd take a high tone, or else laugh it off; but he did neither. He seemed awfully cast down. I wished myself well out of the job when I saw how cut up he was." Bernald thrilled at the words. Pellerin had shared his pang, then—the "old woe of the world" at the perpetuity of human dulness!

"But what did he say to the charge of plagiarism—if you made it?"

"Oh, I told him straight out what Howland said. I thought it fairer. And his answer to that was the rummest part of all."

"What was it?" Bernald questioned, with a tremor.

"He said: 'That's queer, for I've never read Pellerin.'"

Bernald drew a deep breath of ecstasy. "Well—and I suppose you believed him?"

"I believed him, because I know him. But the public won't—the critics won't. And if it's a pure coincidence it's just as bad for him as if it were a straight steal—isn't it?"

Bernald sighed his acquiescence.

"It bothers me awfully," Wade continued, knitting his kindly brows, "because I could see what a blow it was to him. He's got to earn his living, and I don't suppose he knows how to do anything else. At his age it's hard to start fresh. I put that to Howland—asked him if there wasn't a chance he might do better if he only had a little encouragement. I can't help feeling he's got the essential thing in him. But of course I'm no judge when it comes to books. And Howland says it would be cruel to give him any hope." Wade paused, turned his wineglass about under a meditative stare, and then leaned across the table toward Bernald. "Look here—do you know what I've proposed to Winterman? That he should come to town with me to-morrow and go in the evening to hear Howland lecture to the Uplift Club. They're to meet at Mrs. Beecher Bain's, and Howland is to repeat the lecture that he gave the other day before the Pellerin Society at Kenosha. It will give Winterman a chance to get some notion of what Pellerin *was:* he'll get it much straighter from Howland than if he tried to plough through Pellerin's books. And then afterward—as if accidentally—I thought I might bring him and Howland together. If Howland could only see him and hear him talk, there's no knowing what might come of it. He couldn't help feeling the man's force, as we do; and he might give him a pointer—tell him what line to take. Anyhow, it would please Winterman, and take the edge off his disappointment. I saw that as soon as I proposed it."

"Some one who's never heard of Pellerin?"

Mrs. Beecher Bain, large, smiling, diffuse, reached out parenthetically from the incoming throng on her threshold to waylay Bernald with the question as he was about to move past her in the wake of his companion.

"Oh, keep straight on, Mr. Winterman!" she interrupted herself to call after the latter. "Into the back drawing-room, please! And remember, you're to sit next to me—in the corner on the left, close under the platform."

She renewed her interrogative clutch on Bernald's sleeve. "Most curious! Doctor Wade has been telling me all about him—how remarkable you all think him. And it's actually true that he's never heard of Pellerin? Of course as soon as Doctor Wade told me *that*, I said 'Bring him!' It will be so extraordinarily interesting to watch the first impression.—Yes, do follow him, dear Mr. Bernald, and be sure that you and he secure the seats next to me. Of course Alice Fosdick insists on being with us. She was wild with excitement when I told her she was to meet some one who'd never heard of Pellerin!"

On the indulgent lips of Mrs. Beecher Bain conjecture speedily passed into af-

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firmation; and as Bernald's companion, broad and shaggy in his visibly new evening clothes, moved down the length of the crowded rooms, he was already, to the ladies drawing aside their skirts to let him pass, the interesting Huron of the fable.

How far he was aware of the character ascribed to him it was impossible for Bernald to discover. He was as unconscious as a tree or a cloud, and his observer had never known any one so alive to human contacts and yet so secure from them. But the scene was playing such a lively tune on Bernald's own sensibilities that for the moment he could not adjust himself to the probable effect it produced on his companion. The young man, of late, had made but rare appearances in the group of which Mrs. Beecher Bain was one of the most indefatigable hostesses, and the Uplift Club the chief medium of expression. To a critic, obliged by his trade to cultivate convictions, it was the essence of luxury to leave them at home in his hours of ease; and Bernald gave his preference to circles in which less finality of judgment prevailed, and it was consequently less embarrassing to be caught without an opinion.

But in his fresher days he had known the spell of the Uplift Club and the thrill of moving among the Emancipated; and he felt an odd sense of rejuvenation as he looked at the rows of faces packed about the embowered platform from which Howland Wade was presently to hand down the eternal verities. Many of these countenances belonged to the old days, when the gospel of Pellerin was unknown, and it required considerable intellectual courage to avow one's acceptance of the very doctrines he had since demolished. The latter moral revolution seemed to have been accepted as submissively as a change in hair-dressing; and it even struck Bernald that, in the case of many of the assembled ladies, their convictions were rather newer than their clothes.

One of the most interesting examples of this facility of adaptation was actually, in the person of Miss Alice Fosdick, brushing his elbow with exotic amulets, and enveloping him in Arabian odours, as she leaned forward to murmur her sympathetic sense of the situation. Miss Fosdick, who was one of the most advanced exponents of Pellerinism, had large eyes and a plaintive mouth, and Bernald had always fancied that she might have been pretty if she had not been perpetually explaining things.

"Yes, I know—Isabella Bain told me all about him. (He can't hear us, can he?) And I wonder if you realize how remarkably interesting it is that we should have such an opportunity *now*—I mean the opportunity to see the impression of Pellerinism on a perfectly fresh mind. (You must introduce him as soon as the lecture's over.) I explained that to Isabella as soon as she showed me Doctor Wade's note. Of course you see why, don't you?" Bernald made a faint motion of acquiescence, which she instantly swept aside. "At least I think I can *make you see why*. (If you're sure he can't hear?) Why, it's just this—Pellerinism is in danger of becoming a truism. Oh, it's an awful thing to say! But then I'm not afraid of saying awful things! I rather believe it's my mission. What I mean is, that we're getting into the way of taking Pellerin for granted—as we do the air we breathe. We don't sufficiently lead our *conscious life* in him—we're gradually letting him become subliminal." She swayed closer to the young man, and he saw that she was making a graceful attempt to throw her explanatory net over his companion, who, evading Mrs. Bain's hospitable signal, had cautiously wedged himself into a seat between Bernald and the wall.

"*Did* you hear what I was saying, Mr. Winterman? (Yes, I know who you are, of course!) Oh, well, I don't really mind if you did. I was talking about you—about you and Pellerin. I was explaining to Mr. Bernald that what we need at this very minute is a Pellerin revival; and we need some one like you—to whom his message comes as a wonderful new interpretation of life—to lead the revival, and rouse us out of our apathy. . . .

"You see," she went on winningly, "it's not only the big public that needs it (of course *their* Pellerin isn't ours!) It's we, his disciples, his interpreters, who discovered him and gave him to the world—we, the Chosen People, the Custodians of the Sacred Books, as Howland Wade calls us—it's *we*, who are in perpetual danger of sinking back into the old stagnant ideals, and practising the Seven Deadly Virtues; it's *we* who need to count our mercies, and realize anew what he's done for us, and what we ought to do for him! And it's for

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that reason that I urged Mr. Wade to speak here, in the very inner sanctuary of Pellerinism, exactly as he would speak to the uninitiated—to repeat, simply, his Kenosha lecture, 'What Pellerinism means'; and we ought all, I think, to listen to him with the hearts of little children—just as *you* will, Mr. Winterman—as if he were telling us new things, and we——"

"Alice, *dear*—" Mrs. Bain murmured with a deprecating gesture; and Howland Wade, emerging between the palms, took the centre of the platform.

A pang of commiseration shot through Bernald as he saw him there, so innocent and so exposed. His plump pulpy body, which made his evening dress fall into intimate and wrapper-like folds, was like a wide surface spread to the shafts of irony; and the mild ripples of his voice seemed to enlarge the vulnerable area as he leaned forward, poised on confidential finger-tips, to say persuasively: "Let me try to tell you what Pellerinism means."

Bernald moved restlessly in his seat. He had the obscure sense of being a party to something not wholly honourable. He ought not to have come; he ought not to have let his companion come. Yet how could he have done otherwise? John Pellerin's secret was his own. As long as he chose to remain John Winterman it was no one's business to gainsay him; and Bernald's scruples were really justifiable only in respect of his own presence on the scene. But even in this connection he ceased to feel them as soon as Howland Wade began to speak.

VI

It had been arranged that Pellerin, after the meeting of the Uplift Club, should join Bernald at his rooms and spend the night there, instead of returning to Portchester. The plan had been eagerly elaborated by the young man, but he had been unprepared for the alacrity with which his wonderful friend accepted it. He was beginning to see that it was a part of Pellerin's wonderfulness to fall in, quite simply and naturally, with any arrangements made for his convenience, or tending to promote the convenience of others. Bernald felt that his extreme docility in such matters was proportioned to the force of resistance which, for nearly half a life-time, had kept him, with his back to the wall, fighting alone against the powers of darkness. In such a scale of values how little the small daily alternatives must weigh!

At the close of Howland Wade's discourse, Bernald, charged with his prodigious secret, had felt the need to escape for an instant from the liberated rush of talk. The interest of watching Pellerin was so perilously great that the watcher felt it might, at any moment, betray him. He lingered in the crowded drawing-room long enough to see his friend enclosed in a mounting tide, above which Mrs. Beecher Bain and Miss Fosdick actively waved their conversational tridents; then he took refuge, at the back of the house, in a small dim library where, in his younger days, he had discussed personal immortality and the problem of consciousness with beautiful girls whose names he could not remember.

In this retreat he surprised Mr. Beecher Bain, a quiet man with a mild brow, who was smoking a surreptitious cigar over the last number of the *Strand*. Mr. Bain, at Bernald's approach, dissembled the *Strand* under a copy of the *Hibbert Journal*, but tendered his cigar-case with the remark that stocks were heavy again; and Bernald blissfully abandoned himself to this unexpected contact with reality.

On his return to the drawing-rooms he found that the tide had set toward the supper-table, and when it finally carried him thither it was to land him in the welcoming arms of Bob Wade.

"Hullo, old man! Where have you been all this time?—Winterman? Oh, *he's* talking to Howland; yes, I managed it finally. I believe Mrs. Bain has steered them into the library, so that they shan't be disturbed. I gave her an idea of the situation, and she was awfully kind. We'd better leave them alone, don't you think? I'm trying to get a croquette for Miss Fosdick."

Bernald's secret leapt in his bosom, and he devoted himself to the task of distributing sandwiches and champagne while his pulses danced to the tune of the cosmic laughter. The vision of Pellerin and his Interpreter, face to face at last, had a Cyclopean grandeur that dwarfed all other comedy. "And I shall hear of it presently; in an hour or two he'll be telling me about it. And that hour will be all mine—mine and his!" The dizziness of the thought made it

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difficult for Bernald to preserve the balance of the supper-plates he was distributing. Life had for him at that moment the completeness which seems to defy disintegration.

The throng in the dining-room was thickening, and Bernald's efforts as purveyor were interrupted by frequent appeals, from ladies who had reached repleteness, that he should sit down a moment and tell them all about his interesting friend. Winterman's fame, trumpeted abroad by Miss Fosdick, had reached the four corners of the Uplift Club, and Bernald found himself fabricating *de toutes pièces* a Winterman legend which should in some degree respond to the Club's demand for the human document. When at length he had acquitted himself of this obligation, and was free to work his way back through the lessening groups into the drawing-room, he was at last rewarded by a glimpse of his friend, who, still densely encompassed, towered in the centre of the room in all his sovran ugliness.

Their eyes met across the crowd; but Bernald gathered only perplexity from the encounter. What were Pellerin's eyes saying to him? What orders, what confidences, what indefinable apprehension did their long look impart? The young man was still trying to decipher their complex message when he felt a tap on the arm, and turned to encounter the rueful gaze of Bob Wade, whose meaning lay clearly enough on the surface of his good blue stare.

"Well, it won't work—it won't work," the doctor groaned.

"What won't?"

"I mean with Howland. Winterman won't. Howland doesn't take to him. Says he's crude—frightfully crude. And you know how Howland hates crudeness."

"Oh, I know," Bernald exulted. It was the word he had waited for—he saw it now! Once more he was lost in wonder at Howland's miraculous faculty for always, as the naturalists said, being true to type.

"So I'm afraid it's all up with his chance of writing. At least *I* can do no more," said Wade, discouraged.

Bernald pressed him for farther details. "Does Winterman seem to mind much? Did you hear his version?"

"His version?"

"I mean what he said to Howland."

"Why no. What the deuce was there for him to say?"

"What indeed? I think I'll take him home," said Bernald gaily.

He turned away to join the circle from which, a few minutes before, Pellerin's eyes had vainly and enigmatically signalled to him; but the circle had dispersed, and Pellerin himself was not in sight.

Bernald, looking about him, saw that during his brief aside with Wade the party had passed into the final phase of dissolution. People still delayed, in diminishing groups, but the current had set toward the doors, and every moment or two it bore away a few more lingerers. Bernald, from his post, commanded the clearing perspective of the two drawing-rooms, and a rapid survey of their length sufficed to assure him that Pellerin was not in either. Taking leave of Wade, the young man made his way back to the drawing-room, where only a few hardened feasters remained, and then passed on to the library which had been the scene of the late momentous colloquy. But the library too was empty, and drifting back uncertainly to the inner drawing-room Bernald found Mrs. Beecher Bain domestically putting out the wax candles on the mantel-piece.

"Dear Mr. Bernald! Do sit down and have a little chat. What a wonderful privilege it has been! I don't know when I've had such an intense impression."

She made way for him, hospitably, in a corner of the sofa to which she had sunk; and he echoed her vaguely: "You *were* impressed, then?"

"I can't express to you how it affected me! As Alice said, it was a resurrection—it was as if John Pellerin were actually here in the room with us!"

Bernald turned on her with a half-audible gasp. "You felt that, dear Mrs. Bain?"

"We all felt it—every one of us! I don't wonder the Greeks—it *was* the Greeks?—regarded eloquence as a supernatural power. As Alice says, when one looked at Howland Wade one understood what they meant by the Afflatus."

Bernald rose and held out his hand. "Oh, I see—it was Howland who made you feel as if Pellerin were in the room? And he made Miss Fosdick feel so too?"

"Why, of course. But why are you rushing off?"

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"Because I must hunt up my friend, who's not used to such late hours."

"Your friend?" Mrs. Bain had to collect her thoughts. "Oh, Mr. Winterman, you mean? But he's gone already."

"Gone?" Bernald exclaimed, with an odd twinge of foreboding. Remembering Pellerin's signal across the crowd, he reproached himself for not having answered it more promptly. Yet it was certainly strange that his friend should have left the house without him.

"Are you quite sure?" he asked, with a startled glance at the clock.

"Oh, perfectly. He went half an hour ago. But you needn't hurry home on his account, for Alice Fosdick carried him off with her. I saw them leave together."

"Carried him off? She took him home with her, you mean?"

"Yes. You know what strange hours she keeps. She told me she was going to give him a Welsh rabbit, and explain Pellerinism to him."

"Oh, if she's going to explain—" Bernald murmured. But his amazement at the news struggled with a confused impatience to reach his rooms in time to be there for his friend's arrival. There could be no stranger spectacle beneath the stars than that of John Pellerin carried off by Miss Fosdick, and listening, in the small hours, to her elucidation of his doctrines; but Bernald knew enough of his sex to be aware that such an experiment may present a less humorous side to its subject than to an impartial observer. Even the Uplift Club and its connotations might benefit by the attraction of the unknown; and it was conceivable that to a traveller from Mesopotamia Miss Fosdick might present elements of interest which she had lost for the frequenters of Fifth Avenue. There was, at any rate, no denying that the affair had become unexpectedly complex, and that its farther development promised to be rich in comedy.

In the charmed contemplation of these possibilities Bernald sat over his fire, listening for Pellerin's ring. He had arranged his modest quarters with the reverent care of a celebrant awaiting the descent of his deity. He guessed Pellerin to be unconscious of visual detail, but sensitive to the happy blending of sensuous impressions: to the intimate spell of lamplight on books, and of a deep chair placed where one could watch the fire. The chair was there, and Bernald, facing it across the hearth, already saw it filled by Pellerin's lounging figure. The autumn dawn came late, and even now they had before them the promise of some untroubled hours. Bernald, sitting there alone in the warm stillness of his room, and in the profounder hush of his expectancy, was conscious of gathering up all his sensibilities and perceptions into one exquisitely-adjusted instrument of notation. Until now he had tasted Pellerin's society only in unpremeditated snatches, and had always left him with a sense, on his own part, of waste and shortcoming. Now, in the lull of this dedicated hour, he felt that he should miss nothing, and forget nothing, of the initiation that awaited him. And catching sight of Pellerin's pipe, he rose and laid it carefully on a table by the arm-chair.

"No. I've never had any news of him," Bernald heard himself repeating. He spoke in a low tone, and with the automatic utterance that alone made it possible to say the words.

They were addressed to Miss Fosdick, into whose neighbourhood chance had thrown him at a dinner, a year or so later than their encounter at the Uplift Club. Hitherto he had successfully, and intentionally, avoided Miss Fosdick, not from any animosity toward that unconscious instrument of fate, but from an intense reluctance to pronounce the words which he knew he should have to speak if they met.

Now, as it turned out, his chief surprise was that she should wait so long to make him speak them. All through the dinner she had swept him along on a rapid current of talk which showed no tendency to linger or turn back upon the past. At first he ascribed her reserve to a sense of delicacy with which he reproached himself for not having previously credited her; then he saw that she had been carried so far beyond the point at which they had last faced each other, that it was by the merest hazard of associated ideas that she was now finally borne back to it. For it appeared that the very next evening, at Mrs. Beecher Bain's, a Hindu Mahatma was to lecture to the Uplift Club on the Limits of the Subliminal; and it was owing to no less a person than Howland Wade that this exceptional privilege had been obtained.

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"Of course Howland's known all over the world as the interpreter of Pellerinism, and the Aga Gautch, who had absolutely declined to speak anywhere in public, wrote to Isabella that he could not refuse anything that Mr. Wade asked. Did you know that Howland's lecture, 'What Pellerinism Means,' has been translated into twenty-two languages, and gone into a fifth edition in Icelandic? Why, that reminds me," Miss Fosdick broke off—"I've never heard what became of your queer friend—what was his name?—whom you and Bob Wade accused me of spiriting away after that very lecture. And I've never seen *you* since you rushed into the house the next morning, and dragged me out of bed to know what I'd done with him!"

With a sharp effort Bernald gathered himself together to have it out. "Well, what *did* you do with him?" he retorted.

She laughed her appreciation of his humour. "Just what I told you, of course. I said good-bye to him on Isabella's door-step."

Bernald looked at her. "It's really true, then, that he didn't go home with you?"

She bantered back: "Have you suspected me, all this time, of hiding his remains in the cellar?" And with a droop of her fine lids she added: "I wish he *had* come home with me, for he was rather interesting, and there were things I think I could have explained to him."

Bernald helped himself to a nectarine, and Miss Fosdick continued on a note of amused curiosity: "So you've really never had any news of him since that night?"

"No—I've never had any news of him."

"Not the least little message?"

"Not the least little message."

"Or a rumour or report of any kind?"

"Or a rumour or report of any kind."

Miss Fosdick's interest seemed to be revived by the strangeness of the case. "It's rather creepy, isn't it? What *could* have happened? You don't suppose he could have been waylaid and murdered?" she asked with brightening eyes.

Bernald shook his head serenely. "No. I'm sure he's safe—quite safe."

"But if you're sure, you must know something."

"No. I know nothing," he repeated.

She scanned him incredulously. "But what's your theory—for you must have a theory? What in the world can have become of him?"

Bernald returned her look and hesitated. "Do you happen to remember the last thing he said to you—the very last, on the door-step, when he left you?"

"The last thing?" She poised her fork above the peach on her plate. "I don't think he said anything. Oh, yes—when I reminded him that he'd solemnly promised to come back with me and have a little talk he said he couldn't because he was going home."

"Well, then, I suppose," said Bernald, "he went home."

She glanced at him as if suspecting a trap. "Dear me, how flat! I always inclined to a mysterious murder. But of course you know more of him than you say."

She began to cut her peach, but paused above a lifted bit to ask, with a renewal of animation in her expressive eyes: "By the way, had you heard that Howland Wade has been gradually getting farther and farther away from Pellerinism? It seems he's begun to feel that there's a Positivist element in it which is narrowing to any one who has gone at all deeply into the Wisdom of the East. He was intensely interesting about it the other day, and of course I *do* see what he feels. . . . Oh, it's too long to tell you now; but if you could manage to come in to tea some afternoon soon—any day but Wednesday—I should so like to explain——"

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COLOR ARRANGEMENTS OF FLOWERS

By Helena Rutherfurd Ely

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN IN THE AUTHOR'S GARDEN BY THE LUMIÈRE N. A. COMPANY AND RICHARD WORSAM MEADE

SHOULD those winter town dwellers who are lovers of nature, and whose thoughts during the ice-bound months continually wander to their gardens, or to trees and green places which they know and love, chance to take a short trip into the near country in mid-March, a brightness and touch of warmth in the sunshine, and certain awakenings of nature, will bring to them a thrill of delight in the knowledge that "the winter is past."

Snow-banks may be lingering in dark nooks, there may still be a fringe of ice upon the brooks that wander through the woods; but in marshy places the skunk cabbage is unfolding its broad leaves; the downy buds are expanding upon the willows; many maples show a tinge of the red of coming blossoms; grass that has been properly cared for is already emerald green; Crocuses and Snow-drops are bravely blooming in sheltered places, and if one gently lifts the covering of the beds where Daffodils have slept thro gh the winter their slender green tips will be seen pushing through the brown earth. Frogs in sunny ponds are beginning to pipe their shrill song, the robins have come back, and the town dweller returns to the noisy city of brick and stone possessed by the longing that spring calls forth, to be at work among the growing things, and to watch nature as she comes to life again.

The happy owners of gardens know that now no day should be lost. Even before the frost has entirely left the ground, shrubs, hedges, vines, and climbing roses may be fertilized, that the spring rains may carry the tonic directly to the roots of the plants. Manure, which no longer should be called "barn-yard," since in no self-respecting barn-yard can manure be gathered to-day, mixed with bone-meal in the proportion of five shovels to the wheelbarrow of manure, is best for the purpose.

As soon as the ground can be dug, trees, shrubs, and hardy vines should be transplanted or set out. All soft-wooded trees, such as poplars, willows, catalpas, tulips, dog-wood, magnolias, as well as both purple and copper beech and the larch, must also be set out in the spring before growth begins.

Many attractive spring plantings can be made of shrubs with bulbs and flowers which bloom at the same time.

For example: early Daffodils which have been covered during the winter to bring them forward sooner, may be grown under and around the Forsythia bushes; pink-flowered Crab-apples, of which Bechtels, Parkmans, and Siberean are good varieties, with the long-stemmed May-flowering rose-pink Tulips, mingled with crimson and white Byblooms and a few clumps of the pale lavender German Iris springing from the grass around them, will make a lovely corner about the fifteenth of May; Gesneriana tulips and Spiraea Van Houttei, which bloom at the same time, are effective together; Columbines, and lavender and white Rockets grown together in quantities with late-blooming white Lilacs, such as Mme. Casimer Perrier and Marie Le Gray, have been very nice in my garden; and Azalea Mollis, with late yellow Tulips, and Deutzia Rosea and the deliciously scented Daphne, make satisfactory combinations.

Late yellow or pink Tulips may be planted around a clump of pink double-flowering Almond; and the German Iris, which blooms at the same time as Syringa, of which Grandiflorus is the best variety, is lovely when grown in quantities of many varieties in a bed surrounding the Syringa.

A beautiful shrubbery can be composed by using Weigelia, varieties Rosea and Eva Rathke; the golden-leaved Mock Orange, both pink and white Deutzia, Japanese Snowballs, both the golden and the variegated Elder, some Japanese Maples of both red and yellow leaved varieties, two or

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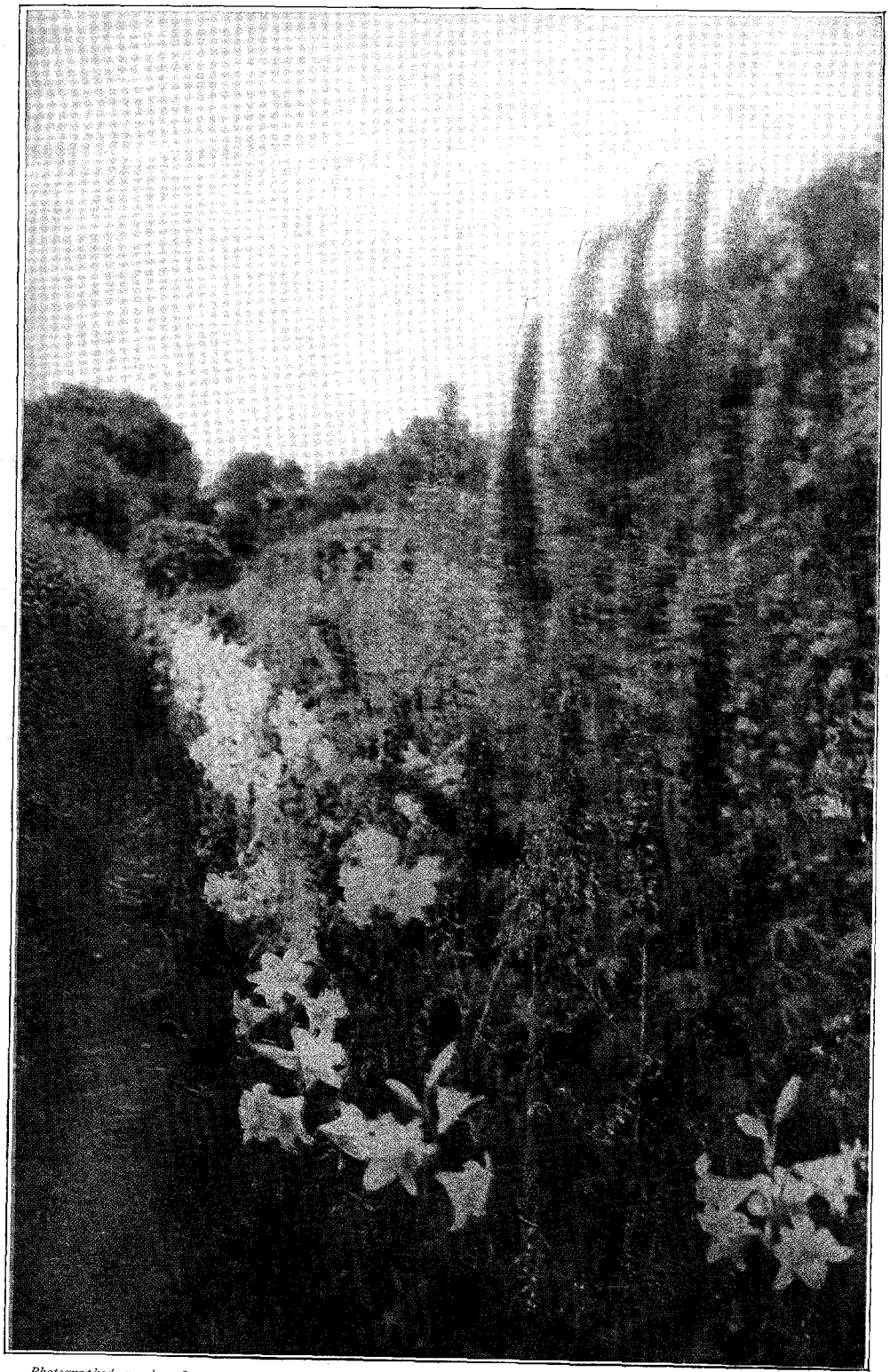

Photographed in colors from nature by the Lumière process.

The glory of the garden.

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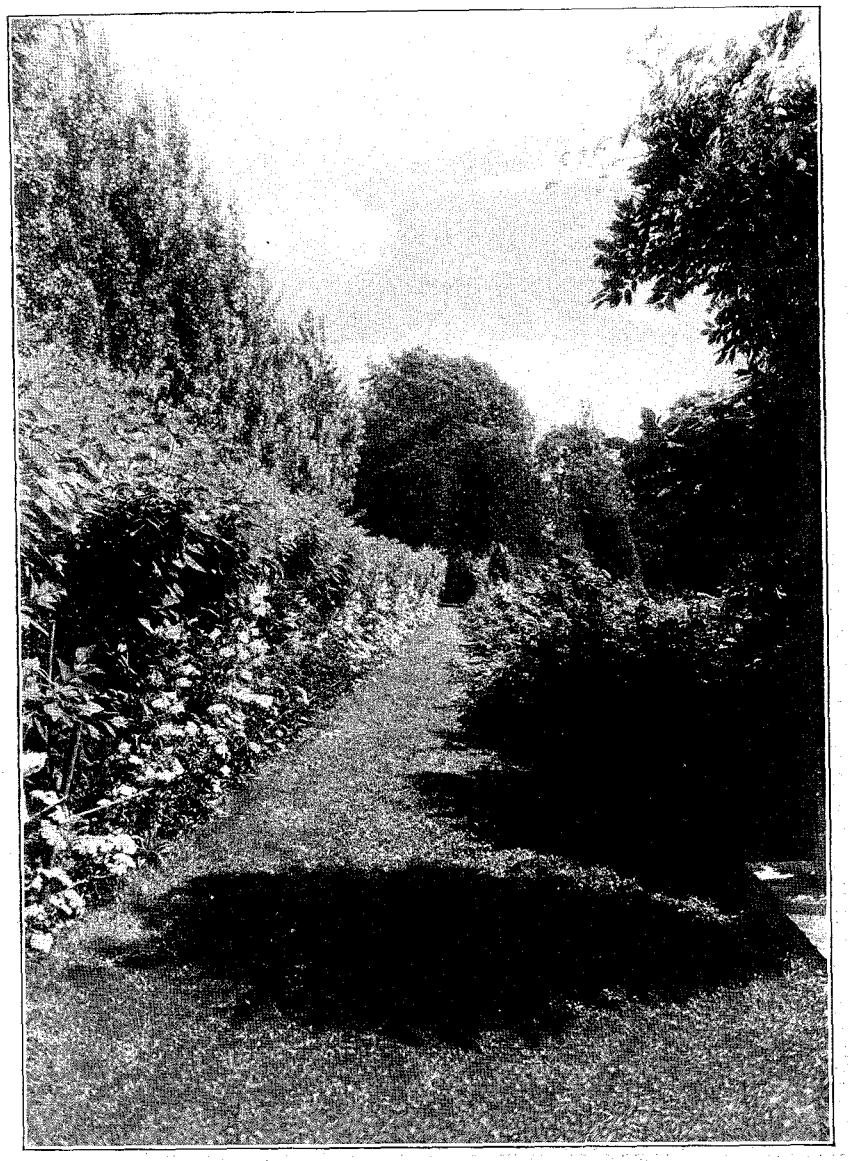

From a photograph by Lumière N. A. Company.

An effect of distance.

three purple Beech, some purple leaved Plums, a few Cedars, and a few Retinisporas, with an occasional Lombardy Poplar at the back.

Such a shrubbery now about six years old, probably two hundred feet in length, is planted along the front of a place on Long Island belonging to a friend of mine, and forms an effective screen between the house and the highway, which is thus entirely shut out. When I saw it the end of last May, the Mock-orange, Weigelias, and Japanese Snowballs were all in full bloom, and their blossoms, mingled with the golden and silvery foliage of the Elders, the purple of the Beeches, and the dark green Evergreens, which added strength to the whole, made it a most remarkable shrubbery. It may be interesting to know that it was planned, unaided, by a woman, although she has an excellent gardener.

Having nourished our shrubs and vines,

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transplanted trees and shrubs, the lawns must be carefully gone over, every dandelion or other weed that dares to show its head removed, and after careful raking, some grass seed sown and the lawn well rolled. When the new grass has sprung up, cotton-seed meal may be sown rather thinly, and watered in with a strong force of water, and later wood-ashes put on, in the same way; constant watch must always be kept for plantain and other weeds. With this yearly care, if a lawn has been properly made in the beginning, it should be able to resist very dry weather and maintain a thick turf.

Lawns in England are preserved for generations by rolling and cutting and keeping them free from weeds, with constant additions of seed and fertilizer. In this country, through carelessness and ignorance and improper preparation of the soil in making lawns, it is frequently necessary to "take them up," as the gardener expresses it, and make them over. The early part of September and the very early spring are the best seasons for making a lawn.

Last September I made a grass walk twenty feet wide, that wound up a hill-side on a gradual curve for four hundred feet, ending at the summit in a circle about fifty feet across, the walk and the circle being bordered by cedar-trees from eight to ten feet tall, set touching each other. The ground was watered daily, and by the end of October there was thick grass on the walk, notwithstanding the dry autumn.

It is my intention to make a border just inside the lines of cedar-trees, about four feet wide, and plant it with Starwort, and all the hardy Aster family in large masses of every shade, from dark purple to white and light pink, and then to mingle with the Asters occasional clumps of white and pink Boltonias, some Sumach, and some of the Nicotina Sylvestris, that variety of the tobacco plant which is covered with fragrant white blossoms, and in rich soil attains a height of five feet. This border, with the dark Cedars forming an effective background, should be lovely during September and October.

In the circle at the top of the hill I hope to build a small, white, round summer-house, in the style of a tiny temple, where in late afternoon, one may sit and look over a long valley with hills rising in every direction, and watch the sunset lights and the falling twilight, and where again, on a summer evening, one who has climbed the hill may rest and watch the full moon clothing the earth with matchless beauty, and enjoy the scent of flowers rising from the garden below to perfume the air, while only the myriad insect voices of the night break the solemn stillness.

Among the first flower seeds to be sown in the spring are Poppies, which must be sown very thinly, as every seed seems to germinate, and the plants should be three inches apart, not only to develop properly and produce more flowers, but to continue their bloom for a longer period. Sown in large masses in all their many varieties, Poppies make a wonderful show for three weeks. If, when the last petals have fallen, the soil is enriched and cultivated, the Poppy-bed can be made beautiful again by transplanting into it young Aster plants either of all shades of pink with white in its many varieties, or of purple and lavender shading through the delicate tones to white. The Poppy-bed in my garden is fifty feet long and eighteen feet wide, affording opportunity for a fine mass of color.

Asters in the catalogues of annuals are what Phlox and Larkspur are in the perennial family. Early last September when the Asters were really wonderful in my garden, and there seemed to be no end to them, I asked the gardener how many he had transplanted. He replied, "About ten thousand." As I rather doubted this statement, he showed me a bed of young Canterbury bells which had been transplanted for blooming the next summer, saying that he had counted them that morning, and found there were nine hundred plants in the bed, and that it was apparent at a glance that there were ten times as many Asters then blossoming in the gardens.

By feeding the Asters when they are first transplanted with a mixture of fine manure, bone-meal, and a very little nitrate of soda, and again about the first of August, the plants become really wonderful—quite different from the Asters we all remember to have seen in our mothers' gardens.

No fertilizer will produce such quick results as nitrate of soda. And if used too freely, possibly no other fertilizer can damage the plants so quickly. Nitrate of soda should be used as sparingly as one sprinkles sugar upon berries or cereal. In

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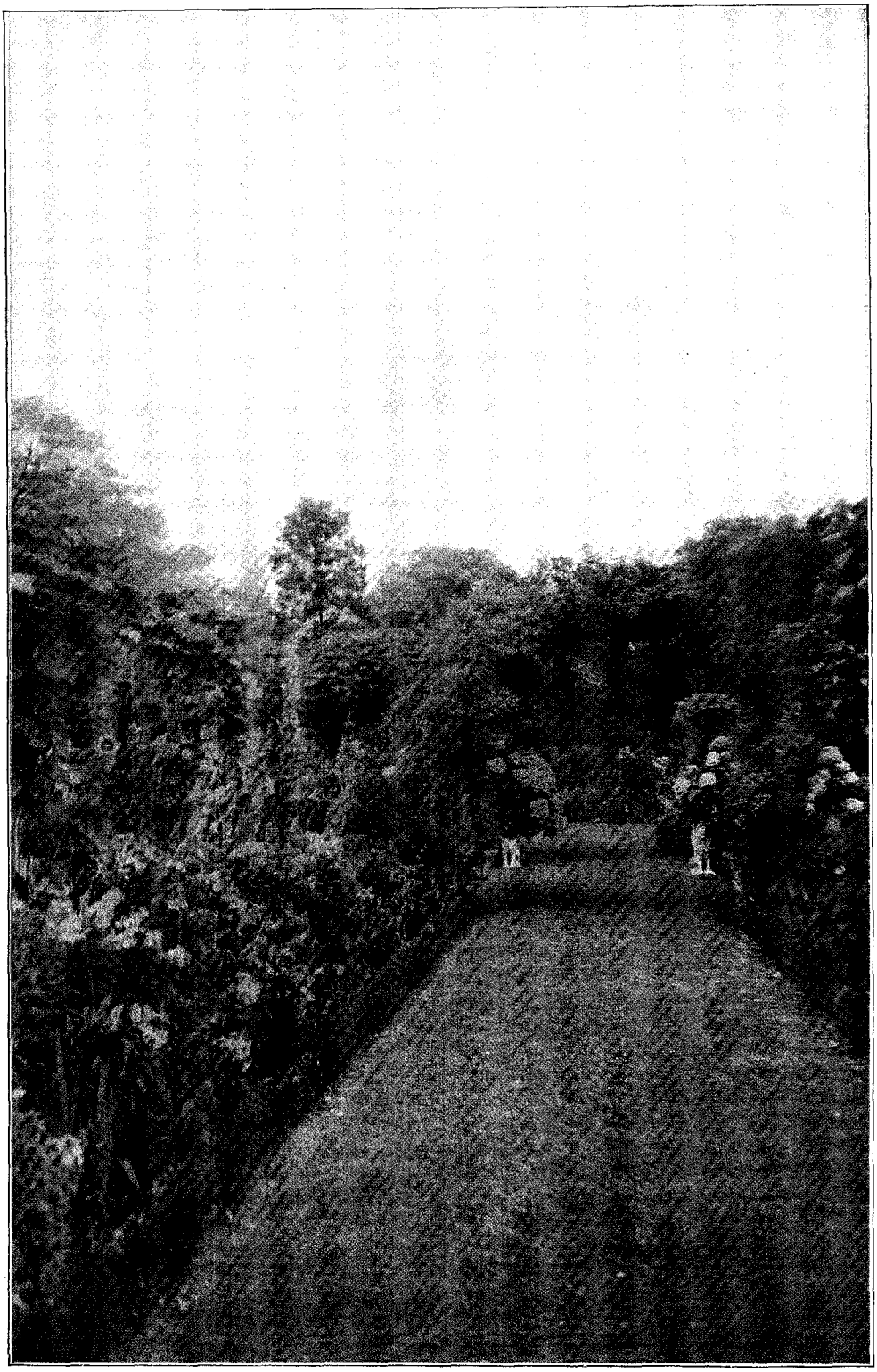

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A garden walk.

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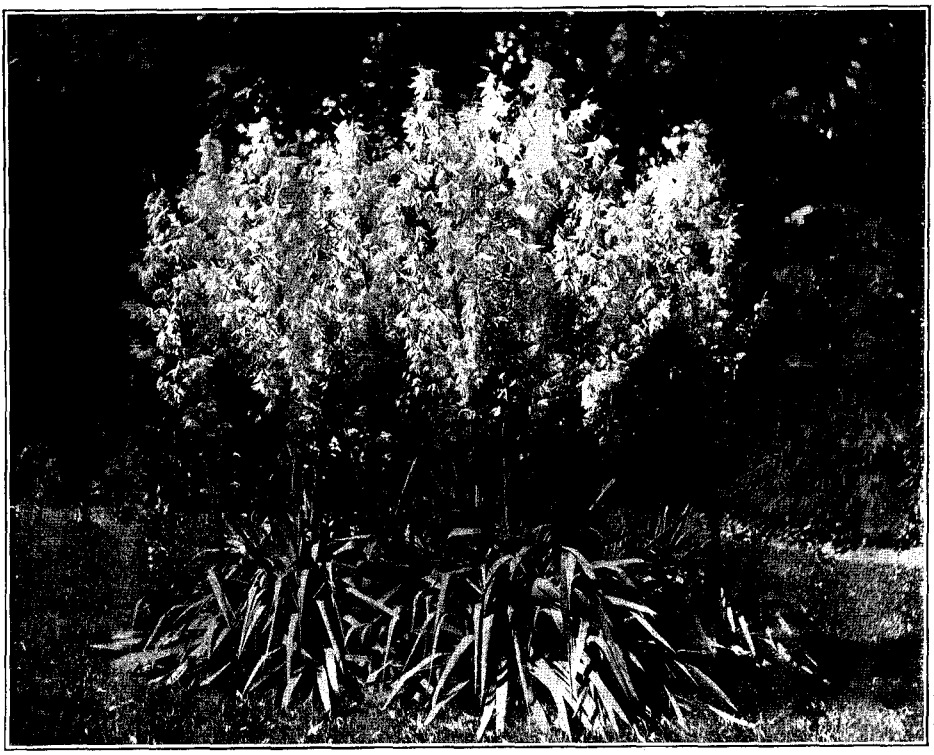

From a photograph by Richard Worsam Meade.

A group of Yuccas.

the rose garden my men make a little trench about two inches deep a few inches from the stalk of each rose-bush or tree, scatter in the nitrate of soda, cover it with earth, and when the whole garden has been thus treated, turn on the sprinklers, and the fertilizer is gently washed to the roots of the roses. This has been done the past two years about the tenth of May—and again the middle of July, with excellent results.

The most interesting of all gardening is in the cultivation of the herbaceous plants. These hardy perennials bloom luxuriantly, give a wide range of color, and are of varied heights. A great landscape architect recently told me that, in his opinion, it required more intelligence and ability, with the assistance of annuals, to keep an herbaceous border effective in color and in good condition, than to run an orchid house; he added the remark that, after trying new plants each year for many years, he had found that the list of really desirable perennials and annuals did not greatly increase.

Even an experienced gardener is often led away by the fascinating descriptions in the catalogues, whose pictures both fire and bewilder the imagination. And what could be more heavenly for a woman gardener than to be able to grow all these wonderful flowers and plants, and to attain the marvellous results pictured in the catalogues; to have all the space she wanted in which to grow them, to have all the men she needed, really good and efficient men, to cultivate them, and a husband who never grumbled about the amount of fertilizer she used?

Constant iteration of the need of fertilizer becomes tiresome, but herbaceous plants and flowering shrubs are great feeders, and as they must be planted closely to secure good effect, the soil soon becomes exhausted, and the annual spring feeding and entire remaking of herbaceous borders every three or four years is a necessity, if one would have the finest plants.

Meeting recently a woman who was an excellent and enthusiastic gardener, I asked her honest opinion upon the subject of manures, to which she replied that all success in gardening depended upon the

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From a photograph by Lumière N. A. Company.

White Canterbury bells.

preparation and fertilization of the soil, and that without manures nothing could be done; she further told me that in answer to her husband's inquiry one day what he should give her for a birthday present, she had boldly said, "two carloads of manure for the garden."

After the animal manures, decomposed vegetable matter, which the expert now refers to as *Humus*, is the most valuable constituent of the soil. This material is within the reach of every one who has even a small place. By saving carefully all the autumn leaves, turning them several times during a year until they have disintegrated, they are then in condition to return to the soil in the form of leaf mould or humus, and give the plants the nitrogen so necessary to their growth.

Last fall I attacked an herbaceous border that had not been made over for five years, only top fertilized. The border is a hundred and sixty feet long and about twelve feet wide, with an irregular edge. Many varieties of perennials grew in it whose colors had become mixed, and it was far from satisfactory. All the plants were first taken out, twelve wagon-loads of cow manure, two hundred pounds of bone-meal, a quantity of leaf mould, with a good sprinkling of both lime and wood-ashes, were put in and thoroughly incorporated with the soil; the border was then replanted with choice varieties of Phlox massed in shades carefully blended of cherry, pink, and white. At intervals groups of the taller varieties were brought toward the front to prevent a rigid line; occasional groups of Foxgloves were also planted, and the whole border was edged with Sweet Williams in the same colors, which will be taken out when they have finished blooming and be followed by Asters in shades of pink. The border contains seven hundred plants of Phlox, about three hundred Foxgloves, and, in addition, innumerable Tulips, both early and late, carefully set in sand, because of the manure, were planted wherever there was space for a bulb. For four months this border should be effective in color, ranging from cherry to white.

In making an herbaceous border where many different-colored plants are to be grown, the effect will be more beautiful if between each of the different colors a quantity of white flowers are planted, care being taken to allow a few plants of the palest

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shade of each color to drift among the white so that the transition becomes less abrupt. If a careful sketch or plan of the planting be made in advance, the work will be easier and the result more successful, as heterogeneous planting is often painful.

Pink, blue, red, purple, and yellow flowers must be arranged to produce artistic effect. Larkspurs, for instance, are far more beautiful when grown in great masses of each shade, or with white Japanese Iris and Lilium Candidum, than in smaller clumps in a border where (many) other colored flowers are planted. Light blue Larkspur with the dark variety Formosum behind it, and yellow Coreopsis, Trolius, and pale yellow Calendula in the foreground, make an attractive planting.

Early one July my first baby grandson was christened in our quaint little church in the country. Candidum lilies, with which I have at last, after much effort, been able to succeed, and Larkspur, both of which flowers are so exquisite in the garden, and so perishable when gathered that one should always cut them judiciously, were in their prime in wonderful quantity; and on this great day we were able to fill a large clothes-basket with the stalks of the lilies and branches of the pale blue Delphinium Celestinium, and take them to make the little church beautiful, without missing any from the garden.

Since there have been in my gardens herbaceous borders of only one or two colors, the arrangement has been simplified, and the effect more beautiful; and this plan is likely to be adhered to for some time to come. But an eagle eye must always be kept upon the borders to be sure that plants are not allowed to go to seed—for the best gardeners often fail to realize that when seed-pods are forming the plants have no strength to blossom.

The *white border* is my greatest delight; the flowers grown in it are exquisite at night as well as in the daytime.

At the back of the border are Bocconia Cordata, the Spiræas Aruncus and Gigantea, and white Hollyhocks, which are followed in September by the mammoth Cosmos, which has been started under glass to insure its blooming before frost. Then there are Lilium Candidum, Lilium Auratum and Lilium Album which bloom successively, so that Lilies are blooming from June until frost. All these Lilies, if planted from fifteen to eighteen inches deep, seem to succeed far better than in shallower planting. Then there are quantities of the following:

Hyacinthus Candicans, Physostegia Virginica Alba flowering for a month; Achillea, which generously blooms the whole summer through; white Phlox, both early and late; white Lupins; Dictamus, Foxgloves, Lysimachia Clethroides, Campanula Medium, some clumps of white Japanese Iris, and the old-time Valerian.

For annuals there are Stocks, Sweet Sultan, the white Cornflower, Cyanea Alba, Empress Candytuft, Snapdragons, Asters and Gladioli.

A *pink border*, or, indeed, an entire garden of pink flowers is not difficult of attainment.

There are pink Hollyhocks and Cosmos, many shades of Phlox, Lilium Rubrum, Lilium Rubellum, and Lilium Magnificum, Pink Lupins, which are more beautiful than either the white or blue varieties, Incarvillia Delavayi, Sedum Spectabilis, and Canterbury bells, with some pink Columbines, Spiræa Elegans, and Dictamus for May blooming. Then there are the pink annual Larkspurs, Camellia-flowered Balsams, which in rich soil are wonderful plants, Phlox Drummondi which, if not allowed to seed, flowers all summer, Tuberous-rooted Begonias, each plant of which is a mass of blossoms for three months; Verbenas—glorified editions of the old-time Verbena—which should be started under glass at the same time with the Cosmos; and, if there is place for it, Gladioli, so necessary for bloom in September.

The *blue border* is more unusual, and although I have visited many gardens in many countries, I have never yet seen another plantation of blue flowers only. These may be used with effect:

Larkspurs, Monkshood in early and late varieties, Veronica Grandiflora, Platycoydon, the Campanulas, varieties Persicifolia, Glomerata, Medium, and Pyramidalis, and the Lupins, are six perennials which would alone keep a blue border pronounced in color for three months; but when you add Columbines, Eupatorium, Anchusa Italica, Baptista Australis, Scabiosa Caucasica, Blue Salvia, Centaurea, the wonderful new blue Gladioli, large-flowering Argeratum and Lobelia, which are always in bloom, and the faithful Asters, which have, however, a violet tinge, the blue border becomes a source of great interest.

A few white flowers, such as White Platycoydon, the feathery Bocconia Cordata,

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Lilium Album, Lilium Candidum, and Achillea rather add to the beauty of the blue border, and seem to make its color more lovely.

In the *red border* are red Hollyhocks, scarlet Lychnis, both Coquelicot and Siebold Phlox, Tritoma Pfitzerii, the old-time Monada or Bee Balm, Pentstemon Barbatus Torreyii, about which many people continually ask "What is that beautiful flower?" Scarlet Phlox Drummondi, the scarlet Gladioli Brenchleyensis, Salvia Bonfire, and both Cannas and Geraniums which may be added to carry out the color scheme.

There are of course many other beautiful flowers in these four colors, but after several years of experiment, these lists have been found to comprise the most satisfactory plants for simplicity of culture and the amount of flowers which they yield for use in borders of all one color. As such borders are for effect, flowers can be gathered from them but sparingly; and there should be grown elsewhere both perennials and annuals in rows like vegetables, to supply flowers for cutting.

Stocks, both white and pink, Gladioli in the same two colors, Snapdragons, Lilium Rubellum, and Lilium Speciosum Magnificum can be successfully planted together; and if the Stocks and Snapdragons are started under glass, they can, by feeding them with bone-meal and nitrate of soda, be made to bloom continually from the fifteenth of June until ice forms. The Lilies will continue to unfold their buds for quite two months, and if two plantings of them are made, the Gladioli will blossom for a long time. Last summer, when grown in my garden with these other flowers, the stalks of the Gladioli reached over five feet in height—an evidence of the effect of rich soil. This height also gave much beauty to the plantation.

White Japanese Anemones, white Tuberous-rooted Begonias, and Tuberoses are satisfactory when grown together. If the Begonias are started under glass in March, they will begin to bloom in June, and if white May-flowering Tulips are added, this white corner will be a constant delight.

Formerly the beds in my little rose garden were carpeted with Pansies, and a border which surrounds it was edged with pink and white Sweet William. Back of this border and surrounding both the border and whole garden is a hedge of pink and white Altheas, which has now grown so high that the garden is quite hidden from view. The rich soil used for the roses, with the frequent watering, stimulated both Pansies and Sweet William to great effort. Their blossoms added to the color of the garden, and I was greatly pleased with the effect.

One day in mid-June, when the little rose garden was in perfection of bloom, my daughter critically remarked at luncheon, "I do not like those Pansies and other things in the rose garden; everything there should grow up straight and neatly, and it is not bad if the earth is seen between the plants." Criticisms made by one's children are trying, but sometimes appropriate. Most of that afternoon I spent in the rose garden; I visited it again in the evening, and slept little during that night thinking the matter over; it seemed cruel to drag out all those beautiful blossoming plants. But by morning I had decided to make the change, so coming down very early, I found the gardener, went with him to the garden, and gave directions that every Pansy and Sweet William should be pulled up, and the beds and borders edged, and that all must be done neatly and immaculately before the men went to dinner.

Then I fled, to return only after my orders had been carried out. At first the little garden seemed shorn of much beauty and bare. But the daughter's criticism proved to be right, and now only Gladioli grow among the roses, and all along the edge of the border is a row of tall Tuberoses, which grow four feet in height with heads of bloom a foot in length, which perfume the night air deliciously. Every one approves the change.

We often reproach ourselves when we find that we regard with aversion persons whom we have long known and liked, because in the lapse of years they seem to have acquired unpleasant peculiarities, forgetting that we ourselves have changed. May we not reproach ourselves equally when ceasing to care for plants which once we prized? Three flowers, dear to me ten years ago, I now entirely dislike—the Crimson Rambler Rose, Rudbeckia, and Hydrangea Grandiflora. The Rudbeckia has been cast out of the garden. Nearly all of the Crimson Rambler Roses have been taken up; only a short trellis and a few arches of

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Photographed in colors from nature by the Lumière process.

A bit of pink border.

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them remaining, and the pink Dorothy Perkins has been substituted; but a long hedge of Hydrangeas still remains, although I now exclude them from my vision, and it is as if they did not exist.

Because these brave plants are so hardy and free blooming have they found a place everywhere from one end of the country to the other, and have thus become distasteful to many of us because of their very merits which enabled them to be so universally grown.

A few flowering plants especially grown in pots for decoration of terraces or verandas add greatly to their attraction.

Those who have travelled in Spain and Italy will remember the effective use made by gardeners in those countries of potted plants upon terraces, verandas, on doorsteps, and in court-yards, and that only the red earthen flower-pot of terra-cotta, or the simple dull green-glazed Italian or Spanish pottery are used, avoiding elaborate pots and jars, which detract from the beauty of flowering plants. A few plants well suited for terrace or verandas where there is partial shade are, the old-fashioned Fuchsias, which bloom continually; Gloxinias; any of the Lilies, which may be carefully lifted from the garden when about three inches high, potted, two or more in a pot according to size, and the pots sunk to the brim in the ground, to be brought forward as they come into bloom; Asters and Salvias, which may be treated in the same way. A decoration of several pots of white Ostrich-plume Asters, followed by pink ones, is always admired.

In Germany dwarf standard pear and apple trees about four feet tall and pyramidal in form are also grown in small tubs for decoration. The trees bear from ten to thirty pears or apples which, when nourished with muriate of potash, are highly colored and effective both in the blossom and the fruit. I have sent to Germany for a few of these little fruit-trees, and shall be interested in trying to grow them.

Bay and Box trees are expensive, but long-lived if given moderate care, and the white and pink Oleanders which flower continually are also well worth a place on the veranda or in the garden. These three varieties need only to be kept clean, nourished, given enough water, not allowed to freeze, and occasionally re-tubbed. When the tubs containing Bay and Box trees and Oleanders are brought forth from their winter quarters, they require immediate attention. They should first be watered with a strong force to cleanse them thoroughly, and then looked over for scale, which should be carefully scraped away; if the Bay-trees have accumulated any black mildew it can be scrubbed off with a nail-brush, which, although a long and slow process if the trees are large, is the only one which is effective. The trees should then be sprayed with a strong solution of ivory soap, some of the earth removed from the top of the tubs, and some soot, which is the best fertilizer for Bay and Box trees, dug in about the roots, and the tub then filled up with cow manure. The tubs may then be painted and the trees are ready for the season's duty.

Second only to the Bay-tree in formal decoration is English ivy grown in tubs and trained over a wire frame, pyramidal in form, which may be had from three to seven feet in height. The Ivy covers the frame completely and compactly. The tubs of Ivy can be placed to advantage at the top of a flight of steps, along the edge of a terrace, by a doorway, at the entrance to a garden, and have the merit of not being very expensive.

The tall-growing Campanula Pyramidalis is especially beautiful. Large, strong plants, one year old in May, if potted and fed often with liquid manure, bone-meal, and a tiny bit of nitrate of soda, will be six feet high by the second week in August, and remain covered with either white or blue blossoms for a month. This plant can be seen in its greatest perfection at the Church of St. Anne de Beaupré, on the St. Lawrence River below Quebec. It is used there growing in pots in great quantities, both white and pale blue, as a decoration for the altar and chancel, and surpasses any perennial plant I have ever seen.

These plants should be grown in partial shade to secure the best success. They do not bloom until from fifteen to seventeen months after the seed has been sown in the open ground, and sometimes they go over until the third summer before blooming; but no trouble is too great to grow this grand Campanula successfully.

Enonoymous Radicans has proved a neat and satisfactory evergreen vine for growing upon brick and stone walls, upon the trunks

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of trees, or trained as a border where the climate is too severe for box edging. It seems to be the only absolutely hardy evergreen vine, and while its growth is not rapid, it will be helped along amazingly if well fertilized in early spring and again in July.

Few of the *Conifers* will live in my soil, Hemlocks and Red Cedars being the only members of the Evergreen family that really do well with us.

The White Pine, American Arbor-vitæ, and the Blue Spruce struggle along for a time, protesting against the conditions of life they find there; but the Retinisporas, Yews, and all the finer Evergreens, notwithstanding specially prepared soil and winter covering, die speedily. My garden at Meadowburn is situated in the extreme northerly corner of the hill country of northern New Jersey, on the New York State line. The winter temperature rises and falls from forty degrees above zero to ten and often twenty degrees below, and generally in summer there is a long period of dry weather. These conditions are especially hard upon the finer Evergreen families.

The great Hemlocks, the symmetrical Spruce, the solemn Pine, which in a natural state so often grows near the white Birches that one might say the Pines are married to the Birches, indeed, all Evergreens, inspire me with a feeling almost akin to worship, possibly a heathen trait which has survived generations of civilization, so that it is a great trial not to be able to grow the Evergreen family successfully.

As a compensation I was able to plan for a friend a most lovely little garden which she calls her "*Evergreen Garden*." It occupies the basement area from which an old-fashioned side-hill barn had been removed. The space is only about 45×60 feet. Across the back of the garden is a wall of rough stone about ten feet high, once the back foundation wall of the barn.

In the crevices of the stones are planted ferns, ivy is trained against them, and in the centre from a simple wall fountain water drips with musical sound into a basin below. High grass banks rise on two sides of the garden, and the fourth side opens upon a beautiful lawn bordered with old trees and sloping to the water. Steps of natural rough stone lead down from the summit of one of the grassy banks into the little garden, and around the three sides and in several formal beds set in turf are planted many varieties of small and rare Evergreens.

All are surrounded with box edging, and had one not seen a similar collection of Evergreens, it would not be possible to imagine there could be such variety of form and shade, from darkest to lightest green, including the beautiful blue greens, golden yellow, and green tipped with yellow.

Although natives of many countries, all the specimens have lived and thrived in the sandy soil and moist air of their new home by the sea, and both summer and winter the little Evergreen Garden is a joy to all who behold it.

The literature in all languages upon gardening, and the references in poetry and prose, both ancient and modern, to gardens, as cultivated, restful, romantic, and beautiful places, is infinite. In the Old Testament many allusions are to be found. We read of "The Garden of Nuts," "The Garden of Herbs," and "The Garden of Cucumbers."

It is a fancy of many women to-day to have an herb garden, but the cucumber in the time of the prophet Isaiah, who speaks of a lodge in a garden of Cucumbers, and of Baruch, who says, "Like a scarecrow in a garden of Cucumber, which keepeth nothing away," must have been a different vegetable from the one we now cultivate under that name.

We read that "the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth," and the similes, "As gardens by the river side," and "like a watered garden," are refreshing mental pictures to those who know the heat and dryness of the East.

Every garden has its particular charm, and rarely is one to be seen from which we can turn without having gained a new idea of a color arrangement, of certain plants in wonderful perfection, of something which gives delight and inspiration. The little gardens about laborers' cottages, where the few flowers mean so much to the man or woman who cares for them in moments before or after a long day's toil, touch the heart as no great gardens can, however complete, with all that nature and art combined are able to accomplish. Every lover of flowers has her own ideas upon the subject of gardening. My ideal garden is one

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From a photograph by Lumière N. A. Company.

Ivy fringed pool.

a little distance from the house and so surrounded by trees and enclosed by hedges that the windows of the house cannot look down upon it. A lovely out-of-doors room, as it were, neat and orderly as the rooms of the house; every plant brought to its highest development, and nature, trained by man, giving constant and luxuriant bloom; where the green setting of trees, hedges, box edging, and fine turf, and the colors blending without a jarring note, fill us with a sense of delight and thanksgiving for the beauty of the spot. A place where we may walk or talk, read or work, quite unobserved, with the sunshine all around, yet seated in cool shade, the murmuring of falling water, together with the exquisite notes of the song sparrow, or the liquid call of the cat-bird in our ears.

Where can any place on this earth be found more exquisite and peaceful? Into such a garden Maud may have been called by her lover—and to such a little Paradise Solomon may have referred in his Song of Songs, where he speaks of "a Garden Enclosed."

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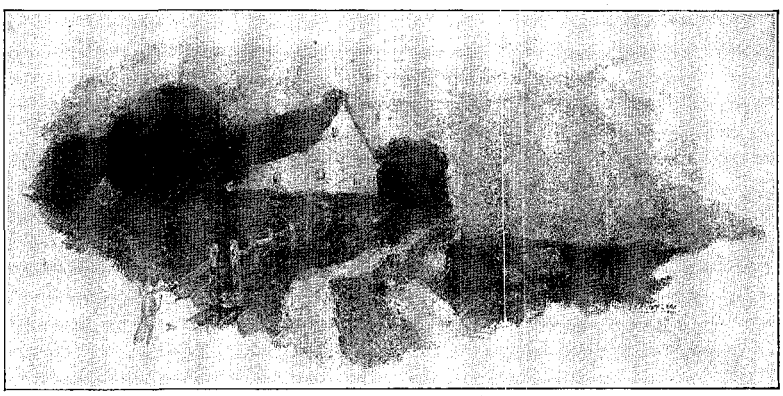

THE ANGEL OF LONESOME HILL

By Frederick Landis

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH

IT was a handful of people in the country—a simple-hearted handful. There was no railroad—only a stage which creaked through the gullies and was late. Once it had a hot-box, and the place drifted through space, a vagrant atom.

Time swung on a lazy hinge. Children came; young folks married; old ones died; Indian Creek overflowed the bottom-land; crops failed; one by one the stage bore boys and girls away to seek their fortunes in the far-off world; at long intervals some tragedy streaked the yellow clay monotony with red; January blew petals from her silver garden; April poured her vase of life; August crawled her snail length; years passed, leaving rusty streaks back to a dull horizon.

The sky seemed higher than anywhere else; clouds hurried over; it was three cheers and a tiger for Desolation—this place called "Cold Friday."

A mile to the east was "Lonesome Hill." Indians once built signal fires upon it, and in this later time travellers alighted as their horses struggled up the steep approach. At the top was a cabin; it was whitewashed, and so were the apple-trees round it. A gourd vine clung to its chimney; pigeons fluttered upon its shingles, and June flung a crimson rose mantle over its side and halfway up the roof.

One wished to stop and rest beneath its weeping willow by the white stone milk house.

Those who passed by day grew accustomed to a woman's face at the window—a calm face which looked on life as evening looks on day—such a face as one might use to decorate a fancy of the old frontier. Those who passed by night were grateful for the lamp which protested against Nature's apparent consecration of the place to solitude.

This cabin held aloof from "Cold Friday"; many times Curiosity went in, but Conjecture alone came out, for through the years the man and woman of this cabin merely said, "We came from back yonder." Nobody knew where "yonder" was.

But the law of compensation was in force—even in "Cold Friday." With acquaintanceships as with books, the ecstasy of cutting leaves is not always sustained in the reading, and the silence of this man and woman was the life of village wonder.

It gave "Friday's" chimney talk a spice it otherwise had never known; the back log seldom crumbled into ashes till the bones of these cabin dwellers lay bleaching on the plains of "Perhaps."

John Dale was seventy-five years or

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more, but worked his niggard hill-side all the day, and seldom came to town. His aged wife was kind; the flowers of her life she gave away, but none could glance upon the garden. She seemed to know when neighbors were ill; hers was the dignity of being indispensable. Many the mother of that region who, standing beneath some cloud, thanked God as this slender, white-haired soul with star shine in her face, hurried over the fields with an old volume pasted full of quaint remedies.

She made a call of another kind—just once—when the "Hitchenses" brought the first organ to "Cold Friday."

She remained only long enough to go straight to the cabinet, which the assembled neighbors regarded with distant awe, and play several pieces without the book. On her leaving with the same quiet indifference, Mrs. Ephraim Fivecoats peered owlishly toward Mrs. Rome Lukens and rendered the following upon her favorite instrument:

"Well! if that woman ever gits the fever an' gits deliriums, I want to be round, handy like. I'll swan there'll be more interestin' things told than we've heerd in our born days—that woman is allus thinkin'!"

In this final respect, the judgment of the Lady of the House of Fivecoats was sound.

How gallant the mind is! If the past be sad, it mingles with Diversion's multitude till sadness is lost; if the present be unhappy, it has a magic thrift of joys, and Unhappiness is hushed by Memory's laughter; if both past and present have a grief, it seeks amid its scanty store for some event, for instance, whose recurrence brings some brightness; to greet this it sends affectionate anticipations—and were its quiver empty, it would battle still some way!

So the wife of Dale looked forward to Doctor Johnston's visits as her respites, yet there were so many doors between her silence and the world, she did not turn as he entered one eventful day.

Doctors are Nature's confessors, and down the memory of this one wandered a camel of sympathy upon which the sick had heaped their secret woes for years, though one added naught to the burden.

It was the tale he wished to hear, and when some fugitive phrase promised revelation, he folded the powders slowly; but when it ended in a sigh, he strapped up bottles and expectations and went away, reflecting how poor the world where one might hear all things save those which interested.

But Time is a patient locksmith to whom all doors swing open.

"I always sit by this window," she began as he removed the fever thermometer; "I've looked so long, I see nothing in a way—and at night I always put the light here. If he should come in the dark I want him to see—here is a letter."

The Doctor read and returned it with a look of infinite pity.

"I had a dream last night; I may be superstitious or it may be the fever—but it was so real. I saw it all; it was just like my prayer. I believe in God, you know." She smiled in half reproach. "Yes, in spite of all.

"In that dream something touched my hand and a voice whispered the word, 'Now.' Oh, how anxious it was! I awoke, sitting up; the lamp had gone out, yet it was not empty—and there was no wind."

John Dale stumbled into the room, his arms full of wood, and an old dog, lying before the fireplace, thumped his tail against the floor with diminishing vigor.

"I'll get you a bite to eat," she said.

"Never mind!" protested Johnston; "I must be going." He made a sign to Dale, who followed to the gate .

"John, I've been calling here a long time——"

"I know I ought to pay something," Dale started to say.

"It isn't that—I've just diagnosed the case; only one man can cure it."

"Would he—on credit?" Dale anxiously inquired.

"He never charges." Johnston smiled sorrowfully at the old man's despair.

"Who is he?"

"The President. I came out of college a sceptic, John, and I'd be an infidel outright but for that wife of yours—she's nearer the sky, somehow, than any other mortal I've seen. I don't believe in anything, of course—but that dream—if I were you I'd trust it—I'd follow where it led."

With his foot on the hub, Dale slowly

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Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

Those who passed by night were grateful for the lamp —Page 302.

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whetted his knife on his boot, then said, "I'll go with you."

"I called at the office, but it was locked, and so I'm here," apologized Dale as Judge Long opened the door of his old-fashioned stone house in Point Elizabeth, the county seat.

"Glad to see you—had your supper?"

Hearing voices in the dining-room, Dale answered in the affirmative.

"Then have a cigar and wait in the library; the folks are having a little company."

Dale surveyed the room; the books alone were worth more than his earthly possessions. From a desk loomed a bust of Webster. Shadows seemed to leap from it; the sombre lips bespoke the futility of striving against stern realities.

There was gayety in the dining-room; Judge Long was a fountain of mirth, a favorite at taverns, while riding the circuit—before juries—wherever people gathered.

A gale of laughter greeted his last anecdote and the diners protested as he arose.

Dale told his story excitedly, and at the conclusion Judge Long slowly brushed away the tobacco smoke.

"I'm sorry, John, but we did all we could last month—and we failed; there's just one thing to do—face the matter. It's hard, but this world is chiefly water and what isn't water is largely rock—it's for fish and fossils, I suppose."

"But we will win this time!" The old man's hand fell with decision.

"Why do you say that?"

"Mother had another dream last night."

"But, you know, she had one a month ago," quietly protested Long.

"Yes—and it came true—we didn't do our part just right. We can't fail this time; there must be a day of justice!"

"Well, as to that, John, this game of life is strange; we bring nothing with us, so how can we lose? We take nothing away, so how can we win? We think; we plan; we stack these plans with precision, but Chance always sits at our right, waiting to cut the cards. You speak of 'justice.' It's a myth. The statue above the court-house stands first on one foot, then on the other, tired of waiting, tired of the sharp rocks of technicality, tired of the pompous farce. Why, Dale," he waved a hand toward an opposite corner, "if old Daniel Webster were here he couldn't do anything!"

When an American lawyer cites that mighty shade, it is conclusive, but the effect was lost on Dale. He was not a lawyer, neither had he read the "Dartmouth College Case," nor the "Reply to Hayne." In fact his relations with the "Sage of Marshfield" were so formal he believed his fame to rest chiefly on having left behind a multitude of busts. Besides, he was impatient; the Judge's peroration having lifted his head so suddenly that cigar ashes fell upon the deep rug at his feet.

"You won't go again, Judge?" He leaned forward perplexed.

"It's no use."

"Well, mebbe you can't do anything—mebbe Dan'l Webster couldn't—but John Dale can!"

Long arose, astonished. "How foolish! Reason for a moment—any presentation of this matter calls for the highest ability; it involves sifting of evidence; symmetry of arrangement; cohesiveness of method, logic of argument, persuasiveness of advocacy, subtleties of acumen, charms of eloquence—all the elements of the greatest profession among men!"

Dale leaned heavily against the table, his eyes following the Judge as he walked back and forth.

"Well, I've got 'em—I can't call 'em by name, but I've got the whole damned list—and I'm goin'!"

Long stood at bay, his hand on the door, his face glowing with animation.

"Dale, you're old enough to be my father, but you shall listen. You'd fail before a justice of the peace, and before the President of the United States—it's absurd. You would go down there, get mad, probably be arrested and kill any hope we might have; why, you're guilty of contempt of court right now. I had a strong influence, yet I failed."

The old farmer of "Lonesome Hill" would listen no more.

"Then wait," said Long. "This letter may at least save you from jail—and you haven't any money; will this do?"

"It's more than I need, Judge."

"No, keep it all—and keep your temper too."

As the Judge stood in the doorway, watching the venerable figure disappear in

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the drizzling night, a young woman from the dining-room stole to his side and heard him muse: "After all, who knows? A Briton clad in skins once humbled a Roman emperor."

"Is he in trouble?" asked the young woman.

"Yes, great trouble, and it isn't his fault. Fate is a poor shot. She never strikes one who is guilty without wounding two who are innocent."

Dale was an admirable volunteer and strangely resourceful; he had something more than courage.

The train did not leave for two hours. He sat in the station till the clatter of the telegraph drove him out and he walked toward the yards with their colored lights, and through his brain raced Speculation's myriad fiends, all brandishing lanterns like those before him. When, at last, the train did start, it seemed to roll slowly, though it could suffer delay and reach the Capital by daybreak.

He read the letter of introduction several times, and wondered what kind of man the President was; he thought of what he would say—and how it would end.

At intervals a ghost would extend a long, bony hand and wring drops of blood from his heart; at such times the President was heartless—the trip very foolish—he regretted his anger at Judge Long's house; and once, had the engine been a horse, he might have turned back. At other times gleams of victory came from somewhere and yet from nowhere, and routed the gypsies from his brain, and the President stood before him, a sympathetic gentleman. Once he knew it, and through excess of spirits walked up and down the aisle, studying the sleeping passengers; for John Dale travelled in a common "day coach."

At last he yielded to fatigue, and far off on the horizon of consciousness dimly flashed the duel of his hopes and fears. Rest was impossible, and after a long time the dawn drifted between his half-closed lids; a glorious dome floated out of the sky and the porter shouted, "All out for Washington!"

The cabmen who besieged the well-dressed passengers paid scant homage to the old man, who walked uncertainly out of the smoky shed and stood for a moment in Pennsylvania Avenue—on one hand the Capitol, on the other the Treasury and White House. A great clock above him struck the hour of six; he hesitated, then went toward the scene of conflict.

The waking traffic, the great buildings, the pulse of this strange life filled him with depression. He came to a beautiful park and gazed upon Lafayette and Rochambeau, then the equestrian statue of Jackson. As he sat facing the snow-white building with columned portico, the magnolia blossoms were as incense. When he could wait no longer he crossed to the President's office. A policeman stopped him at the steps. He explained that he had a letter from Judge Long. What! Did this policeman not know Judge Long?

He sat under a tree, and the policeman walked a few paces away to turn anon and survey the waiting pilgrim. When the doors opened he entered. The President would not come for another hour; he would be busy—possibly he might see him by noon—provided he had credentials.

With a sigh he sank into a chair and was soon asleep.

"Come—this is no cheap lodging house!" The greeting was shaken into him by a clerk with hair parted in the middle, who disdainfully surveyed the sleeper's attire.

He who has much on his mind little cares what he has on his back, and when the youth exploded, "Who are you?" the old fellow's self-reliance came forth.

Leading the way to the door Dale pointed a trembling finger, saying: "See that building, 'Bub'—and that one yonder, and that patch over there with Andy Jackson in it? Well, I'm one of the folks that made it all—and paid for it; and you're one of my hired hands. I've got to keep so many of you down here I can't afford one on the farm. I want to see the President—I've business with him—give him this letter—it's from Judge Sylvester Long, of Point Elizabeth!"

The youth vanished and Dale resumed his chair.

He was looking across the lawn when a sudden alertness came into the scene; the silk-hatted line of callers stepped aside; those who were seated arose; newspaper correspondents turned with vigilant ears. A nervous voice inquired, "Where is Mr. John Dale?"

The President stood before him, dressed

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in white flannel, then smilingly grasped his hand with a blast of welcome: "I'm delighted to meet the friend of Judge Long!" Taking his arm the Executive escorted him through the Cabinet Room thronged with senators, representatives, and tourists. They entered the private office. "Take the sofa, Mr. Dale—it's the easiest thing in the place. I hope your business is such that you can excuse me for a little while."

A smile came over Dale's white face. Could the poorest farmer of the "Cold Friday" region wait for the most powerful character in the world? Nor was the old man in the linen duster the only one who smiled. A member of the Russian Embassy turned to his companion—a distinguished visitor from the Court of St. Petersburg: "What would a peasant say to the Czar?"

The President now entered the Cabinet Room, shaking hands with the many, guiding a few into his private office. Dale listened; now it was an introduction and a message to an old friend in the West. Then a decisive "No" dashed some hope of patronage; again, it was a discussion of poetry, aërial navigation, or the relics of the Aztecs. It was a long stride from "Lonesome Hill," and for the time Dale was novelty's captive. He glanced round the room. It was not as fine as the directors' office of the Point Elizabeth Bank! Above the mantel—the place of honor—was the painting of a martyr. He wondered whether another stroke of the brush would have brought a smile to the face, or an expression of sadness. The hands were very large—they had once broken iron bands.

In one corner was a shot-gun; tennis rackets in another; on a chair were snow-shoes and on the desk a sheaf of roses.

Those whom the President had sifted into his office from the crowd outside engaged in conversation. A Senator discussed the ball game with a Supreme Court Justice; a General advised an Author to try deep breathing.

The President returned more animated than before. He placed a hand on Dale's shoulder: "Be comfortable—and stay for lunch; nobody but us."

The crowd paid sudden respect to the homespun citizen of an older day, and a great happiness came into his heart—it was like the unfolding of one of the roses. Not that he was to lunch with the President, though his was the village estimate of human greatness. A vaster issue was before him, and this was a token of success—a success which would bind up his remaining years with peace, and give glorious recompense to the companion of his few joys and many griefs.

The President hurriedly signed his name to parchments.

"I'm making a few postmasters." He smiled toward the sofa. "It's no trouble here—that's all at the other end of the line."

Without stopping the pen, he discussed matters with one statesman after another, his lips snapping with metallic positiveness.

A member of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations protested against the course pursued in San Domingo.

"If I were making a world, Senator, I'd try to get along without putting in any San Domingos, but as things stand, we must make her be decent or let somebody else do it."

Another brings up the question of taxing incomes and inheritances.

"I favor them both," declared the Executive. "They are taxes on good luck, and bad luck is its own tax."

A statesman from the Pacific slope protests against Federal interference in the school question.

"It is a local matter as you say, Senator, and yours is a 'Sovereign State'—they all are till they get into trouble. If we should have war with Japan, your State would speedily become an integral part of the Union."

A group of gentlemen now object to an aspirant for a Federal judgeship on the ground that he has not a "judicial temperament."

"As I understand it," the Executive begins, "judicial temperament is largely a fragrance rising from the recollection of corporate employment; it is the ability to throw a comma under the wheels of progress and upset public welfare; I am glad to learn that Mr. L—— has not a 'judicial temperament'; I shall send his name to the Senate to-day."

The gentlemen retired and the President arose. "Come, Mr. Dale."

This Executive had been accused of a lack of dignity. Is it a less valuable trait which puts the John Dales of our land at

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instant ease in the "State Dining-Room" of the White House?

"Well, sir, no man ever had a better friend than Judge Long," said the President when they were seated. "'Ves' Long, I mean," he added with a smile.

"I met him in the West; he had a ranch; mine was near it. We saw much of each other; we hunted together—and that's where you learn a man's mettle. He never complained of dogs, luck, or weather. We saw rough times; it was glorious. We'd wake up with snow on the bed, and when 'Ves' introduced me at Point Elizabeth in my first campaign he said we often found rabbit tracks on the quilts—but then 'Ves' had a remarkable eye.

"Some say, 'blood is thicker than water.' That depends somewhat on the quality of the water; I like him; there's nothing I wouldn't do for him!"

Dale grew suddenly sick at heart. If Long had only come! Recalling his discouraging words, a shadow crept over the old man's mind. Could it be possible he had not tried the month before?

Such misgivings soon vanished. "This is a trying office, my friend," resumed the President. "With all my feelings I had to hold in abeyance the only favor he ever asked; it was about a pardon in a murder case over thirty-five years ago. He said it was the most cruel case of circumstantial evidence in the books—possibly you may know about the case, Mr. Dale."

The old man struggled back in his chair, then arose, his rough hand brushing thin locks back from a temple where the veins seemed swelling to the danger point. He was unable to summon more than a whisper from his shrunken throat:

"Yes, Mr. President, I do—he's my boy!"

"Your—boy!" gasped the President. "Yes—that's the name—how stupid of me—I beg your pardon, Mr. Dale—a thousand times."

They stared a long while at each other and Dale felt the fears which had fled before his gracious reception returning to grip him by the heart; the speech he had prepared had fled; it had all happened so differently.

At last the President spoke: "Congress is just going out; it's the busy season, but I'll go through the papers to-night myself."

Dale walked to the window; perspiration was on his face, but he was very cold. He stood with locked brain, and into his eyes came filmy clouds; then through these he saw, with sudden strangeness, a cabin far away, and a woman with pallid cheeks looked straight at him.

The President gazed intently as the old man wiped the window pane, nodded his head and turned to face the table.

He cleared his throat, then opened a flannel collar, already loose, and his eyes glistened.

"You're sick!" exclaimed the President rising. "Waiter—some brandy!"

"No—just a little dizzy.

"Mr. President," he slowly began, "this is a case that all the papers in the world can't tell—nor all the men—there's none just like it.

"It's not for the boy—it's not for me. I took her from her folks against their will, and I've not panned out lucky—but that's not to the point. She's sick; the doctor can't help her—nobody can but you—I wish you might have seen her from the window yonder."

The half-finished luncheon was disregarded; the President had sunk into his chair, and the keen discrimination of a king of affairs was struggling with the strangest fascination he had ever known.

"Long ago, Mr. President, I had an enemy—Bill Hartsell—we shot each other." He held up a withered hand. "It's been a feud ever since. His boy and mine went to war in the same company—both as brave as ever wore the blue. When they were waiting to be mustered out Bill's boy was murdered in his tent—in his sleep. Bill was there and swore he saw my Richard do it.

"One night, a month ago, my woman—she's a great woman, Mr. President—the sick folks down in my country call her 'The Angel of Lonesome Hill'—well, she had a dream that Bill Hartsell wanted to see me. I hadn't laid eyes on him for years. I strapped on my six-shooter and she said, "No—it isn't that kind of a trip—it's peace."

"I put down the shootin' iron and went—it was a long way—two days on horseback. I got to Bill's shack at night; I went in without a knock; I wasn't afraid. Bill's folks were round the bed. He arose

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and cried out: 'Dale, I sent for you; it was a damn lie I told—your boy didn't do it'—and then Bill died."

"Just a word about that boy, Mr. President. At Cold Harbor his regiment stood in hell all day; he was one of those who pinned

The policeman walked a few paces away to turn anon and survey the waiting pilgrim.—Page 306.

For the moment the old man's agitation mastered him.

"I remember," said the President. "'Ves' told me; he brought the statements of the family—and yours. I've been thinking of it ever since—and a great deal these last two days. Tell me, why did you happen to come?"

"Mother had a dream that said the time was up."

Dale spoke as calmly as though delivering a message from a neighbor.

Fear was not even a memory now. He stood erect; the stone he had slowly pushed up many steep years was near the summit—one mighty effort might hurl it down the past forever.

his name to his coat so his body could be identified—after the charge. Well, in that charge the flag went down, and a man went out to get it—and he fell; then another—and he fell; and then a thin, pale fellow that the doctors almost refused sprang forward like a panther—and he fell. They were asking for a volunteer when a staff officer called out: 'Good God! He's alive! He's got it! He's crawling back!'

"They had to lift him off the colors; he didn't know anything, . . . and that was my boy, Mr. President—that was Dick!

"Funny how he enlisted," Dale resumed after a moment. "He'd been tryin' to get in, but I kept him out. One night his mother sent him for a dime's worth of

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"Mother, you sent me for a clothes-line—I've been delayed—but here it is."—Page 311.

clothes-line—and he never came back. He's not bad, Mr. President; he's good—he gets it from his mother."

Dale lifted his head with pride: "When I was on the jury I heard Judge Long say no one could be punished if their name wasn't written in the indictment. Now, they didn't only convict Dick—they convicted his mother—this whole world's her prison—and it's illegal, Mr. President—her name wasn't written in that indictment—and it's her pardon I want."

The President arose and walked the floor. "How could the man who saved those colors shoot a comrade in his sleep? Mr. Dale, my faith in human nature tells me that's a lie!"

He stood for an instant at the window, looking over the fountain, the river, the tall white Washington needle which pierced the sky, then quickly stepped to the table and lifted a glass:

"Mr. Dale, I propose a toast—'The Angel of Lonesome Hill' . . . her liberty!"

A lump arose in the shrunken throat; the old man turned to the head of the table, raised his glass, and bowed to its vacant chair.

"Mr. President—the health of the First Lady of the Land."

As they returned to the office there was nothing extraordinary in the President's vigorous step—it was known the world around. There was something most unusual, however, in the radiant soul—the splendid, ancient youth of the quaint figure by his side.

At the door where the policeman had watched the waiting pilgrim the President shook the old man's hand.

"Come again, Mr. Dale, and tell 'Ves'

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Long I'll go hunting with him this fall and bring along a man he'll like—a man who catches wolves with his hands."

John Dale knew every fence corner in that region, but the night was so dark he stopped at times to "feel where he was."

The man with him could not aid him; he was a stranger—a strange stranger who spoke but once—"How far is it?"

Long habit had made him silent; he was in the upper fifties, but long absence from the sun had pinched his face into the white mask of great age.

At the village store the stranger entered, returning with a package.

When the road turned there was a light high ahead and a moment later the two men entered the cabin.

The stranger bit his lips and said: "Mother, you sent me for a clothes-line—I've been delayed—but here it is."

When she lifted her face from his shoulder, it was glorified.

Travellers who struggle up the hill by day miss a face at the window, but those who pass by night are grateful for the lamp which protests against Nature's apparent consecration of the place to solitude.

"It may some time light another," said "The Angel of Lonesome Hill."

I MET A JOYOUS ARIA

By Joseph Boardman, Jr.

I MET a joyous Aria
A-walking in the town,
A huge, gray town that frowned on her
A sombre, sullen frown.

She had a hat of squirrel-gray,
A coat set jauntily,
And all in girlish friendliness
She turned to walk with me.

I could not think what thing she was:
She looked so slim and pure
I guessed she might be some great queen
In modest miniature.

There was a velvet-silent room,
A teapot set to sing,
A look as lovely as the snow
Of apple-bloom in spring.

Some flowers elm-wise in a vase,
A beauty strewn along
Where her white hands were—only then
I knew she was a song.

I heard what men would sing at dawn,
I heard the surging sea.
I wonder will she be again
The song she was to me.

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The Orb.

AN UNTRODDEN ROAD

By Eliot Gregory

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES HUARD

PARTLY to please the doctor, but principally to pass a couple of months with two old Beaux Arts friends, survivors of blissful Latin Quarter days, my chum and I left Paris for Montpellier, early last June, for a cure at Lamalou, the least-known and quaintest of French hot springs.

At the Source.

Being all four of us lazy mortals, both by temperament and conviction, we promptly voted to take a few days off in celebration of our reunion and to get a glimpse of Montpellier. It would be hard to find a place with a stronger individuality than this old Languedoc seat of learning so comfortably seated amid its vineyards and gardens, the Mediterranean at its feet and the Cevennes curtained behind it to keep off the north winds.

Perhaps some of this charm lies in the contrast between its turbulent student life, so expansive here in the *Midi*, and the austere aspect of the streets and the quiet, undecorated houses.

The great Protestant movement of the sixteenth century has left its imprint on the place if not on the people.

Oxford is the only other town which gives one just this impression of intense vitality and great tranquillity and age.

After strolling through the older parts of the city, past the sombre university buildings and crowded student quarters, one comes on Le Notre's great esplanade, crowning glory of the place, with a delightful sense of surprise, almost of discovery: A complete and spacious ensemble of Château d'Eau, aqueduct, clipped *allées*, and marble colonnades centring around a much bewigged and betogaed statue of Louis XIV.

On a luminous summer evening, as we first saw it, the sky filled with stars, the air vibrating with the song of nightingales, and redolent with the odor of ripening almonds, half the town strolling on its wide terraces or lounging in the cool, dark shadows where Injalbert's marble groups gleam like *les Villi*, there is an impression of Old World perfection and finish, of its having been

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Old houses at Bédarieux.

there for all time, that is like the taste of rare wine to a thirsty traveller.

Our days off somehow lengthen into a week before we make up our minds to leave this enchanting old city, but as duty in the form of our "Cure" is beckoning to us, we finally pack our valises and board a nonchalant local train that is to convey us across the vineyards and orchards of l'Hérault to our destination.

Daudet used to say that his dream of bliss was to make the tour of France in a donkey-drawn gypsies' cabin, cooking his own meals and wheeling up on the roadside turf at night.

Not being able to rise to quite this poetic height, we try what experience has taught us is nearly as good and almost as slow.

The tourist who is fortunate enough not to be hurried and really wishes to see something of the people and country he is visiting, can hit on few conveyances to compare with an out-and-out way train in France. He is pretty sure to have all the first-class

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A bird's-eye view of Lamalou.

compartments to himself, no small consideration in hot weather; but the real joy is that these trains stop at just the modest little stations a self-respecting express would blush to notice, giving a traveller the chance to make acquaintance with his fellow-passengers and see something of the place and its customs.

Before our morning is over we become fast friends with two red-cheeked conscripts en route to join their regiment, and a seductive old market woman on her way to the fair at Bédarieux with a week's supply of cheeses. One feels sure that both these cheeses and their owner must in a former existence have sat as models to Chardin. But our important find, in the way of an acquaintance, is an old gentleman, travelling with two pointer dogs, for he turns out to be an authority on the history of Provence, knowing every legend and fable and bit of folk-lore connected with the villages we pass.

Over and above all this, he possesses the secret of a certain *apéritif*, which he is good enough to prepare for us at a station café where we lunch: iced vermouth with raspberries crushed in it, a drink that would make the fortune of any summer restaurant introducing it at home.

The fact that one of our party is an American interests the gentleman immensely, as he has never spoken to one before. Doubts of my authenticity trouble him, however, when he finds that I do not know, even by sight, a cousin of his wife, who lives in Mexico.

With French tact he changes the conversation and explains that although the *chasse* was not yet open, he is taking the dogs down to his place in the country in advance.

At Bédarieux, where there is a change of line and a wait too long even for our patience, we bid adieu to these new friends and hire a trap for the remaining hour of our route.

Like Verona, Bédarieux stands high over a swift-running river. One wonders at the narrow streets and high-shouldered houses until both are explained by the triple line of thirteenth-century ramparts, still squeezing the life of the city with their stone corset.

Our route, now that we have left the plains around Montpellier behind us, leads into a hill country, more and more beautiful with each kilometre.

The small outlying valleys of the Cevennes curve and melt into the larger valley of the Orb, affording enchanting

Lamalou.

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glimpses of chestnut-clad hills and hazy uplands, while at our feet the wood strawberries glow like rubies amid brake fern and hawkweed, and the rock-bespattered Orb runs sinuous between its poplar-lined banks.

The mellow afternoon is almost over before we arrive, weary but enchanted, at our hotel, having passed a long, lazy day in accomplishing the seventy-five kilometres that an auto would have gulped down in two dusty hours.

Saint Pierre de Rhèdes, near Lamalou.

The town of Lamalou (Provençal for slight pain) consists principally of one high street struggling up a rocky valley, a score of villas, half a dozen pensions, two or three hotels, some shops, and that inevitable centre of all French watering-place life, a Casino.

A hundred feet or more above the town stands, solidly terraced into the hill-side, a spacious building that some centuries ago was a Benedictin monastery—to-day the *Etablissement Thermal* and principal hotel of the place.

A disaffected monastery will possibly not convey to the lay mind an idea of extreme comfort and gayety, yet this antique building succeeds in combining both to a quite extraordinary degree, for it must not be forgotten that the good monks of old understood the art of making themselves comfortable to perfection. It is rare to find a convent or monastery in France that is not beautifully situated and well planned, this one being no exception.

Picture to yourself a tree-shaded court some two hundred feet square, enclosed on three sides by a double cloister of white stone. From the third side, left open upon a view of great beauty, descend a series of steps and terraces to the town below.

To live in a building thus planned is to realize what clever chaps those mediæval monks were, and how vastly better they understood the art of constructing a country house than we do to-day.

No noise or dust from the outer world can reach a court thus surrounded; cold winds and summer suns are tempered before they can penetrate its charmed precincts.

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So little has this building been altered by its changing destinies, that of a morning, when we glide white-robed down the long cloisters toward our matutinal douche, or at mid-day when the old bell, hanging all these centuries under the entrance archway, calls us to déjeuner in the vaulted refectory, we seem to be performing a part in some mediæval pantomime.

Even paupers at the monastery gate are not wanting to complete this impression, as the government maintains a small hospital here, where the very poor are given the benefit of these miraculous waters.

"At Lamalou" a flippant Parisian at our table remarks, "Les extremes se douche."

Here, as at all European watering-places, the daily routine of life is the same.

Our mornings are taken up by a complicated process of bathing, walking, resting, and drinking the waters; of an afternoon we drive by the winding Orb, or make longer excursions to the antique hill towns, "moated, dungeoned, ivy-clad," which, like chamois, perch far up on overhanging cliffs; here we open our tea-baskets on battlements crumbling between the thumb and finger of Time, or by gateways that may have opened to let the Crusaders ride away to join St. Louis at Aigues-Mortes, over yonder.

After a seven-o'clock dinner all Lamalou repairs to the lamplit Casino gardens for coffee and a couple of hours in the little open-air theatre, where a valiant troupe of singers and comedians perform for our amuse-

Peasant's house at Villemagne.

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ment. Truly a wonderful clan, these unknown and unmedalled pupils of the Paris and Bordeaux schools, and astonishingly good, too, the performances, when one takes into account that the young soprano, who is paid four hundred francs a month, sings "Juliette" one evening and "Miss Helyet" the next; and the *jeune premier*, a handsome boy of twenty, fresh from the Paris Conservatoire, must be prepared by the terms of his contract to play any one of twenty-four rôles at a twenty-four-hour notice; yet the finish and ensemble of their comedy performances attest once again the utility of the national schools of declamation, handing down as they do the traditions of the stage, and maintaining artistic standards which prevent that gracious art from dropping to the level we see at home.

During the entr'actes we eat ices under the trees, or madly risk five-franc pieces at the "Tables."

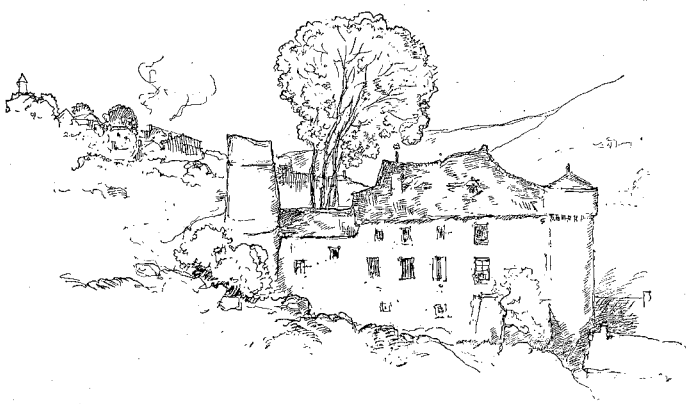
By eleven all the town is in bed and asleep.

Our month of rest and idling and bathing in these strength-bestowing springs comes in due time to an end. Having by the first week in July completed all the rites and ceremonies of a cure, explored every dimpled valley and terraced village within reach, we start for the Atlantic coast, where an after cure is to be effected.

Saint Gregory church at Villemagne, near Lamalou.

The route has been carefully traced in advance by the way of Montauban and Albi, as we wish to avoid the beaten track, via Toulouse and Pau, and visit a part of France almost as unknown to the tourist as the fastnesses of the Himalaya.

Prepared as we are for surprises in the way of beauty, this region surpasses even our high hopes by a very special grace and charm of its own, for which it is hard to find an appropriate adjective. Classic is, perhaps, the only word that correctly describes it. Those who love the landscapes of Poussin will understand what is meant by this use of the word: a certain happy combination of silent lake and pluming verdure; of mountain crest and shining river stretches. At each turn one expects to see a procession of youths and white-clad virgins descending from some columned temple, or hear Pan preluding among the reeds on the river's bank; an impression deepened by the form and color of the flower-decked hamlets, half hid among the hills. The whole wrapped in a mellow curtain of light that lends warm tones to the deepest shadows.



Château at Colombièrs.

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The Casino gardens.

Even agriculture, often monotonous in other lands, assumes in this favored region a comeliness in harmony with the picture, from the vine-draped lowlands to the chestnut forests in the higher valleys we cross, as our road surges up the mighty spurs of the Cevennes, on its way from the Rhone to the Atlantic water-shed.

Local writers and poets have handed down a tradition, in their incomparable Provençal tongue, to account for the beauty of their land which has an original touch worthy the repeating.

When in primeval times this globe of ours was taking shape, the idle gods of Olympus, always on the alert for some new amusement to help pass the lagging hours of eternity, took to modelling and decorating its surface.

A sort of artistic competition was inaugurated as to who should achieve the best results with the material at hand; so they all set to work grouping mountains, tracing river courses, and curving coast-lines. It is to this pleasant fad of the immortals that our globe owes all its scenery worthy of the name. What they left untouched has simply remained tiresome and commonplace. So strongly did those deities stamp their personality on their work that it is easy with a little practice to recognize the touch of the different gods, much as one gets to know a great painter's technique at a glance.

Wherever Jupiter, that prehistoric Louis XIV, worked, nature assumed a pompous, artificial air.

Cool and verdant, Normandy suggests the handiwork of Juno; while Vulcan went in for sinister effects—mountain gorges and flaming volcanoes set in desolate wastes.

It is the boast of the Provençal that the southern slopes of France owe their beauty to the caress of Venus's fair hands.

That goddess must indeed have lingered with delight over her task, arranging and rearranging the curves of the rivers, moving the hills about, tinting the mountain streams and distant peaks until she had achieved the matchless ensemble we see to-day.

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Charles V, while battling in the south of Spain during his stormy youth, camped one night in a secluded little valley, the calm and beauty of which so captivated the young warrior's imagination that during all the succeeding years of splendid success and satiated ambition, the memory of that quiet corner of Andalusia continued in the great emperor's mind, until finally, unable longer to resist its call, he passed the crown and sceptre of the world into the hands of his son, and started with a group of astonished courtiers to end his life in that tranquil vale.

It is with some such feeling that we take leave of the gentle Cevennes region, convinced that, when the time comes to throw off the harness of active life and be turned out to grass, it is here we would choose to browze away the last quiet years of existence, in humble imitation of the great Renaissance Cæsar.

Some towns are blonde and others brunette; many are red-headed, freckled, and lack eyelashes. Montauban, where we make our first night's halt, is a swarthy daughter of the south. A spray of rose-laurel in her hair and strong red wine running in her veins, this accounts perhaps for the part she has played in the fierce religious wars and more recent, but not less bitter, strikes, that like earthquakes have from time to time rent this pleasant land.

The end of our second day's slow progress (for we remain faithful to the local trains) brings us to Albi.

Here again one feels the influence of those long struggles of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; to our imagination, excited by much reading, the town seems like a prostrate but still panting warrior, and its famous cathedral (Musset's *vieille église decharnée*) the very type and symbol of the land, passion-torn and beautiful.

The next morning we turn our backs on Albi and the hills and strike out across the fertile Garonne plain toward Bordeaux.

Nowhere in Europe, perhaps in the

The Casino gardens.

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The silent mountains as seen from Lamalou.

world, has the patient toil of man, seconded by soil and climate, achieved such a result.

The straight white roads, over which the plane-trees arch with a cathedral coolness and shadow, lead through a region of intense and serried culture where no square foot of earth is allowed to lie idle.

The whole landscape simmering under the mid-day sun pays tribute to the intelligence and industry of the little French peasant and his spouse.

Rich in Gothic and Romanesque art as Bordeaux is, its splendid eighteenth-century architecture, the real attraction of the place, makes this city one of the most interesting in France, for Mansard, Louis, and the two Gabriels are here seen at their best.

The stately, long-drawn river front, the two exquisite squares opening from it, so like the Place Vendôme and yet so superior to it in freedom of treatment, would alone mark any town with a red letter.

But Bordeaux has even better than all this to offer, for she possesses perhaps the most perfect theatre in existence, the *chef d'œuvre* of Louis, which, since its construction under Louis XVI, has remained the model of buildings of its class, and furnished Garnier with the leading features of his Paris Opera House.

It has been decided to make the last leg of our rambling journey by boat.

So, one exhilarating July morning, with a smell of salt in the air, we board the little

The bath.

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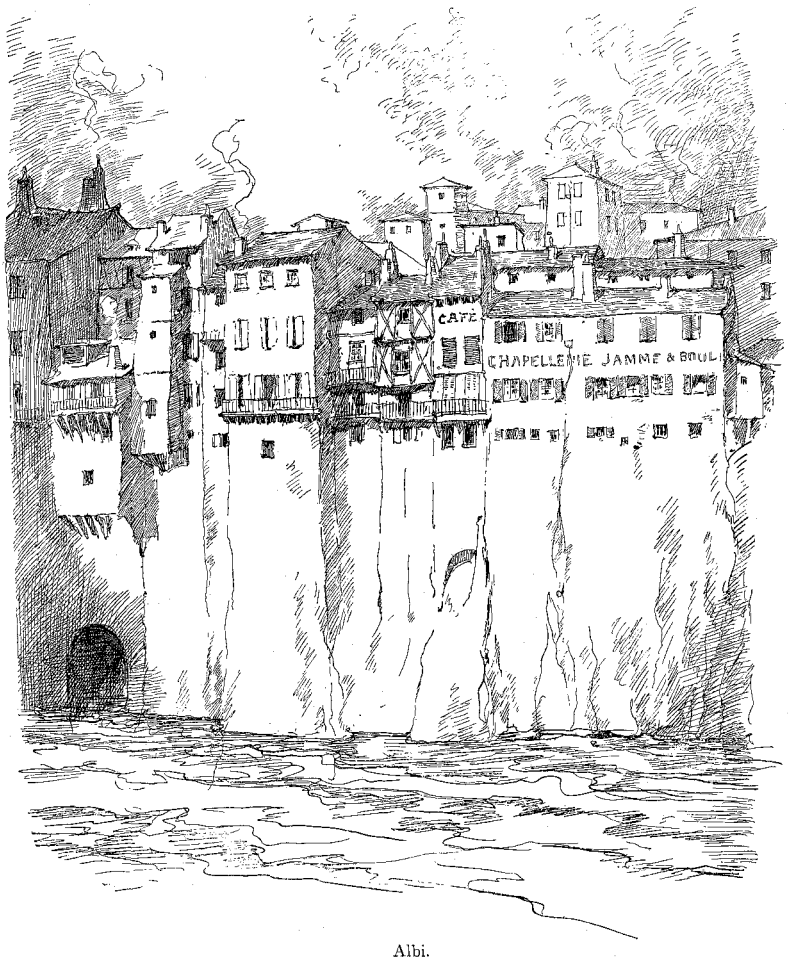

Albi.

river steamer that runs daily to Royan and the sea. This, be it said in passing, is another form of travel too much neglected. It is doubtful if one in every thousand of our compatriots who yearly scurry along the beaten tracks of Europe, have even heard of the sail from Havre up the Seine to Rouen, or that still more wonderful excursion down the historic Rhone from Lyons to Avignon. The trip from Bordeaux to Royan compares favorably with either of these.

Leaving the clipped trees and rostral columns of the Bordeaux quay and its picturesque brick bridge to our left, we make our way quickly, for the tide is with us, across the crowded roadstead.

Low wooded hills appear on either hand and then recede, as we cross the wide expanse of the Gironde estuary on our way to Soulac, where a first stop is made, apparently that some chickens and vegetables may be brought on board, amid a clatter and confusion worthy of an embarking army corps.

During the next hour we skirt the long, sandy Medoc peninsula, lying between the Gironde and the Atlantic (Medio Aquæ), perhaps the most remarkable bit of territory on the continent. In a space smaller than New York island one sees, lying shoulder to shoulder, those famous vineyards the names of which are as familiar in the ear of civilization as the multiplication table, for these few hundred acres have for centuries furnished the world its most delicate beverage.

That white country house on the slope yonder is the Château Latour. The other, not half a mile farther on, is St. Estephe.

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The slopes of Ponte Canet touch both, and the Latour and Leoville vineyards are just beyond. This bit of land we are now passing is the Château Lafitte estate, for the one hundred and fifty acres of which the Rothschilds, twenty years ago, paid a neat million. The wine of this *Clos* is held at one thousand francs a barrel, but even at that price never comes into the market.

While we have been busy with our field glasses an awning has been spread above us and tempting white tables make their appearance on deck for luncheon, to which we eagerly sit down, as the sea air and our early start have combined to give us excellent appetites.

Before the coffee has been served and our cigars and a glass of excellent *Marc*, the inevitable ending to all meals in southern France, enjoyed, we have passed the vineyards of lesser importance, *Les Crus Bourgeois*. Then our boat takes a sharp turn to the north, and the white cliffs and black pine forests of Royan arise on the horizon. By two o'clock we are being made fast to the stone quays of that town, and for a time our journeyings are ended.

Happy weeks, too quickly over! Pleasant holiday, already half a memory! Short chapter in life's book read in company of old friends!

With a sigh we close the volume, taking pains, however, to turn down the page, in the secret hope that before long we may reopen it at a new chapter.

The diligence

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REST HARROW

A COMEDY OF RESOLUTION

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK CRAIG

BOOK II—(Continued)

V

WHEN, after dinner, Mrs. Devereux had told her young friend that she was uncomfortable, there had been no need of the words; but the slow answering "I know" with which Mrs. Wilmot expressed sympathy was not intended to imply that she shared the feeling. She herself was not at all uncomfortable, because, while she saw the whole state of affairs, she was not unhopeful of coping with it. Touching the place where the tender point of her breast lay nestling, she assured herself that she could hope. But Mrs. Devereux, moving about in worlds not realized, was incensed. Nothing that followed during the next few days served to clear the surcharged air. It is hard to say what vexed her most, where all was as it should not be. Ingram, bluntly unconscious of her sufferings, gloomed over his own; Chevenix spied about for what he could not find, spy as he would, and made the cause of woe more conspicuous than ever. As for her, the disastrous fair, the deliberation with which she went about her duties, and ease with which she did or caused them to be done; her self-possession, gentleness, suavity, yes! and benevolence, were sights to make angels weep. Tears of Blood! If Mrs. Devereux, by any means, could have compassed tears of blood, they had been shed. Nothing less vivid would have met the case: to exhibit her scarlet handkerchief to Ingram with a "There, see, I weep. Tears of Blood!" Day by day in that mild spring weather, under pale blue skies, fanned by zephyrs, she could but pace the terrace walks, and stiffen herself, and stare about her—with dull disapproval for the very flowers, lest theirs, too, should be frail beauty, and repeat for her only comfort that she was most uncomfortable. So she was. But it was because she did not understand, not because she did. Curiosity ravaged her.

On one of these days, breakfast over at half-past ten, young Mr. Chevenix declared his intention with cheerfulness and point. "Twentieth of April—Dizzy's birthday, or Shakespeare's. Nevile, I'm going to fish your river. They are leaping like the boys in 'Eugene Aram,' and I'm going to give them something to leap at. Now, what are all you people going to do? Because, I'll be free with you, I don't want you to come and look on. Mrs. Devereux, I let you off. You needn't gillie me. Nevile, you run away and play. Amuse Mrs. Wilmot. Do now: she likes it. I'm all right."

The elder lady fixed him keenly with a look which saw through his saucy assurance; Ingram's eyes sought those of Mrs. Wilmot across the table. She lent him their wonder for a moment, then looked down at her bosom. He was satisfied. There were still women in the world.

"What shall we do?" he asked her. "Will you be driven? Will you drive? Will you ride?" Another shaft rewarded him, which said, "Do with me as you will."

Ingram rang the bell. Minnie appeared. "Tell Frodsham, the horses at a quarter-past eleven. I ride Sea-King, Mrs. Wilmot Lorna Doone. He had better come—or Butters will do. That's all."

Mrs. Devereux had been ignored, but was not displeased. It showed, at least, that Ingram knew she was not to be disposed of like a white rabbit. It was, however, necessary to say something, to declare one's presence, as it were; so she collected her papers. "I have letters to write. You will excuse me, I know."

Chevenix sprang to the door. "By George, I should think so," he said, which

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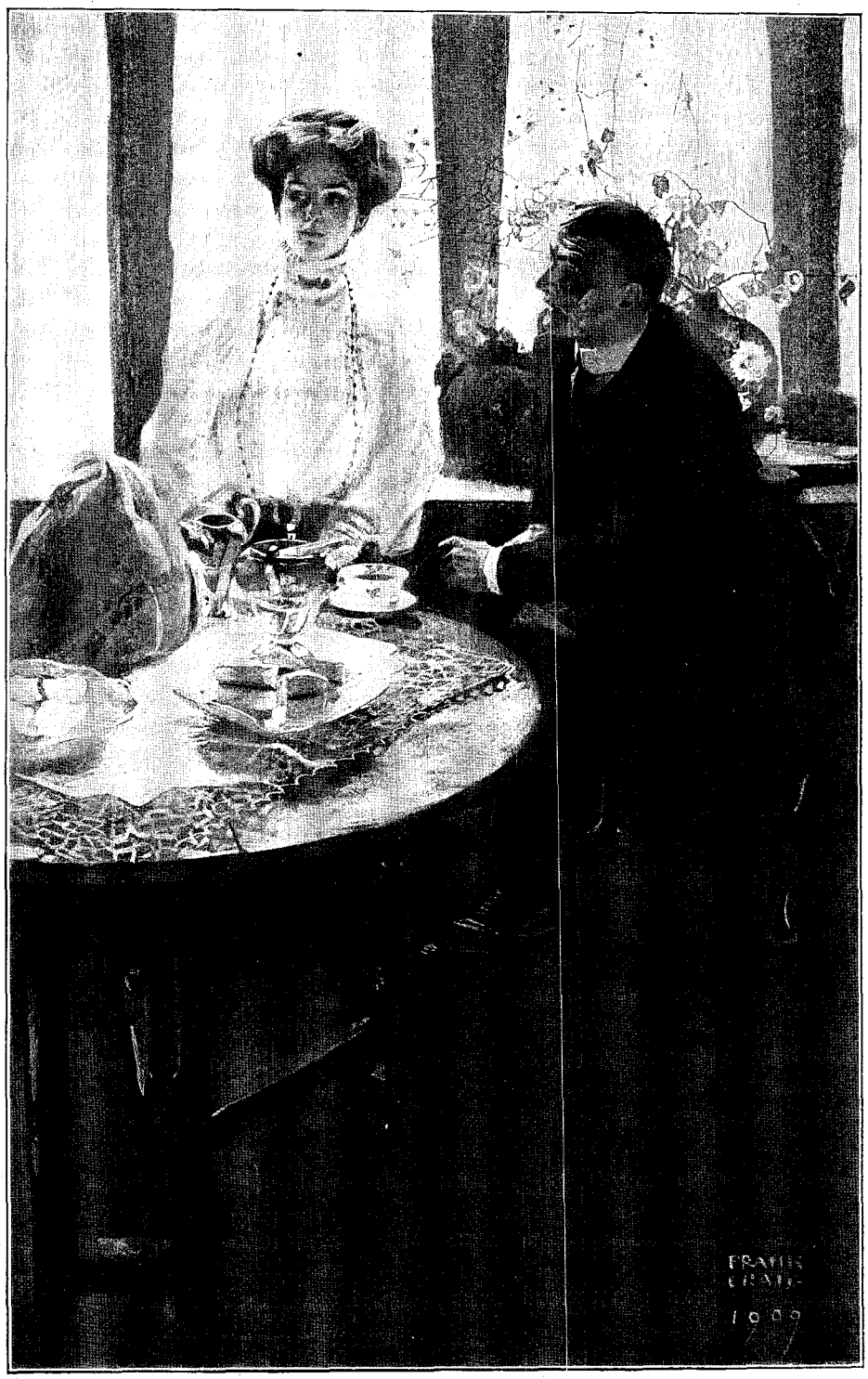

Drawn by Frank Craig.

Had he had eloquence, he thought, as he watched her, he had won. But he was anxious. She was such a deep one.—Page 333.

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was well intended, but too brisk. He bowed her out, shut her out, and stood with his eyes on the others.

Ingram remained before the fire, looking out of window. "She's in a wax. I don't know why."

"Oh, don't you, my boy?" said Chevenix to himself.

Mrs. Wilmot trifled with a tea-spoon. "And I don't care—much," he added. Mrs. Wilmot smiled.

Mr. Chevenix, going a-fishing, saw, as he had intended to see, Sanchia in the rose garden, talking to Struan Glyde, who was tying ramblers. "Morning, Sanchia—morning, Glyde!" Each greeted him, but the youth grimly.

He talked at large. "I'm for murder. I must flesh my steel. It's too good a day to lose. Clouds scurry, sun is shy; air's balmy: a trout must die. That is very nearly poetry, Sancie. It is as near poetry as I can hope to get this side the harps and quires. Now, what on earth is Glyde doing to his roses at this time of year?"

The dark-skinned, sharp-chinned young man, aproned and shirt-sleeved, turned a shade darker. His black eyes glowed. He was quietly arrogant, even to her. "It doesn't matter," he had once told her, "what you say or do. I love you, and that's the sum and end of it." Now he allowed her to answer for him.

"There was a wind in the night, which tore them about. I asked him to make them safe. I hate to think of their bruised ribs."

Chevenix whistled his satisfaction with this and all things else. "I see. Works of mercy. There's a blessing on that, somewhere and somewhen. All to the good, you know, Glyde. You never know your luck, they tell me." He left Glyde and his roses, and turned to the young lady. "Well now, look here, Sancie—if works of mercy are toward, what d'you say to one on your own account? Here I stand, an orphan boy, upon my honor. The master's gone riding with the widow." He stopped his rattle, as a thought struck him serious for a moment. "By George, and he's a widower—so he is!" Discharged of that, he resumed. "Yes, and Mrs. Devereux has got the hump, as they say, and here I am at your mercy, to be made much of. Who's going to admire me? Who's going to hold my net? Who's going to say, 'Oh, what a beauty'?" He had now got her thoroughly at her old ease with him. Her eyes gleamed, and there was no doubting her smile. "Now, I'll tell you what. Your roses are all right. Glyde will see to that. You leave that to Glyde and his strong right arm. His strength is as the strength of ten because . . . you follow me, I think? Now, Sancie, I put it to you—I'm an old friend of the family, and haven't seen you for—how many years? Aren't you going to give me half an hour of your morning?"

He pleaded by looks. He was quizzical, but in earnest. Her brow was clear.

"Yes," she said. "I'll come—for half an hour."

"Right! Right, Goddess of the silver brake. Come, hold the pass with me." He turned to go and she caught him up. "I mix my poets like salad, but that's because I'm in such high spirits. By Jove, Sancie, it *is* good to see you again." She met his laughing eyes with hers. She swam by his side—took his net, and was happy. Her face glowed. She had the power of casting troubles behind, recuperative power, resiliency. Glyde, the olive-faced, watched them down the walk, and owned to a heart of lead. "As well shut down the west wind as a spirit like hers!" He turned to his affair.

Below the steps, in the nut-walk which led to the bridge, Chevenix altered his tone. "It's good of you to come with me, Sancie, my dear. I'm a very friendly beggar, and Nevile, you know—I say!" and he turned her a sober face—"You do know, I suppose? His wife—eh? Dead, you know. Oh, but of course you did!"

She met him unfalteringly. "Yes, he told me."

Chevenix shrugged. "I must say, you know—what? Oh, of course, it was a ghastly affair all along. But *you* know all that as well as I do. Why, her temper! Oh, awful! I've seen her, myself, dead-white in one of her rages—she had hold of a wine-glass so hard that it snapped, and cut her hand. She looked at the blood—she didn't know how it happened. And he—well, *you* ought to know—was as bad, in his way. 'Pon my soul, Sancie, Vesuvius might just as well have married Etna—every bit. But there! What's the good of talking?

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Everybody knew how it would be." Words failing him, he stared about him.

"But still—oh, damn it all! To hear of your wife's death—casually—on a platform—from a chap you happen to know—happen to have met somewhere—oh, well, I call it casual. That's the word, I believe—casual. Well, it *is* pretty casual—what? Now just tell me what you think—between friends, of course."

She stopped him; she was short in the breath. "I think not. If you don't mind."

He became as serious, immediately, as he was capable of being. "I'll do as you like, my dear—but you'll let me say this, that if I could see you with all your belongings about you again, I should sing a hymn. That's all, Sancie; but it means a lot. When you went out of Great Cumberland Place, it became, somehow, another kind of place. I hardly ever go there now, you know. And now they're all married but you, and—I say, you heard that Vicky had a son and heir? Did you hear that?"

She had averted her face, but she listened intensely, nodding her head. "Yes, yes, I knew that. Papa told me. He always writes to me, you know, from the office, poor darling!"

She appealed to him urgently. "Please don't talk about them just yet. Please don't."

He saw the mist in her eyes, and was afraid. "All right, Sancie, all right. I'm frightfully sorry. Beastly painful, all this, you know." He was much disturbed. To his simple soul a fine day, a fine-fettled river, demanded, as of right, a happy mood in man, for whom all things were made. And a fine girl by his side, a good, a brave, a splendid girl—down on her luck—on such a day! What could one do? If, when you began, she choked you off! Wouldn't meet you half-way—bottled it up! And here he was, geared for fishing, and without the heart to wet a line, because of all this misery. Sanchia, sharply in profile to him, from cheek to chin, from shoulder to low breast, all one sinuous, lax, beautiful line, broke in on his rueful meditations. "There's a rise," she said. "Look, look."

His eye swept the river. "You're right. By Gad, that's a whacker. That's a fish. Now, you stop just where you are, net in hand. Don't move, and you shall see something."

He left her, and ran stooping down the bank, all his little soul concentrated in his cast. The dimpled water ran and swirled, the line flashed in the sun. Three casts, four; a splash, a taut line, and his shout, "Come on, quick; I've got him." Sanchia glided swiftly down the bank, her eyes alight, the lines of neck and shoulder finely alert. Her eyes shone, her lips parted; she looked the Divine Huntress, to whom Senhouse had once likened her. She stooped, the net jerked; she watched, waited, tense to the act. Within the swirling water the great fish plunged: she watched, strung to the pounce; the net dipped and darted; she lifted it to land.

Chevenix admired. "By George, you are a one-er, I must say! Born to it. You dip like an osprey. That's a fish—what?" They peered together into the net, where, coiled and massy, beaming rose and pale-gold, the trout writhed.

"Splendid!" breathed Sanchia, glowing and alight. Chevenix gloried in her beauty. "If Nevile don't know what his chances are—if he ain't on his knees—my Heavens, what a mate for a chap!"

A shadow falling upon him caused him to look up. Mrs. Devereux, gray and tall, boa'd, gloved, umbrella'd, stood regarding him and his companion from the bank. Instinct prompted him immediately to screen Sanchia by dragging her into the party. He held up the net, and plunged. "First prize," he cried out, as heartfully as he could, "to me, and Miss Percival."

"So I see," said Mrs. Devereux. "Ah, good-morning."

This was to Sanchia's bland greeting, which, as always, made the lady shiver. It is difficult to say what a shock it was to her to be greeted cheerfully by Sanchia. And to see one in so painful a situation occupied by anything less painful, interested in anything at all, was truly shocking. Mrs. Devereux's idea of irregularity was that it absorbed the devoted victim, kept her aghast. If it did not, surely there was no reward left to the virtuous. But here we had a highly irregular young woman behaving with extreme regularity. Was the world turning upside down? Was black, then, really white? She shivered, she blinked her eyes; but she descended the bank and stood beside the pair, yet rigidly apart.

Chevenix, having got her there, knew not

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what to do with her. It seemed to him that he had better, on the whole, go on, so turned the lady a knowing face.

"This is not the first time by any means that Miss Percival and I have gone fishing, you must know. We began by tickling 'em—we were urchins together, you see."

"Really!" said Mrs. Devereux, who saw nothing but depravity.

"I remember," he went on, "the first time we went fishing. I was at Alnmouth with a governess; awful lonely little beggar I was. I used to moon about on the sands, while she read the *Morning Post*, with spectacles and a red parasol. And I used to hanker about all the other young 'uns, and wish I was one of 'em. *Her* party was there, you know—five of 'em, all girls, and all pretty girls—eh, Sancie? I would have given my hopes of heaven—if I'd had any, you know—to go and paddle with 'em. Jolly party you were, my dear—jolly old plump papa, rosy mamma—and Philippa like a young tree, and Melusine and Hawise bright as apples; and then Vicky and you—little dears, you were. I was like a spent salmon, I believe, lantern-jawed, hollow-eyed little devil, as solitary as sin." He turned, flushed, to Sanchia, and put his hand on her arm; she turned away her face, and Mrs. Devereux believed she saw tears. "It was *you* who took me in, you know."

"No," said Sanchia, turning him her shining eyes. "It was Vicky. She asked you to come fishing." He accepted her ruling.

"Bless me, it *was* Vicky. Always a frisky one. But after that it was always you and Vicky and me. And we had the time of our lives—at least, I did." Even Mrs. Devereux felt an emotion from the beam with which Sanchia rewarded him—a tender, compassionate look, as if she understood and excused him.

"You are old friends, I see," she said; and her smile was not unfriendly.

Chevenix shook his head wisely. "Frightfully old—I've known 'em all—all my life." Mrs. Devereux then made a distinct advance.

"It must be very nice for you," she said to Sanchia.

Sanchia's eyes were now clear, and her smile absolutely general. "To see Mr. Chevenix? Yes, indeed." She collected herself. "But I'm afraid I must go now. I've a great deal to do." She admonished the young man. "Now you had better catch some more," she told him. "I must go."

His face fell—without any regard for Mrs. Devereux—to "Oh, I say!" but it was then revealed to him that there might be a part for him to play. "Right, Sancie—you're mistress here. See you later." He met her eyes gallantly, and lifted his hat. Sanchia bent her head to Mrs. Devereux, and went staidly away, her duties gathering in her brows. The elder lady and the young man stood face to face, without speaking. Then Mrs. Devereux sat deliberately down, and Chevenix braced himself.

"You said just now," the lady began, "to Miss Percival, that she was mistress here. What did you mean by that, exactly?"

Chevenix sprang sideways to this flank attack. "Oh, you know, Mrs. Devereux! You can't take a chap—literally—what?"

He wanted time, but she gave him none. "You must forgive an old woman of the world—of a certain world. I come here—to a house which belonged to Nevile's father, an old, old friend, and I find—installed—a young lady—who does not dine—who is extremely—capable. I am bewildered, naturally."

Chevenix's "I know, I know," and his friendly nods, ran on as an accompaniment.

"And then," said she, raising her voice, "I find that this young lady—and you—are old friends. You speak of her—people as if they were really—of the sort which—as if she were—of the kind whom—" It was impossible. "Really," she said, "it's most unusual. I don't frankly know what I ought to do."

Chevenix listened carefully to her truncated phrases, where what she did not say was the most eloquent part of her discourse. He nodded freely and sagely; he was conciliatory, but clear in opinion. "I know, I know," he said. "It's very rum—you must naturally find it so. I know exactly how you feel about it. Oh, rum's the only word for it. Or rummy. Yes, you might call it rummy—or a go, you know—or anything like that." Then he grew plausible. "But I'm sure it's all right. It's a long story, but I'm quite sure. You've no idea what a fine girl that is. Ah, but I know it." He tapped his forehead. "I saw the whole thing through—from beginning to end.—She's a perfect beauty, to begin with."

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That was a bad note. Mrs. Devereux asked him at once if he thought that a good reason. "Well," he said, "I do, you know—in a way. I can't explain it—but I think you see it in her face, you know—and manner. Yes, in her manner. She's uncommon, you see, most uncommon. And as cool as—well, it would be hard to say how cool a hand I thought her." He paused, having got off this effective estimate, round-eyed and triumphant.

"It seems to me, Mr. Chevenix," said the dry lady, "that the less you say the better."

"Not at all, Mrs. Devereux, not at all." He was eager to explain. "I don't think you quite follow me. What I meant to say was that when a young woman can be as cool as she can be; can run a big place like this, and manage a staff of servants—outdoors, mind you, and in; no steward, only a bailiff; keep all the accounts; and hold her head up—for she does that, you know, uncommonly well—why, then I say that she must be allowed the benefit of the doubt, you know. You must say, 'Well, it's rum, it's rummy,' or how you like to put it—'but she's got a head on her shoulders, and I suppose she knows what she's doing. I suppose she's seen her way.' For she's all right, you know, Mrs. Devereux; she's as right as rain. It's irregular, dashed irregular—but, by George, I'll tell you this, Nevile was in a bad way when he first met her, and she's pulled him through. He's steady enough now, is Nevile. Don't drink—nor do other things. He threatened to be a waster in his day; but he's no waster now. She did that, you know; she pulled him through. Why, bless your heart, Mrs. Devereux, he used to rave about her—rave, and chuck himself about on sofas, and cry like anything, and bite his nails down. There never was such a girl under heaven, he used to say. He called her a goddess. Love! Oh, Lord! And I assure you, on my solemn oath, that he never did a better day's work in his life, nor any girl a finer, than when he put in his word for himself, poor devil, and she said, 'Yes, I'll do it.'"

"Did she—" Mrs. Devereux asked, or began to ask, and he shrugged, and exclaimed:

"Ah! There you have me. Now you've done it. I don't know. That's the fact—I don't know. Everybody thought so. She went on as if she did; but now—no, I don't know. You see, she's such a cool hand, she's such a deep one—you can't tell. There's no telling with that sort. All I can say is, it looked uncommonly like the real thing. We all thought so at the time. The symptoms were right enough—or wrong enough, you'll say—and then, look at her since! She's stuck to him through everything—good report, bad report, everything. She's chucked her people—or been chucked. Had four beautiful sisters—glowing, upstanding, fine girls, all of them; and chucked. Old father, in the city: chucked. Mother, big, handsome, hot-tempered: chucked. And all for Nevile, who (between ourselves) ain't worth it. He's not a bad one, but he's not a good one, either. He's got a cruel temper, Nevile has—like that ghastly wife of his. But—" he cried, opening his arms—"there you are. They're like that, her sort. Mighty quiet about it, you know; was turned into the streets, you may say; father, mother, sisters, all showed their backs. What does she do? Sets her teeth together, looks straight ahead, and takes old Nevile. And here she is now—oh, as right as rain. What a girl, eh?"

Mrs. Devereux was certainly moved. She was almost prepared to admit a genuinely exceptional case. But she had a question to ask. Did Ingram intend to marry her—now?

At this Chevenix stepped back, as if to avoid a blow. "Ah!" he said. "Ah! That's it. Ask me another."

"Do you mean to say of your friend, and mine," she pursued him, "that he would dare—after all that you tell me—to——"

"No," said Chevenix, in a desperate stew, "no, I don't mean that. I think he would have her this moment—if he could get her. But—the fact is—well, you know—" and he glanced anxiously at the lady, "I've nothing to go upon, absolutely nothing as yet; but the fact is, I'm not sure whether she would take him, you know—now."

"Is that possible?" was all the lady could find to say, with a throw-up of the hands. "Is that possible?"

"Quite—with Sanchia," said Chevenix. "Through with him, you know—got to the bottom of him—sick of him. I believe he bores her, you know." Mrs. Devereux looked at him, more in sorrow than in anger, and walked slowly away.

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VI

WHATEVER may have been the net result upon Mrs. Devereux's mind of the explanatory revelations made her upon the river bank, two things became clear as day succeeded day. One was that Miss Percival avoided her, the other that she sought out Miss Percival. Being entirely unable to succeed, she did not renounce her now benevolent attitude toward the young lady, but she decided to leave Wanless.

All that she could do, she did. No wheedling of Mrs. Wilmot's could draw any further comment from her, and she said nothing to Ingram either for or against what she supposed now to be the desire, the honorable desire, of his heart. Oddly enough, though it was against all her upbringing, Chevenix had so far succeeded in impressing her that she rather respected Sanchia the more for being cool now that rehabilitation was in full sight, and practically within touch of her hand. Chevenix, in fact, had made her see that Sanchia was a personality, not merely a pretty woman. You can't label a girl "unfortunate" if, with the chance of being most fortunate, she puts her hand to her chin, and reflects, and says, "Hum, shall I, or shall I not?" Short of deliberately knocking at the girl's door, she would have done anything to exchange views. That she could not do. She found herself waiting about in corridors and halls for Sanchia's possible passage. Once she had marked her down in the garden, flower-basket on arm, scissors in hand. She had been fluttered, positively felt her heart-beats, as she sailed down in pursuit; but then Sanchia, under the brim of her garden hat, must have divined her, for, with a few clear words of direction over her shoulder to the young gardener who was helping her, she had steered smoothly away—and, without running, could not have been caught. The thing was marked, not uncivilly, but quite clearly. What could one do?

Two more days of fine weather and perplexity, and she announced her departure as imminent. We were at Thursday. She must positively leave on Monday. "No more letters to write about my shortcomings," was Ingram's comment upon this intelligence, to Mrs. Wilmot apart. "It's a mistake to have people to stay with you who've known you all their lives. They are for ever at their contrasts: why isn't one still a chubby-faced boy, for instance? They see you in an Eton jacket, once, and you're printed in it for ever. So you glare by contrast, you hurt, you wound. In other words, you have character, you see, which is dashed inconvenient to a woman who remembers you with none. You upset her calculations—and sometimes she upsets yours. No offence to Mrs. Devereux; but I rather wish she hadn't come."

Mrs. Wilmot, who had no general conversation, thought that they ought to be "nice" to Mrs. Devereux; to which Ingram replied snarling that he was always "nice" to her, but that if a woman will spend her time writing letters or disapproving of her host, she can't expect to be happy in such a world as ours. But the worst of Mrs. Devereux, he went on to say, was that she couldn't be happy unless she did disapprove of somebody. Mrs. Wilmot, aware of whom the lady did disapprove, dug holes in the turf, and wondered what she herself ought to do. Supposing Mrs. Devereux went on Monday, ought not she—? Now, she didn't at all want to go just now.

At luncheon Ingram proposed a visit to certain Sowerbys of Sowerby, and pointedly asked Mrs. Devereux to come. "You like her, you know. It's beyond dispute. So I do hope you'll come. I'll drive you over in the phaeton."

Mrs. Devereux agreed to go. Chevenix said that he should fish. He hated calling—except on Mrs. Devereux, of course. He braved the discerning eyes of the lady, who had already caught him at his fishing.

The phaeton safely away, he found Sanchia, as he had hoped, in the garden. Her gauntlets were on, an apron covered her; she was flushed with the exercise of the hoe. Struan Glyde, silent and intent, worked abreast of her. He had just muttered something or another which had given her pause. She had her chin on her hands, her hands on her hoe, while she considered her reply. Then Chevenix heard her slow, "Yes, I suppose so. I don't like it at all, but I'm afraid you're right. We are poor creatures, made to be underneath."

The cheerful youth rubbed his head. "Candid—what? Where *have* we got to now?"

Glyde had stopped in the act to hoe: he was stopping still, his blade in the ground,

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but he turned his face sideways to answer her. "Not so," he said, "unless you will have it so. She is queen of the world, who is queen of herself." Then Sanchia saw Chevenix, and waited for him.

"Philosophy—what?" the cheerful youth hailed them. "Plain living, hard thinking, what? Upon my soul, you are a pair! Now, Miss Sancie, I can expect the truth from you. What's Glyde preaching? Heresy? Schism? Sudden death?"

"He was talking about women," Sanchia told him.

"Ah," the youth mused aloud. "He was, was he? Glyde on Woman. He ought to wait for his beard to grow; then you might listen to him."

Glyde, who was dumb in company, was hacking into the clods, while Chevenix, to whom he was a negligible, pursued his own affair.

"I say, Sancie, I'm going to ask a favor of you—not the first, by any means; but I always was a sturdy beggar. The Lord loveth a sturdy beggar, eh? Well, look here, I'm at a loose end again. Nevile's taken 'em out driving—to a tea-party—to the Sowerbys'. I jibbed, though I was asked. I lied, because they drove me into a corner. I couldn't face old Sowerby's chin—and all those gels with their embroidered curates—what? You know what I mean. I mean their church-work, and the curates they do it for. So I said I was going fishing—which was a lie—and Mrs. Devereux as good as said it was a lie. Now, suppose you invite me to tea; how would that be?"

"Then you *do* go fishing," said Sanchia, and smiled. "Very well. I do invite you."

"Bravo! You're a true friend. O Woman, in our hours of ease . . . ! Trust me for an apposite citation . . . and new, what? I believe I'm pretty good at quotations. My people used to play a game. You write down a name on a bit of paper; then you fold it over: then a quotation, then another name. That's my vein of gold. Now you have it—the secret's out. I'm coming, you know. I accept. Many thanks. What's your hour?"

"Half-past four," she told him. He bowed, and left her with Glyde. He turned to look at them as he left the walled garden, and saw them near together—Glyde vehement in his still way of undertones, she listening as she worked.

At half-past four she received him in her room. Though her blouse was of lace and her skirt of green cloth, she looked like a virgin of the Athenian procession. Her clothes flowed about her, clung to her like weed as she swam. For once in her life she wore an ornament—a long string of pale-amber drops was round her neck, and fell below her waist. As he met her friendly, silent welcome, he expressed her to himself—"By the gods above, you are—without exception—the healthiest—finest—bravest—young woman—that ever made the sun shine in gray weather." Aloud, he made things easy.

"Here's your tea-party, Sancie, dressed in its best, eager for the fray. When I think of old Sowerby taking whiskey pegs, while his family has tea and curates, I bless my happy stars that I've got a friend at court—to save me, don't you know, from the wicked man. When the wicked man—what? You know the quotation, I expect. Not one of my best—but give me time."

While she made tea, he pried about her room, looking at photographs. He paused here and there as one struck him, and commented aloud. "Old Nevile, with his sour mouth. Looks as if the tongs had nipped him in the act. Why *will* he roll his mustache like that? It's not pretty—shows him like a boar, with his tusk out, don't you think? But he's a good-looking beggar, and knows it. Ah! and there you all are—or, rather, were—all five of you! Philippa, Hawise, Melusine, Vicky, you. What a bevy! I say—" He turned to her. "I met old Vicky, for a minute, the other day. Met her in Bond Street. Sinclair'd got the pip, or something, down at Aldershot. Expensive complaint, seemingly. So she'd come up to see a palmist, or some kind of a specialist, about him. She spoke of you, of her own accord. I said I was coming down here."

Sanchia's hand at the kettle was steady, but her eyes flickered before they took the veil. "Tell me about Vicky. What did she say—of me?"

Chevenix came to the tea-table and stood by her. "I think Vicky's all right. I do indeed. It seems to me she'd give her ears to see you—simple ears. Sinclair, you'll find, is the trouble. He's the usual airy

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kind of ass. Makes laws for his womankind, and has 'em kept. Vicky likes it, too."

"I suppose he is like that," Sanchia said, as if it was a curious case. "I have never spoken to him. He was about, of course—but Vicky took him up after—my time." For a moment emotion, like a wet cloud, drifted across her eyes. "I should like to see Vicky again. It's eight years."

Chevenix was anxious. "I do think it could be managed, you know—with tact. I'd do any mortal thing, Sancie—you know I would, but—" He despaired. "Tact! Tact! That's what you want."

Her soft mood chased away. She looked at him full. "I can't use what you call tact with Vicky. That means that I am to grovel." She drove him back to his photographs. He peered into the little print on the wall.

"What have we here? A domestic scene, my hat! You appear to be bathing—well over the knee, anyhow. High-girt Diana, when no man is by. Awfully jolly you look. But he *is* by. Who on earth's this chap?" He peered. Sanchia from her tea-table watched him, in happy muse. He shouted his discovery. "I remember the chap! Now, what on earth was he called? Your casual friend, who lived in a cart and only had three pair of bags. Nohouse—Senhouse! That was the man." He looked with interest at the pair, then at Sanchia. "Mixed bathing—what?"

She laughed. "Yes—we both got wet to the skin. Percy Charnock took it ages ago—oh, ages! Before I was out, or knew Nevile, or anybody except you. It was ten years ago. I must have been eighteen. It was when I was at Gorston with Grace Mauleverer—trying to save water-lilies from drowning in green scum. He—Mr. Senhouse—came along in his cart, and saw me, and lent me his bed for a raft—and worked it himself. That was the first time I ever saw him—" she ended softly in a sigh—"before anything happened."

Chevenix listened, nodding at the photograph. "Wish to Heaven, my dear, nothing had ever happened. The less that happens to girls the better for them, I believe. Not but what *this* chap would have been all right. If *he* had happened, now! He was as mad as a hatter, but a real good sort. Did I tell you?" He grew suddenly reminiscent. "I saw him a little more than a year ago—with a pretty woman. Had a talk with him—asked him to come up and have a look at you. It was when Nevile went off on this trip. No, no, I liked old Senhouse. He was a nice-minded chap. Not the kind to eat you up—and take everything you've got as if he had a right to it. No. That's Nevile's line, that is. You wouldn't see Nevile lending you his bed, or risking his life after water-lilies."

Sanchia's eyes were narrow and critical. She peered as if she were trying to find good somewhere in Nevile Ingram. "He'd risk anything to get what he thought were his rights. But not upon a bed for a raft. He'd write to London for the latest thing in coracles. He's very conventional."

"You have to be," said Chevenix with sudden energy. He wheeled round upon her as he spoke. "We all have to be. We go by clockwork. You get the striking all wrong if you play tricks." He resumed the photograph. "By Jove, but that suits you. Child of nature, what? I suppose you're happiest when you're larking?"

"Mud-larking?" she asked him, laughing and blushing.

"Well, we'll say rampaging; going as you please."

"Yes." She owned to it without hesitation. "I can't be happy, I think, unless I can do just what I like everywhere. It was one of the first things Jack Senhouse ever taught me. He was an anarchist, you know—and I suppose I'm one, too."

"Your gypsy friend?" He jerked his head backward to the photograph. "By Jove, my dear," he added, "you must have knocked him sideways—even him—when you carried out his little ideas—as you did."

She opened her eyes to a stare. She stared, rather ruefully. "Yes," she said, "I believe I did. I know I did. He was dreadfully unhappy. He and I were never quite the same after that. But I couldn't help myself. It was before me—it had to be done."

"No, no, no!" cried he vehemently, but checked himself. "Pardon, Sancie. We won't go over all that, but surely you see, now, that it won't do. Now that escapade in the pond, you know. That was all right—with only old Senhouse in the way. You must admit that you were rather *décolletée*, to say the least of it. Now, would you say that you can do those sort of things—go as you please, you know, anywhere?"

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"Why not?" Her eyes were straightly at him.

"What! Whether you're seen or not?"

She frowned. "I don't want to know whether I'm seen or not."

"And mostly you don't care?"

"And sometimes I don't care."

"Ah," said Chevenix, "there you are. Your 'sometimes' gives you away."

She changed the subject. "Do have some tea. It will be quite cold."

He had been staring again at the photograph—Sanchia's gleaming limbs, the gypsy's intent face shadowed over the water. He now relinquished it with an effort. "Thanks," he said. "I like it cold." He sat beside her, and they talked casually, like old, fast friends, of mutual acquaintance. But for him the air was charged; she was on his conscience. Reminiscences paled and talk died down; he found himself staring at the wall.

He resumed the great affair. "Nevile's rather jumpy, don't you think?"

Her serenity was proof. "Is he? Why should he be?"

"Ah, my dear!" cried the poor young man. "Let's say it's the old Devereux. *Salmo deverox*, eh? Sounds fierce."

Not a flicker. "Mrs. Devereux? What has she been doing to him?"

"Nothing," he said; "and that's just it. She won't have anything to say to him."

Then she went a little too far. A man charged with friendly impulse, charged also with knowledge, must be handled tenderly. You must not be foolhardy. But hers was bravado, nothing less. For she arched her brows, and showed her eyes innocently wide. "Oh!" she said. "Why? Why won't Mrs. Devereux speak to Nevile?"

"Oh, come, you know." He looked at her keenly. He didn't wink, but he blinked. Then he crossed the room. "Look here, Sancie. Will you let me talk to you—really—as an old friend?"

She looked up into his face, nodded and smiled. "Of course you may say what you like."

He sat by her, collecting himself. "Well, then, what I shall say is just this. The whole thing is in your hands—now. You can put it square. There's absolutely nothing in your way—now—well, now that she's gone, you know." He watched her anxiously for a sign, but got none. So still she sat, glooming, watching herself—as on a scene.

"Mind you," he said in a new tone. "You know all about me. I jibbed at first, when you broke away. I'll own to that. I couldn't do otherwise. Why, old Senhouse himself went half off his head about it. Anything in the world to get you out of it, I'd have done. Any mortal thing, my dear. But there! There was no holding you—off you went! But when once the thing was started—the extraordinary thing was that I was on your side directly. And so I always have been. Ask Vicky—ask your mother. I've done, in my quiet way, what you would never have asked of me. You must forgive me—I've defended you everywhere. I won't mention names, but I've explained your case, only lately, in a rocky quarter—and I know I've made an impression. I'm not much good at talking, as a rule, but I do believe that I put the thing rather well. You make your own laws—eh? Like Napoleon Bonaparte—eh? And somehow—the way you do it—it's all right. Eh, Sancie?"

He got nothing from her. She sat on rigid, with unwinking eyes, staring at herself, as she saw herself on the scene. Chevenix leaned to her.

"And Nevile knows it. He believes it. He would say it anywhere. He's difficult, is Nevile; a wayward beggar. He's been his own master since he was sixteen; asked and had. It's hard to make him understand that he can't go on. But he can't, the old sweep, when you put in your say. You know his way—he puts his desires in the shape of truisms. He states them—that's all he has to do—they become immutable laws. Very imposing, his desires, put like that. They've imposed on me; they've imposed upon *you* in their day. Well, with a man like that, you know, you can't take him up too short. Go slow, go slow. What was it I heard Glyde saying to you just now? Who's queen of herself is queen of the world—what? Now, that's quite true. One for Glyde. Apply that to old Nevile. Queen of herself! Why, what else are you? And what's Nevile but the blundering world in a man's skin? Well, queen it, queen it—and there's your kingdom under your feet. Marry the old chap, Sancie. You put everything right; you take your proper place. The county! But what are

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counties to you? You smile—and you may well smile. Let the county go hang; but there's Vicky. She's more than county to you. There's Melusine, there's Philippa, there's Hawise; there's your good old dad, there's your lady mother. You get 'em all. And Nevile's biting his nails for it. And a free man. Come now."

She had listened, that's certain; she hadn't been displeased. He had seen her eyes grow dreamy, he had marked her rising breast. Rising and falling, rising and falling, like lilies swayed by flowing water. That betokened no storm, nor flood; that meant the stirring of the still deeps, not by violent access, but by slow-moving, slow-gathered, inborn forces. Had he had eloquence, he thought, as he watched her, he had won. But he was anxious. She was such a deep one.

When she spoke there sounded to be a tinge of weariness in her voice; she dragged her sentences, as if she foresaw her own acts, and was tired in advance. She seemed almost to be pitying her fate. At first she looked down at her hands in her lap, at her fingers idly interweaving; but midway of her drawn-out soliloquy—for she seemed to be talking to herself—she turned him her eyes, and he plumbed their depths in vain.

"It's very nice of you to be interested in me. You are much more interested than I am—and it's a compliment, a great compliment. I think you are very loyal—if I can call it loyalty—if you'll let me call it that. I like my work here; I'm perfectly happy doing it. It was hard at first. I knew absolutely nothing of housekeeping, and managing things, when I came here. I had to work—to learn bookkeeping and accounts—cooking—building—carpentering—stock-raising—oh, everything. I had to feel that I knew very nearly as much about everything as the people who were to do what I told them. And of course that was quite true; but it wasn't at all easy. It has taken me eight years to get as far as I am now. And I could go on for years more. There's nobody on the place whom I can't manage; they all like me. I'm quite comfortable—if I can be let alone."

Speaking so, she believed it. But, thinking it over, she was driven to explain herself.

"People seem to think that girls—that women—care for nothing but one thing—being married, I mean. I'm sure that's a mistake. One gets interested, one may get absorbed—and then there's a difficulty. For it's very true, I think, that unless we care for the one thing, and that thing only, we don't care for it at all. At least, that is how I feel about it. I have got lots of interests in life—all these things here—management of things. I don't want Nevile—or to be married. I don't want anything of the sort; I can't be bothered. I cared once—frightfully, but now I don't care. All that was long ago, at the beginning—eight years ago. Now it's done with. I only want to be left alone—to do my work here. It doesn't seem to me much to ask; but——"

It was then that she looked at him, and was beyond the power of his sounding. She grew vehement, full of still, passionless rage. She was like a goddess pronouncing a decree; she was final.

"I don't want to marry Nevile. It bores me. And he doesn't want me, really. He thinks he does, because he thinks that he can't have me any other way. But he would be miserable, and so should I. It seems to me impossible. You can't put life into dead things. When he came back here the other day he had been away a year: a year and ten days. He had written to me twice——"

Chevenix interrupted. "Excuse me," he said. "How many times had you written to him?" He had guessed at pique, but he was wrong.

She replied slowly. "I forwarded his letters. I hadn't written at all." Her simplicity! Chevenix allowed her to go on.

"The thing—all that it began with—was over. I felt that. I showed him that, the first evening he was here. He has never spoken to me again—of that sort of thing, and I don't think he ever will. He doesn't understand being refused anything. I suppose he never has been before in his life."

"Weren't you, perhaps, a little bit short?" he hazarded; and she considered the possibility.

"No. I don't think so. I wasn't more abrupt than he was—after a year." She paused. "He threw out her death—Mrs. Ingram's death"—she forced herself to the name—"quite casually, as if he had been saying, 'By the by, the rector's coming to dine.' If he had wanted me, do you think he would have put it like that?"

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"Nevile," said Chevenix, "would put anything—like anything. He's that sort, you know. He'd take for granted that you understood lots of things which he couldn't express. But I will say this for Nevile. He's not petty. He's fairly large-minded. For instance, I'll bet you what you like he didn't mind your not writing to him—or reproach you with it."

She opened her eyes. "Of course he didn't. He was perfectly happy. He told me he had been idiotically happy. He knew I was here, because I forwarded his mails—and that was all he cared about. I was here for—when he chose. I assure you, he didn't want me at all, until I showed him that he couldn't have me."

"But he did, you know," said Chevenix; "he does. He was sure of you all through, from the beginning, as you say. That's why he didn't write, or expect letters from you. He flattered himself that he was secure. Poor old Nevile!" He felt sorry now for Ingram. She was really adamantine.

She arose, with matches in her hand, knelt before the fire and kindled it. She blew into it with her mouth, and watched the climbing flames. "I don't think you need pity Nevile, really," she said. "He will always be happy. But I am going to be made unhappy." She proclaimed her fate as a fact in which she had no concern at all. Chevenix rose and paced the room.

"Well, you know—I must be allowed to say—your happiness is so entirely in your own hands. It's difficult.—I've no right to suggest—to interfere in any way. I'm nothing at all, of course——"

"You are my friend, I hope," she said, watching the young fire—still on her knees before it, worshipping it, as it seemed. Chevenix expanded his chest.

"You make me very proud. I thank you for that. Yes, I am your friend. That's why I risk your friendship by asking you something. You won't answer me unless you choose, of course. But—come now, Sancie, is there, might there be—somebody else?"

She looked round at him from where she knelt. Her hands were opened to the fire, her face was warmed by its glow; it was the pure face of a seraph. "No. There's nobody at all—now."

He was again standing before the little photograph of the nymph thigh-deep in water. That seemed to attract him; but he heard her "now," and started. "I take your word for it, absolutely. But, seeing what you felt for Nevile, in the beginning, I should have thought—in any ordinary case—there must have been a tender spot—unless, of course, you had changed your mind—for reasons——"

She got up from her knees, and stood, leaning by the mantel-piece. Her low voice stirred him strangely.

"There are reasons. The spot, as you call it, is so tender, that it's raw."

"Good Lord," said Chevenix. "What do you mean?"

She was full of her reasons, evidently. Rumors of them, so to say, drove over her eyes, showed cloudily and angrily there. Her beautiful mouth looked cruel—as if she saw death and took joy in it. "I think he is horrible," she said. "I think he is like a beast. He doesn't love me at all until he comes here—and then he expects me—Oh, don't ask me to talk about it." She stopped her tongue, but not her thought. That thronged the gates of her lips. She hesitated, fighting the entry; but the words came, shocked and dreadful. "He wants me, to mangle me—like a beast."

Chevenix began to stammer. "Oh, I say, you mustn't—Oh, don't talk like that——"

The door opened, and Ingram came in. He looked from one to the other, sharply. "Hulloa," he said. "What are you two about in here?"

Sanchia looked at the fire, and put her foot close to it, to be warmed. "Tea-party," said Chevenix. "That's it, Nevile." He nodded sagely at his host, and saw his brow clear. Ingram shut the door and came into the room, to a chair. "That's all right," he said. "I hope it was a livelier one than mine. That old Devereux was on her high-stepper. I'm sick of being trampled. I thought, though, that you had been having words. You looked like it."

Sanchia said, smiling in her queer way, "Oh, dear, no. Mr. Chevenix is much too kind for that. He's been talking very nicely to me. He's been charming."

"Oh, come, Sancie—" cried the brisk young man, quite recovered.

Ingram, in a stare, said, "Yes, Sancie, you may trust him. He's a friend of ours."

"I do trust him," she said.

Chevenix said, "I shall go out on that. I declare my innings. Good-by, you two.

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I'll go and pacify the Deverox." He hoped against hope that he might have warned her.

Ingram, when they were alone, threw himself back in his chair, crossed one leg, and clasped the thin ankle of it. He had finely made, narrow feet, and was proud of his ankles. Sanchia was now again kneeling before the fire.

"Quite right to have a fire," he said. "It's falling in cold. There'll be a frost. What was Chevenix saying about me?"

She had been prepared. "Nothing but good. He's your friend, as you said."

"I said 'our friend,' my dear."

She looked at him. "Yes, certainly. He's my friend, too."

"I hope he'll prove so. Upon my soul, I do." He remained silent for a time. Then he leaned forward suddenly, and held out his arms.

"Oh, Sancie," he said, his voice trembling. "Love me."

She looked at him with wide, searching, earnest eyes. They seemed to search, not him, but her own soul. They explored the void, seeking for a sign, a vestige, a wreck; but found nothing.

"I can't," she said. Her voice was frayed. "The thing is quite dead."

Ingram flushed deeply, but sat on, biting his lip, frowning, staring at the young, mounting fire, which she, stooping over it, cherished with her breath and quick hands.

VII

INGRAM, at supper in his private room, had his elbows on the table, and spoke between his fists to Chevenix, let into these mysteries for the first time.

"I ought not to complain, you'll say, and in my heart of hearts I don't, because I'm a reasonable man, and know that you don't make a row about sunstroke or lightning-shocks. We call 'em the act of God, and rule 'em out in insurance offices. No, no, I see what I've let myself in for. I've been away too much; she's got sick of it. I shall have to work at it—to bring her round. By God, and she's worth it. She's a wonder."

"Pity," said Chevenix, "you've only just found it out."

Ingram frowned, and waxing in rage, stared at his friend as if he had never known him. "You don't know what you're talking about. Why, she adored me. I was never more in love with a woman in my life than I was with Sancie."

Chevenix tilted back his chair. "Oh, you had it pretty badly—at the time. The trouble with you is that you are such a chap for accepting things. You're like a hall porter in a Swiss hotel. You take things for granted. Do nothing—hold out your hand—and get your perks. Perks! Why, they ain't perks at all. They're bounty—what you get from a girl like Sancie."

All this Ingram took as his due—as due, that is, to a man of passion and reasonable desires. He fell into a reverie. "Yes, yes, I know. She was devilish fond of me."

Chevenix gritted his teeth, but Ingram went on. "It was a false position, I know, and I never ought to have looked at her twice. But she was awfully queer or awfully deep—one never knew which. Why, when we got thick together—always meeting out, always reading poetry and philosophy—Shelley, Dante, Keats (I forget half their names now)—I take my oath I hadn't a suspicion that she was getting to like me, in that sort of way, as we call it. She made all the difference in the world to me, I can tell you. You know what I was doing after Claire bolted with that swine: killing time and killing myself—that's what I was doing. It was like going into church out of the sun to hear her at her poetry, and see her. Oh, a lovely girl she was!"

"She's a lovelier woman than you and I are fit to look at," said Chevenix, "if you ask me."

"Damn you, I know all about that. D'you think I want telling, now that I can't get her? Well, then I found out what was the matter with me—and then we cleared the air."

"Who had stuffed it up to begin with?" Chevenix murmured; but Ingram ignored him.

"I told her the whole thing——"

"After she had found it out!" cried Chevenix with energy. "Let's have cards on the table. I told Vicky all about it at a dance—and Vicky told her."

"I told her," Ingram said, "that I was in love with her, and promised to behave—and so I should have, only——"

"Only you didn't, old chap."

"She loved me—there was no stopping it then. The thing was done. Mind you, her people knew it all, too."

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"The mother always was a fool," Chevenix agreed. "And she liked you."

"I know she did. I took care of that."

"Not a bit of it, my boy," the other objected. "That's just what you didn't do. She liked you because she thought you didn't care a curse whether she liked you or not.'

Ingram raised his eyebrows at such *naïveté*. "That's what I mean, of course. So it went on all that summer. We used to shake when we met each other, and be speechless. By Heavens, what a time that was! Do you remember the tea-party?"

Chevenix blinked. "I wasn't there; but I remember what happened afterwards. The poor child—as white as a sheet—and every hand lifted against her. By God, Nevile, what girls—mere chits—will go through!"

"I know," said Ingram dreamily. "Isn't it awful?" Chevenix looked at him. He was quite serious. What can you do with such a man as this?

"They left us alone in the room, you know," Ingram continued. "Vicky went out last and left us in there—and the whole place was charged with electricity. You could feel it, smell it, hear it crackling all about. My heart going like a drum; my ears buzzing with it all. I hadn't been able to speak when they spoke to me. I don't know what the devil they must have thought of me—and I didn't care a damn. And over across the tea-table, on a low chair—there she sat—my girl! Her eyes downcast, her mouth adroop." He shut his eyes for a moment. "And Vicky went out, and left us there!"

"You had it badly, old chap," Chevenix said. "Go slow. Take your time. Or chuck it, if you'd rather."

Ingram appeared not to hear him; he was staring at the table-cloth, at his two hands locked in front of him, and at his knuckles white under the strain.

"I don't know how long I stood gaping at the window, I don't, indeed. I could feel her sitting shaking in her chair; but neither of us said anything. Somebody came to take the tea out—and then I turned and looked at her; and she turned and looked at me. Something drew me—set me on the move. It was all over with me then. I went straight across the room to her; I stood above her, I stooped and took her hands. I don't know what I said; she looked at me all the time, in a strange, clear way. She got up—I was beside her, and took her. Not a word said. I had her lips: honey of flowers! Her soul came forth from them: new wine. Oh, God! I thought so, anyhow. And so did she, Chevenix. She meant giving."

Chevenix nodded shortly. He believed that. Ingram had covered his eyes.

He drained a glass before he went on with his account. "I suppose you know the rest as well as I do. I never had the details out of her. One of them—that Mrs. King—Philippa, it was—came slam into the room; and what was there to do? I stuck it as long as I could—until I was practically kicked out. The mother came back and turned me out. I had to leave her to brave them all—and I never saw her again until I found out where she was in London."

"Don't you trouble to tell me all that part," said Chevenix, frowning at him. "I know more about that than you do. I was in it. My head, how they treated her! What I never did understand, you know, was how you found out where she was."

Ingram smiled. His memories now amused him. He looked straight at his friend. "I'll tell you that. It was rather neat. You remember that chap Senhouse—loafing kind of artist, anarchist, gypsy-looking chap, who wore no hat?"

Chevenix opened his eyes. "By George, I do!"

Ingram nodded. "She thought no end of him. He took her affair with me very much to heart."

"As well he might," said Chevenix. "I fancy that you were the only person who took it easy."

"Sancie used to tell him everything," Ingram went on, "and she told him all the trouble. She'd been turned adrift with fifty pounds to her name——"

"Not quite so bad as that," Chevenix put in. "They locked her up with an aunt, and she bolted."

"Same thing," said Ingram. "Well, this chap Senhouse comes here one day in a mighty hurry—turns up at breakfast, and makes a row. Wants me to swear I'll divorce, and marry Sancie. Says he thinks I'm a blackguard and all that, but that, on the whole, I'd better marry her. Refuses to give me her address, all the same. We

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had a row, I remember, because he began to tell me what he thought about her. The man was a bore, you know."

Chevenix screwed up one leg. "All men are, if they're sweet on your sweetheart, I suppose. He was worth fifty of you, all the same. But go on."

Ingram laughed. "I set my wits against his," he said, "and found out that he'd come straight from seeing her—in London. That was good enough for me. I got rid of Master Senhouse, and went off to town. He had no promises out of *me*, you may believe."

Chevenix felt very sick, and looked it. "The less you say about your promises, my good chap, the better I'll take it." But Ingram, by now, had got back to his holier reminiscences.

"I hunted for her high and low for three months—advertised, turned on detectives. I had even dared her friends' eyes and their cold shoulders—couldn't hear anything. . . . I was walking in hell for three months.

"Then, one day, I met her—in Chancery Lane. Of all squalid places on earth—there.

"I'd been to my lawyer's, in Lincoln's Inn. I'd settled money on her—in case anything happened to me while I was abroad; I was going to travel, because I'd given it up. And then I met her—Chancery Lane!

"I was passing some school or another—commercial academy—bookkeeping, shorthand, typewriting—that sort of place; a lot of ogling, giggling girls, and boys after 'em, came tumbling down the steps—all sunbonnets and fluffy hair; and down the steps she came, too—Sanchia came—like a princess. She was in white, my dear man—as fresh and dainty as a rose, I remember. Daisies round a broad-brimmed straw; some books under her arm. The sun was on her, lit the gold in her hair. She looked neither right nor left, spoke to no one, had no one with her, or after her. She was never showy. You had to know her well to see how lovely she was. She never showed off well, and was always silent in company. Oh, but what a girl!

"When she saw me, she flushed all over, and stood. She stood on the last step, and looked at me. Looked at me straight as if she waited. I went directly to her, and took her hand. She let me. I couldn't speak sense. Said, 'You!' and she said, 'I knew I should see you like this.' It sounded all right. I never questioned it . . ." He stared, then broke out: "Good God, Bill! To think of her then—and to see her now! She won't look at me! I don't exist." He plunged his face between his hands, and rocked himself about. Chevenix watched him without a word. Suddenly he lifted his pinched face, and complained bitterly.

"I can't understand it—I don't know what's changed her. Why, it's awful to make a chap suffer like this!" He stared about him. "Why, Bill," he said, hushing down his voice, "is she going to drop me, d'you think—let me go to the devil?"

Chevenix rose and stood with his back to the fire. "I'll trouble you not to whine, Nevile; I've got something to say to all this tale of yours. I've got to ask you a thing or two. When you found her, now; and when you knew all that she'd gone through—a child like that! You brought her up here—hey?"

Without shifting his head to face his cross-examination, Ingram answered between his hands—"No, I didn't. She wouldn't budge from her school till she'd finished her course. I courted her for a month. It took me all that, to make her listen to reason."

"Reason!" Chevenix rated him. "You call it reason!"

"It was what *she* called it—not I," said Ingram from between his fists. Then he looked up. "She refused the idea of going abroad. Said she wasn't at all afraid of people talking. Said she wanted to work for me. Must be doing something, she said. I tell you, it was her idea from the beginning. And I do say, myself, that it was reasonable." He searched for agreement in his friend's face, but got none.

"It suited better," he said presently, with indifference. "It suited better—in every way. I had to be here."

"Why had you to be here, man?" Chevenix raised his voice. "What the devil did it matter to you, having her, where you were?"

"It mattered a lot. I like this place. It's mine. I've got duties up here. I'm a magistrate and all that."

Chevenix was now very hot. "Magistrate be damned. Do you mean to tell me that you profess to love a woman, and turn her into a servant because you want to try poachers? And you talk about the sun in her hair! And then— Upon my soul, Ingram, you sicken me."

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"You fool," said Ingram. "I tell you it was her own idea. She loves the place. She loves it a lot more than she does me. It's been a continual joy to her. Why, where would she have been while I was in India—all that year—if she hadn't had all this in her hands? You don't know what you're talking about."

His voice rang down his scorn. Chevenix began to stammer.

"You're hopeless, Nevile, utterly hopeless. Every word you say gives up your case. What's it to do with you whether she likes it or not? I'm not talking of her, but of you. You silly ass, don't you see where you are? You fall in love with a woman and make her your head housemaid. Then you say, 'Oh, but she likes it.' It's not what she likes we're talking about; it's what you can bring yourself to do with her. Wait a bit now. There's more to it. You play about here, there, and all over the shop. Off you go for three months at a time, skylarking, shooting antelope, pigeon-shooting, polo, and whatever. She sits here and minds the gardeners—she! whom you saw with sun in her hair! Year in, year out, it goes on. Now here you are back from India. Good. You leave her for a year, and write to her twice—then you say, 'Why, where would she have been if she hadn't had something to do?' The sun in her hair, hey? Love, my good chap! You don't know how to spell the word. You ought not to touch her shoestring. You're not fit. By Gad, sir, and now I remember something! And it's the truth, it's the bitter, naked, grinning truth." He did remember something. He saw her curled-back lip—he saw her fierce, resentful eyes. He heard her say it: "I think he is like a beast. He wants to mangle me—like a beast." "You've been judged, Nevile," he said. "You've done for yourself. And now I'll go to bed."

Ingram's face was very cloudy. He looked for a moment like quarrelling. "Do you mean to leave me like this?" he asked.

"Yes," said Chevenix, "I do. I don't want to stop and hear you protest that you intend to marry her. Marry her! Why, man if you'd meant to marry her, you'd have posted home express from Marseilles, the moment you heard that you could do it. But no! You've got her there—in cap and apron. She'll keep. You know she's there—you have your fling. And you stop three days in Paris, and drop it to her casually, when you please, that you're a free man. Yes, by George, I do mean to leave you like this. You're best alone, by George. Good-night to you."

He went smartly away; but he had worked himself into a shaking fit, could not have slept to save his life. A cigar at the open window was inevitable.

He leaned far into the night. It was densely dark, and had been raining. Soft scud drifted over his face; clouds in loose solution drenched the earth. He smoked fiercely, inhaling great draughts and driving them out into the fog. Being no thinker, his sensations took no body, but he broke out now and again with Pishes and Pshaws, or scornfully—"Old Nevile—hungry devil, what? Stalking about like a beast. Oh, she was right, she was right. Pish! And there's an end of it."

He was aware of softly moving feet below; a measured tread. He listened, and heard them, beyond dispute. "Nevile!" he said, "like a beast, padding about his place." He listened on, grimly amused. "Let him pad and rage."

But he was to be startled. A voice hailed him, not Ingram's. "Beg your pardon, sir."

"Hulloa!" he cried. "Who are you, my man?"

"Glyde, sir. Is all well?"

"What do you mean, Glyde? What are you doing?"

"I was passing, sir, to my house. I heard voices, and I wondered——"

"Oh!" he laughed. "You thought there was a scrap, did you? It's all right, Glyde. I and the master were having a talk. Nothing for you to worry about. I shared his lonely meal. Don't you be disturbed."

"No, no, sir. Thank you, sir."

Chevenix called to him when he was at some distance. "I say, Glyde."

"Yes, sir?"

"You can go to bed. It's all right."

"Thank you, sir. Good-night."

He chuckled as he undressed. "Rum fish, Glyde. Watch and ward, what? Watching his shield. Bless her, she's got friends, then." He considered for a while, flicking the glowing end of his cigar. "That chap—Senhouse—Jack Senhouse. I wonder what's become of him."

(To be continued.)

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SOME MUSICAL RECOLLECTIONS OF FIFTY YEARS

By Richard Hoffman

FIRST ARTICLE

ONE of the most vivid recollections of my early youth was when I first heard the "Elijah" given at the Birmingham festival, and conducted by its composer, Felix Mendelssohn. I was but fourteen years of age when I made this memorable journey from Manchester, my native city, but the experience was destined never to be forgotten, and I recall its slightest detail as if it had been an event of yesterday.

I had been brought up—steeped, so to speak—in an atmosphere of music which had already determined my career. My father, who had been a pupil of Hummel and Kalkbrenner, was an organist and pianist of merit. He was also an excellent violinist, and always played at the "Gentlemen's Concerts" in Manchester, a picked orchestra of sixty or seventy men. To these concerts I was always taken and was allowed to be on the stage near my father, whose chair I occupied while he was playing. The English orchestral players (except, of course, the 'cellos) always stood while they played; they were not allowed the privilege of sitting and crossing their legs in the listless manner which so often offends the eye in our modern performances. I was taken to these concerts from the time I was six years old, and I am told that I often fell asleep during a symphony, and that my father occupied his "rests" in prodding me with his bow. But at fourteen I was very wide awake on all musical matters, and when one of my father's friends, who was a musical critic on one of the Manchester papers, offered to pay my expenses to Birmingham if I would write him an account of the festival, I agreed at once. Indeed, for such a reward I would have engaged to write an epic had he so demanded, for I was at the age when nothing seemed impossible. Had I not just composed a sacred cantata on "The Raising of Lazarus," doomed, it is true, for various reasons, not the least of which was the opening recitative, beginning thus: "Now a certain man was sick." Whether the reiteration of this phrase offended the popular English prejudice against the word "sick" I know not, but my Lazarus was entombed then and there, never to rise again.

I set forth quite alone on a railway journey which at that time occupied nearly six hours from Manchester. When I reached Birmingham I wandered about the town with as little idea of where I was to sleep that night as the most homeless of tramps, but I was not troubled about any incidental trifles of this kind. I had not come to sleep, but to hear and to see, and so long as I reached the Town Hall where the festival was held, I cared for little else. As I was gazing about the streets I was fortunately seen by Miss Maria Hawes, a well-known English singer of that day, who happened to be driving by in a cab, and who was to sing at the festival. She was a friend of my family, and stopped the cab to inquire what I was doing in Birmingham. I told her I had come for the "Elijah," like every one else, and then only was I brought back to a sense of things temporal, such as tickets and hotels. She gave me a pass for the rehearsal on that evening, and directed me to the Town Hall, where she advised me to go at once to procure a ticket for the concert of the next day. When I reached there I found that every seat was taken, and I was forced to be content with what is called a promenade entrance. After this I turned my steps toward the largest hotel in the city, called by the attractive name of "The Hen and Chickens." There I was fortunate enough to win the sympathies of the barmaid, who after telling me that every bed in the house was "bespoke," took pity upon my loneliness and admitted that one room which had been engaged was not yet claimed, and that if the people did not arrive by nine o'clock I might have it. I suppose they gave me some supper, but I have forgotten about it; I only remember that I went as early as possible to the rehearsal, and that I was admitted on Miss Hawes's

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order. I had a seat by the side of the organist, Dr. Gauntlet, whom I assisted afterward by pulling out the organ stops for him, and full of delightful excitement I awaited the entrance of the great Mendelssohn.

How well I recall that small, lithe figure, the head rather large, face long and oval, eyes prominent but full, large, and lustrous, beaming with the light of genius. I followed every motion and gesture, and, in breathless expectancy, waited for him to lift his baton. I cannot hope to describe my musical impressions and emotions on this occasion, since some one has aptly said that "music begins where language leaves off," but I remember well how he drilled the chorus, making them repeat many times the Recitative in the first part, which illustrates the talking together of many people, and his evident wish to give the effect of a confusion of voices. Once or twice during the rehearsal he came up to Dr. Gauntlet to say: "Not so loud; push in such and such a stop." But as soon as his back was turned, Gauntlet would say to me quickly: "Pull them out again, pull them out again." He was obliged to play from the full score as no organ part had been written out, and his own discretion was all he could rely upon in many places, but Mendelssohn had perfect confidence in his judgment, as well as admiration for his ability as an organist and musician, and especially selected him to be the organist on this occasion.

To remember that I so far assisted in this first performance of the "Elijah," even in so small a way, has always been a source of satisfaction to me. Miss Dolby was the contralto, and the tenor, Lockey,* whose singing of "If With all Your Hearts," will ever remain with me as the most exquisite thing I ever heard.

After the rehearsal I returned to the shelter of "The Hen and Chickens." The barmaid was looking out for me, and I was relieved to hear that I might occupy the unclaimed room. By the light of a solitary candle I was escorted to one of the largest apartments in the house, containing two monstrous double beds, and was told that I might take my choice of either as I was to be the sole occupant of this capacious lodging. I can remember very well the reaction which set in after my excitement, and the loneliness and desolation to which I fell a victim when I was left alone among the dark hangings and cold sheets. But all this was forgotten the next morning when I entered the coffee room. Here was a stirring scene. Every musician of note in Europe and the United Kingdom seemed to be assembled there—pianists, violinists, singers, and composers. I have never, at any subsequent period of my life, been in the midst of such a galaxy of talent and genius. One theme was the subject of all conversation—Mendelssohn, as conductor, as composer, and as pianist, though he did not on this occasion exercise the latter talent.

At the performance that morning (the festivals were at eleven o'clock) I was forced to stand for nearly four hours in a dense crowd, but I was quite oblivious to such effort when a musical treat was in question. Not long before this I had stood outside Her Majesty's Theatre in London in just such another crowd, waiting for the gallery doors to open, on a Jenny Lind opera night.

Mendelssohn was one of the best conductors, but he would seldom beat more than the first sixteen or twenty-four bars of an overture or movement from a symphony; he would then lay down his baton and listen, often applauding with the audience. He would take it up again when he wished a crescendo or rallentando or any other effect not noted in the parts.

The sensation produced by the last chorus of the first part of the "Elijah," "Thanks be to God," was truly wonderful. One felt as if the Divine Presence had been evoked, so impressive, so awe-inspiring was its effect upon the listeners. The marvellous effect of the rain and rushing of waters given by the violins, and the stupendous bass *F* fortissimo, was beyond human conception. I think Prospère with his monstrous ophicleide added materially to this splendid tone effect. In the chorus of the priests of Baal the brass was particularly fine. The bass part was sung by Herr Staudigl, whose broken English took nothing away from the effect of Elijah's declamation. He possessed a grand voice, and I have often heard him sing Schubert's "Wanderer," ending with the low E of the first ledger-line below the bass staff.

The performance finished with an Italian programme which fell very flat after the tremendous enthusiasm evoked by the "Eli-

* Mendelssohn speaks of this young English tenor in his letters. See Vol. 1833 to 1847, page 363.

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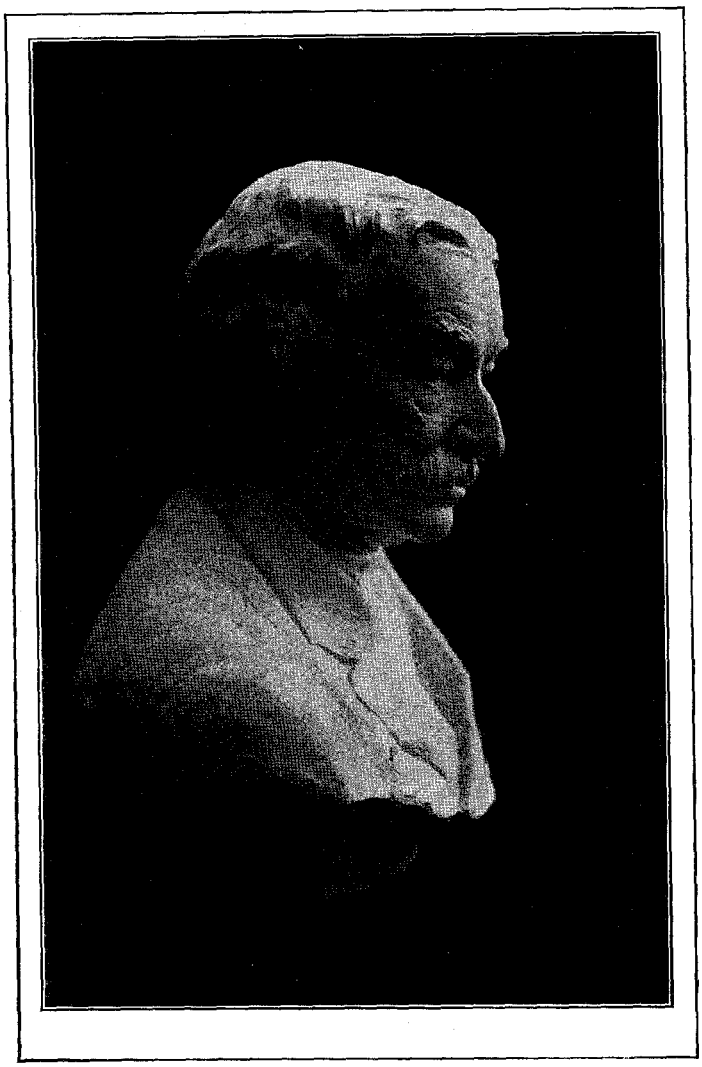

Richard Hoffman at 78.
From a bust by his daughter.

jah." Mario sang the "Cujus Animam," and Madame Grisi gave a number or two, but the impression of all this part of the festival has faded from my mind. I have heard Mario and Grisi many times since, when I have been ready to lay my tribute of admiration at their feet, but on this occasion when Mendelssohn left the stage the lights seemed to go out, and it would have been impossible for any one else to arouse the audience again.

The festival programmes were bound to cover a good deal of ground and a certain length of time, and were calculated to attract all classes. People came from great distances and expected to hear as many artists and as much music as possible for their money. The expenses of the performances were defrayed by the city, and the profits went toward the support of the different charitable objects, chiefly hospitals. They are still maintained on this principle, and continue to exercise a certain influence over the musical world of to-day. On this occasion there were about one hundred in the orchestra and over two hundred in the chorus.

The English seem by nature the best

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chorus singers in the world. Many of them are from the lower middle classes, who are not as a rule very cultured or refined, but the moment the spirit of music is awakened within them they are for the time being transformed, and able to interpret compositions of the most lofty and sublime character. Mendelssohn says, in the same letter before mentioned: "Not less than four choruses and four airs were encored, and not one single mistake occurred in the whole of the first part," and further on he adds: "Not the slightest sound was to be heard among the whole audience, so that I could sway at pleasure the enormous orchestra and choir, and also organ accompaniments . . . all executing the music with the utmost fire and sympathy, doing justice not only to the loudest passages, but also to the softest *pianos* in a manner which I never before heard."

Giulio Regondi.

When Mendelssohn came to Manchester not long after the Birmingham festival, I had the great pleasure of meeting and talking with him. My father was desirous of sending me to Germany to continue my musical education under his care, but his many engagements made it impossible for him to assume any other responsibilities, and the plan was consequently abandoned.

My musical studies went on mostly under my father's guidance, with the exception of a few lessons from Leopold de Meyer, the "lion pianist," as he was called. He was one of my youthful infatuations, and nothing would satisfy me but to go to London and have some lessons from him. It was arranged to send me thither where, at a guinea an hour, I received a few hints from this extraordinary personage. I went to his rooms for my instruction, and during the lesson he was generally occupied in being shaved, having his hair cut, or perhaps being measured by his tailor or shirt maker. I studied only his own compositions during these precious hours, which I divided with many of the London tradesmen, and I thought nothing of spending whole days in the achievement of the "March d'Isly," the "Lucrezia Fantasia," or the "March Marocaine." I managed to be present at most of his public performances, and although my enthusiasm has cooled considerably since then, I still remember his touch as the most wonderful combination of superb power and exquisite delicacy I ever heard. He was a perfect mountebank on the stage, and his antics were made the subject of the most grotesque caricatures, representing him as playing with feet as well as hands, while the air about him was filled with the fragments of pianos and notes, the terror-stricken audience escaping as best they might from his volcanic technique. He was the author of many brilliant and effective piano compositions not destined, however, to survive a short-lived popularity.

While in London I stayed with Giulio Regondi, a friend of my family, and at that time a prominent figure in musical society. He played the guitar in a most remarkable manner, as well as the concertina, a small reed instrument invented by Wheatstone of telegraph fame. A most lovely quality of tone was produced by the mixture of different metals composing the reeds, and Regondi's genius developed all its possibilities. A criticism from one of the Manchester papers of that time describing his playing when he appeared there as a youth, gives so good an idea of his unique style, which for the time being held his audience spellbound, that I copy it verbatim from my father's scrap-book: "Giulio Regondi quite took the audience by surprise. That an

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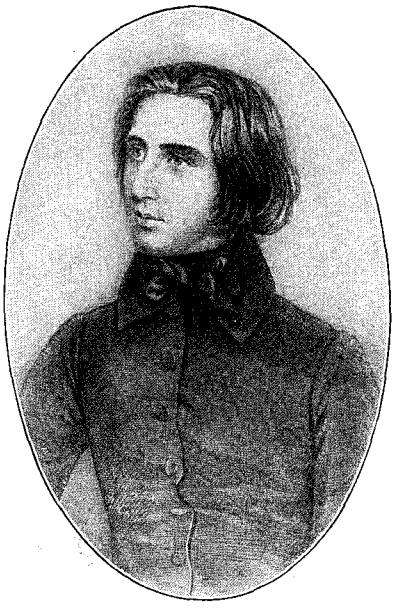
instrument hitherto regarded as a mere toy—the invention, however, of a philosophical mind—should be capable of giving full expression to a brilliant violin concerto of De Beriot's, was more than even musicians who had not heard this talented youth would admit. The close of every movement was greeted with a round of applause in which many members of the orchestra joined. The performer has much of the 'fanatico per la musica' in his appearance, and manifestly enthusiastic love for his art; he hangs over and hugs his little box of harmony as if it were a casket of jewels, or an only and dearly loved child. His trills and shakes seem to vibrate through his frame, and occasionally he rises on tiptoe, or flings up his instrument as he jerks out its highest notes, looking the while like one rapt and unconscious of all outward objects, in the absorbing enjoyment of the sweet sounds that flow from his magical instrument."



Liszt when a young man.

He played the most difficult music which he adapted to the powers or limitations of the little concertina. Among other things, a concerto of Spohr, which astonished every one.

My father knew him first when, as a child in Manchester, he was travelling about with the man who called himself his father, but whose subsequent conduct belied any such claim. When the boy had made a large sum of money by his concerts, and seemed able to maintain himself by his talents, the so-called father deserted him, taking with him all the proceeds of the child's labors, and leaving poor Giulio to shift for himself. My father befriended him at this time, and his gentle and winning disposition endeared him to all my family. Later in his life when a young man in London, he often took charge of me, and twice we went to Paris together where we enjoyed some of the choicest musical treats. I heard with him all the great singers and musicians of the day, Tamburini and Lablache, Grisi and Mario, Alboni and Persiani, and most of these before I was sixteen years old. He taught me to play the concertina, but never converted me to any serious affection for the instrument, although to hear Regondi play upon it was always a delight. Berlioz* in his "Orchestral School" has a treatise on the concertina, which he regarded with considerable favor.

Regondi's playing of the guitar always seemed to me his most remarkable achievement; he had added to the instrument two or three covered strings without frets, which he used at will, and the wonderful expression he could impart to his melodies I have never heard excelled by any voice. I have heard him play Thalberg's "Huguenots" and the "Don Juan," Op. 14, making the guitar respond to the most difficult variations with perfect ease.

Mrs. Hemans made him the subject of the following poem:

TO GIULIO REGONDI—THE BOY GUITARIST

Blessing and love be round thee still fair boy!
Never may suffering wake a deeper tone
Than Genius now, in its first fearless joy,
Calls forth exulting from the chords which own
Thy fairy touch! O, may'st thou ne'er be taught
The power whose fountain is in troubled thought!

For in the light of those confiding eyes,
And on the ingenuous calm of that clear brow,
A dower, more precious e'en than genius, lies,
A pure mind's worth, a warm heart's vernal glow!
God, who hath graced thee thus, O gentle Child!
Keep midst the world thy brightness undefiled!

Her beneficent wishes for his welfare, were alas! never realized; for him the "cruel wintry wind" was not "more unkind than

* See Berlioz, "Art of Instrumentation."

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man's ingratitude." His history was sad and full of mystery, which doubtless added further attraction to his talents, and many were the stories whispered as to his birth and parentage. He was much sought after in London, and a great favorite with the nobility, of whom many were his pupils and devoted friends. He was the constant guest of two old ladies of the Bourbon aristocracy living in London, who treated him "en prince," and always rose when he entered their salon. He never revealed to any one his connection with these people, but I have always thought he belonged to them "de race." We were in constant correspondence until the time of his death, which occurred in the early seventies. His lovely spirit passed away after many months of suffering from that most cruel of all diseases, cancer.

Joseph Burke as a young man.
Known in boyhood as Master Burke, the boy phenomenon.

I remember that a certain hope of reprieve from the dread sentence of death was instilled by his physician or friends, by telling him that, if only he could obtain some of the American condurango plant, which at that time was supposed to be a cure for this malady, he might, at least, be greatly relieved. I sent him a quantity of the preparation, but it failed to help him, and so he died, alone, in London lodgings, but not uncared for, nor yet "unwept, unhonored, or unsung." His fame was too closely allied to his personality to endure after him, save in the hearts of those who knew him best, but while he lived he showed himself a true and noble artist, full of the finest and most exalted love of music, a man whom to know was in itself a privilege not to be over-estimated.

I think it was in 1840 or 1841, in Manchester, that I first heard Liszt, then a young man of twenty-eight. At that time he played only bravura piano compositions, such as the "Hexameron" and "Hungarian March" of Schubert, in C minor, arranged by himself. I recollect his curious appearance, his tall, lank figure, buttoned up in a frock coat, very much embroidered with braid, and his long, light hair brushed straight down below his collar. He was not at that time a general favorite in England, and I remember that on this occasion there was rather a poor house. A criticism of this concert which I have preserved from the *Manchester Morning Post* will give an idea of his wonderful playing. After some introduction it goes on to say: "He played with velocity and impetuosity indescribable, and yet with a facile grace and pliancy that made his efforts seem rather like the flight of thought than the result of mechanical exertion, thus investing his execution with a character more mental than physical, and making genius give elevation to art. One of the most electrifying points of his performance was the introduction of a sequence of thirds in scales, descending with unexampled rapidity; and another, the volume of tone which he rolled forth in the execution of a double shake. The rapture of the audience knew no bounds," etc. I fancied I saw the piano shake and tremble under the force of his blows in the "Hungarian March." I regret that I never had an opportunity of hearing him later in life, when I am sure I should have had more pleasure both in his playing and his programmes. He had appeared some sixteen years before in Manchester, in 1824, as a youthful phenomenon, in an engagement made for him by Mr. Andrew Ward, my father's partner. He stayed at his house while there, as the following letter specifies; both letters form part of a correspondence between Mr. Ward and the elder Liszt on this matter.

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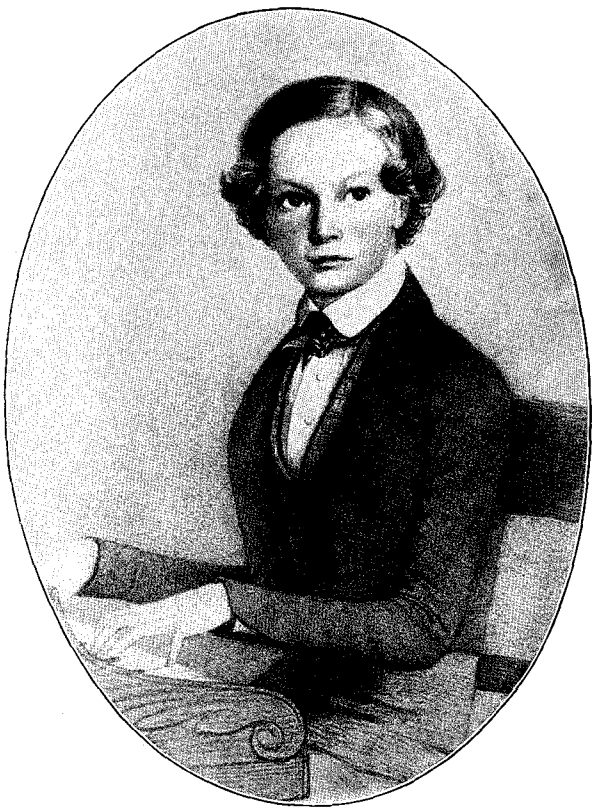

Richard Hoffman as a boy.

"LONDON, *July* 29, 1824.

"DEAR SIR: In answer to your letter of the 27th inst. I beg to inform you that I wish my Son to play as follows: viz:—At the first concert, a grand Concerto for the Piano Forte with orchestral accompaniment composed by Hummel, and the 'Fall of Paris' also with grand orchestral accompaniment composed by Mascheles.

"At the 2d Concert—Variations with orchestral accompaniments composed by Charles Czerni, and afterwards an Extempore Fantasia on a written Thema which Master Liszt will respectfully request any person of the Company to give him.

"We intend to start to-morrow afternoon at three o'clock by the Telegraph Coach from the White Horse Fetter lane, and as we are entire strangers to Manchester it will be very agreeable to us if you will send some one to meet us.

"M. Erard's pianoforte will be in your town on Sunday morning as I shall be glad for my son to play upon that instrument.

"I remain, Dear Sir,

"Yr very humble Servant,

"LISZT."

"15 GT. MARLBOROUGH STREET,

"*July* 22, 1824.

"Mr. Liszt presents his compliments to Mr. Roe and begs to say, that the terms upon which he will take his son to Manchester to play at the concerts of the second and fourth of August next will be as follows:

"Mr. Liszt is to receive one hundred pounds and be provided with board and lodgings in Mr. Ward's house during his stay in Manchester for his son and himself, and Mr. Liszt will pay the travelling expenses to and from Manchester."

Thalberg was a contemporary of Liszt in age, but did not appear in public until much later. He was equally astonishing in his novel passages for the pianoforte, which he

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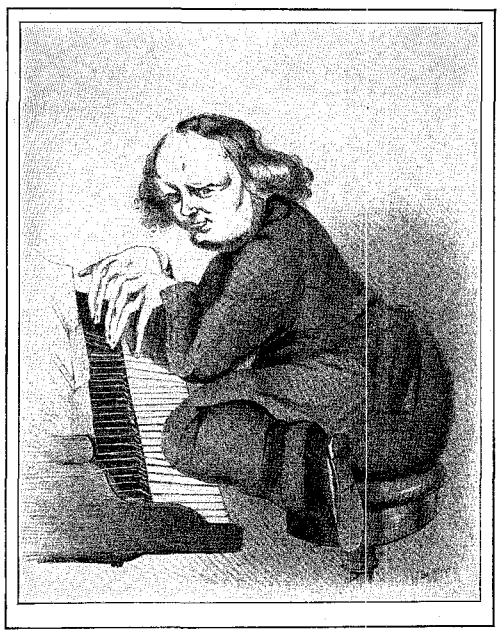
accomplished with the greatest ease, and without any theatrical effect. His method of sustaining the melody by the pedal, while both hands roamed from one end of the key-board to the other, was so marvellous that the audience used to stand up to see how it was done. I saw more of Thalberg during his engagement in this country in 1852. I heard him play at all his concerts, and I was, and still remain, an ardent admirer of his brilliant and facile technique. As a boy I learned nearly all of his compositions and operatic arrangements, and have never forgotten them, although I have not looked at the notes for twenty-five years or more.



Leopold de Meyer.
From a caricature after Dantan.

Of the women pianists of those days, Mesdames Pleyel and Dulcken were among the best, and Mlle. Claus was also a charming player, and particularly good in Bach. All these I listened to with avidity; my appetite for music was never satisfied, and as my father knew and entertained many of the musicians and singers who came to Manchester, I was much favored in opportunity to hear them.

The Novello sisters, daughters of Vincent Novello of London, were great friends of my family. Both were charming singers, but Clara, the elder, was a special favorite and in great demand at the English festivals. She always stayed at my uncle's house whenever she came to Manchester and was greatly beloved by all of us. I was very young at the time of her greatest triumphs, but I was taken to hear her sing and can still recall her beautiful voice and charming manner. She was remarkably handsome and in the height of her fame she married an Italian nobleman, Count Gigliucci, who took her to Rome, where she is still living, greatly courted and respected by all who know her.* Miss Sybilla and Mr. J. Alfred Novello kindly assisted at the only concert I gave in London before coming to this country, at Erard's rooms.

Those of my recollections which antedate the half century are hardly mature enough to be of special interest, but they are more numerous than one would suppose, as the tendency of that time was to force juvenile talent far beyond what would be tolerated at the present day. I performed at public concerts from the age of six, and at twelve I was playing on three different instruments—piano, violin, and concertina—in one evening. Besides this, I was already quite well acquainted with the organ, and often took my father's place on Sunday afternoons. When I was hardly thirteen years of age my name was sent in as a candidate for the position of organist at the Prestwich Parish Church. Lord Wilton, an excellent musical amateur, had this appointment as well as the living of the church at his disposition, and I was invited to go to Heaton Park, his country seat near Manchester, to play for him. I was sent on this long drive quite alone in a cab, at about nine in the evening, in order to reach there after dinner. I well recall the ordeal of that memorable occasion. I was ushered into the drawing-room at about ten o'clock, the guests being all assembled after dinner. There was an organ at one end, as well as a grand piano, and I

* The Countess Gigliucci has died since these recollections were written.

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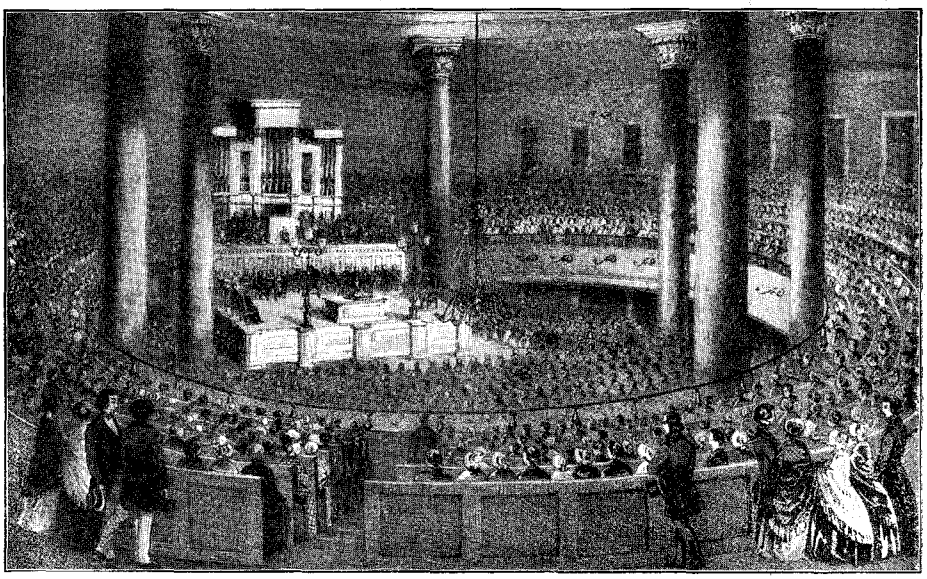

The old Broadway Tabernacle, New York City.

had hoped to be asked to play on the latter, but his lordship conducted me to the organ and told me that he wished to judge chiefly of my reading at sight. He put before me some old chorals with figured bass and asked me to play them. I must have done so rather creditably, as he seemed pleased and satisfied and told me I could try the service the following Sunday. In the morning I conducted myself very well and was much praised for it, but in the afternoon I was probably tired (it will be remembered I was only twelve years old) and in the midst of the second chant, when most of the stops were out, and I was putting on all the steam I could command, I suddenly lost my balance on the organ bench, my foot slipping off the swell pedal, and fell headlong onto the key-boards. In trying to avert the catastrophe I plunged from Scylla into Charybdis, tumbling among the foot pedals and creating a cataclysm of sounds that must have scandalized the congregation. I recall in a vague sort of way that my brothers never considered the disaster in the light of an accident. I was not very anxious to obtain the position with the work it entailed, and it is barely possible I may have taken this way out of it. . . . Be this as it may, Lord Wilton wrote to my father praising my talents, but stating that he considered me too young to assume the responsibility of directing the choir. I had a delightful walk with the rector's daughter between the services in their lovely garden; they had kept me to luncheon, the distance being too great for me to return home, and I wish she might know how gratefully I recall her hospitality of the morning, and her sympathy of the afternoon.

My father was so great an enthusiast in the cause of music that he brought up all his children to follow it as a profession. We were a large family, and the ground was already well occupied with aspirants, hence it was decided, in response to an invitation from an uncle living in New York, to let me try my fortune in the United States. I played at a concert in Manchester given by my friend Regondi the night before I started for Liverpool, from whence I was to sail on the Cunard steamship *Cambria*, with Captain Judkins.

I was about sixteen years old at this time, and when I went on board to find that no stateroom or berth had been reserved for me, I began to feel considerably cast down and low in my mind. My father knew Captain Judkins, who very kindly offered to put me at his table and to find a berth for me before night. I had my concertina in my trunk, and the Captain was very fond of making me play it for the entertainment

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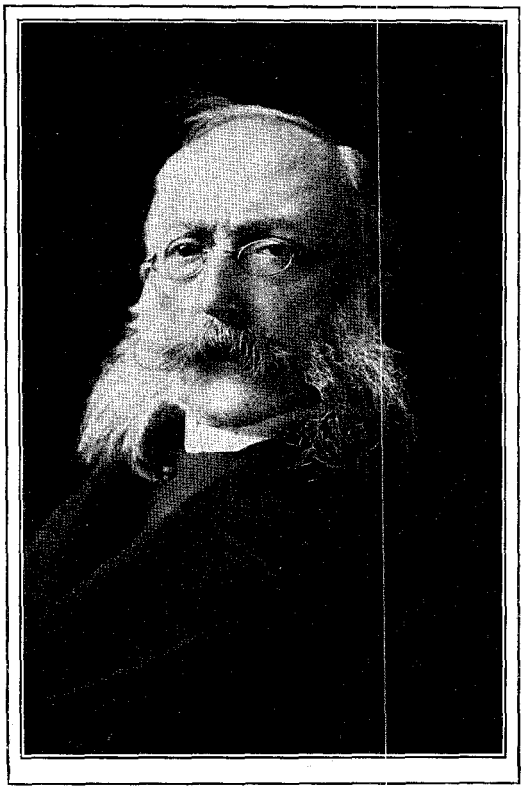

Willlam Scharfenberg.

of the ladies whom he invited into his private sanctum on deck. At the expiration of sixteen days we landed in Boston, and as I was consigned to the Tremont House by a correspondent in Manchester, they sent some one to meet me and conduct me to the hotel. I was taken a few hours later to the Chickering warerooms by one of the clerks, who had been deputed to act as my guide. There I made the acquaintance of old Jonas Chickering, who met me in his working apron with his tools in his hand. It was not long before they made me sit down at a grand piano (the only one they had, as it happened), and I played upon it to an admiring audience of visitors until I was dragged away from this congenial employment by the clerk, to see some of the sights of the city. It is just fifty years since my introduction to the Chickering piano, when dressed in an Eton jacket and broad collar I first tested its merits. I have been faithful to it ever since, nor have I had occasion to change my mind as to its uniform excellence. It was in the month of August, and that night I also made my first acquaintance with the American mosquito in the fulness of his strength. The morning found me spent with my struggles to conquer him, and when I started for New York by the Sound boat that evening I was a very much exhausted as well as homesick boy.

I recollect that I left the boat as soon as it reached the dock and drove at once to my uncle's house on Spring Street, where I arrived before any of the household were awake. There I passed a half-hour or more on the doorstep, sitting on my trunk and waiting for the servants to open the house, while I reflected on the fallacy of that proverb which treats of the early bird.

Soon after my arrival in New York I was fortunate in finding a friend in Joseph Burke, the violinist, who in great measure supplemented the wise counsels of Regondi, and who, like Regondi, had been a youthful prodigy. He went on the stage at the age

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of eight and was known at that time as "Master Burke," but when he was old enough to choose his own career he forsook the theatre and adopted music as his profession. He studied the violin in Brussels under De Beriot, and on his return to the States he made a tour throughout the country with De Meyer.

I made my first public appearance in New York at a concert given by Burke at the Tabernacle. This was soon followed by one of my own given on Thanksgiving evening, when I realized the uncertain returns which may be expected in concert enterprises. I should have been considerably out of pocket after this bold venture had it not been for some kind friends, Mr. Ogden Haggerty and Mr. Arthur T. Jones among others, who on the next day sent me receipts for the use of the Tabernacle and all other expenses of the concert. The public did not turn out in such numbers as I had hoped for, and I found myself with an audience of three or four hundred people in a room, the seating capacity of which was over two thousand. The Tabernacle was a large building on Broadway and Leonard Street, used on Sunday for religious services and for all kinds of secular entertainments throughout the week. It was the only large room available for public concerts or meetings except Castle Garden (then used for the opera), and its acoustic properties were very good. It was, however, a dismal, badly lighted place and the entrance could only be approached through a long, narrow alley from Broadway. The New York audiences of to-day would revolt against the inconveniences which were cheerfully endured by their grandparents in 1847. I had been wiser had I taken the Apollo rooms on Broadway which were smaller and more desirably located. There the Philharmonic Society gave their concerts, and I should have followed their example, but I was probably suffering from the complaint best known as "swelled head," brought on, I dare say, by overpraise and considerable self-conceit. My preference therefore leaned toward the Tabernacle, and there I learned my first lesson in humility, which doubtless had its good effect on my character.

The programme for this concert, one of which I have preserved and reproduced on page 350, will show what a rara avis the grand piano was in those days. The one I played upon was made especially for Mr. Jones, a leading amateur in music, and he was good enough to lend it to me on all great occasions. As a general thing I played upon a "square," as the piano manufacturers did not make a "grand" except to order, and all foreign pianists brought their own instruments with them.

I print a criticism of this concert written by Charles A. Dana, then musical critic of the *Tribune*, and I like to think that throughout his long career as a journalist and man of letters I kept his friendship and good opinion of my musical work.

"The bill of Richard Hoffman's Concert last evening was a very attractive one, and we were surprised to see a smaller audience than the utmost limits of the Tabernacle would accommodate, especially as it was a holiday night, and Mr. Hoffman had the good sense to put the price of admission at half a dollar. Artists are too much in the habit of supposing that it is impossible to charge less than a dollar, no matter what they offer. No concert ticket ought to be a dollar where there is not a full orchestra and the best vocal assistance to be obtained.

"Though Mr. Hoffman had not a crowd, the audience was a good one and seemed fully to appreciate his fine talents and the earnestness of his playing. We know no one who seems to maintain so vital a connection with his instrument as Mr. Hoffman. For the time being it is his world, and the music he is playing sole existence. We were able to hear him last evening only in a Fantasie by Prudent; it was a performance full of beauty and of promise, though we confess we could not but wish for the absorbed and most prepossessing young artist a school more adequate to his talents than he is likely to find in this country. America is good for the accomplished master, who seeks a substantial harvest for the early years of labor and preparation; but it is not so good for the forming student who needs the severe influence of great models, and a truly cultivated public."—*Tribune*, Nov. 26, 1847.

Soon after this rather disastrous enterprise I was invited by the Philharmonic Society to play at one of their concerts. I chose the Mendelssohn G minor Concerto in which to make my first appearance as a classical pianist, and I seem to have acquit-

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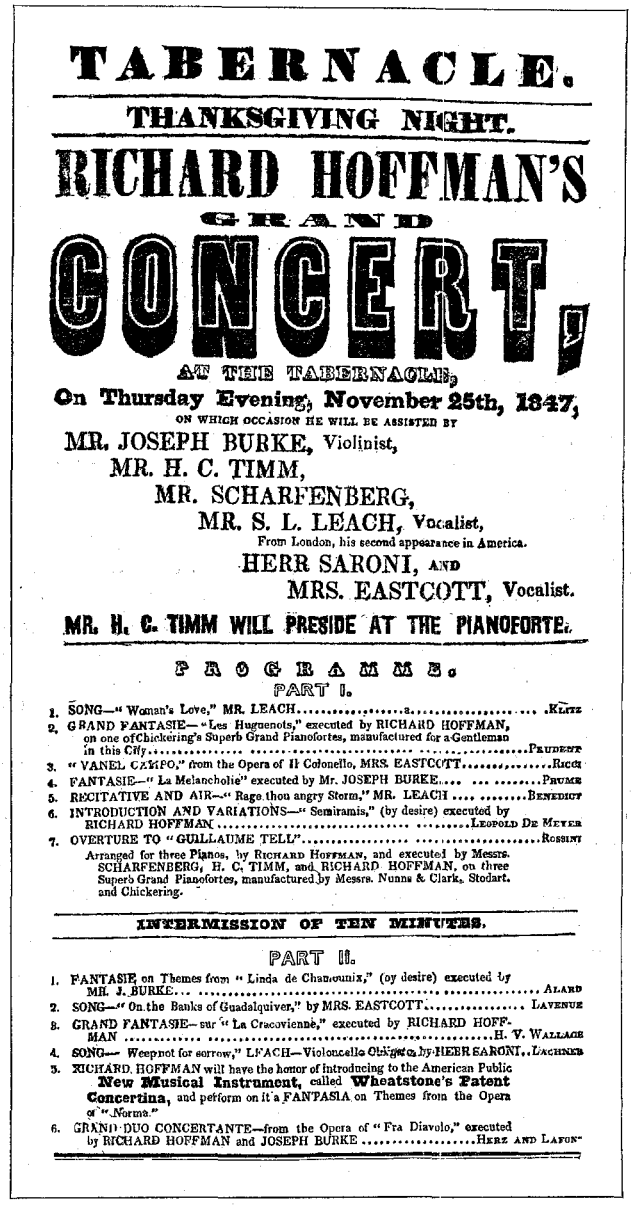
ted myself with some credit on the occasion. I find the following notice of this concert from the *New York Express* of that date,

delssohn's G minor Concerto (with full orchestra). . . . He was warmly applauded and received more than one floral token of



TABERNACLE.

THANKSGIVING NIGHT.

RICHARD HOFFMAN'S

GRAND

CONCERT,

AT THE TABERNACLE,

On Thursday Evening, November 25th, 1847,

ON WHICH OCCASION HE WILL BE ASSISTED BY

MR. JOSEPH BURKE, Violinist,
MR. H. C. TIMM,
MR. SCHARFENBERG,
MR. S. L. LEACH, Vocalist,
From London, his second appearance in America.
HERR SARONI, AND
MRS. EASTCOTT, Vocalist.

MR. H. C. TIMM WILL PRESIDE AT THE PIANOFORTE.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. SONG—"Woman's Love," MR. LEACH.....Klitz
2. GRAND FANTASIE—"Les Huguenots," executed by RICHARD HOFFMAN, on one of Chickering's Superb Grand Pianofortes, manufactured for a Gentleman in this City.....Prudent
3. "VANEL CAMPO," from the Opera of Il Colonello, MRS. EASTCOTT.....Ricci
4. FANTASIE—"La Melancholie" executed by Mr. JOSEPH BURKE.....Prume
5. RECITATIVE AND AIR—"Rage thou angry Storm," MR. LEACH.....Benedict
6. INTRODUCTION AND VARIATIONS—"Semiramis," (by desire) executed by RICHARD HOFFMAN.....Leopold De Meyer
7. OVERTURE TO "GUILLAUME TELL".....Rossini

Arranged for three Pianos, by Richard Hoffman, and executed by Messrs. SCHARFENBERG, H. C. TIMM, and RICHARD HOFFMAN, on three Superb Grand Pianofortes, manufactured by Messrs. Nunns & Clark, Stodart, and Chickering.

INTERMISSION OF TEN MINUTES.

PART II.

1. FANTASIE on Themes from "Linda de Chamounix," (by desire) executed by MR. J. BURKE.....Alard
2. SONG—"On the Banks of Guadalquiver," by MRS. EASTCOTT.....Lavenue
3. GRAND FANTASIE—sur "La Cracovienne," executed by RICHARD HOFFMAN.....H. V. Wallace
4. SONG—"Weepnot for sorrow," LEACH—Violoncello Obligato by HERR SARONI.....Lachner
5. RICHARD HOFFMAN will have the honor of introducing to the American Public **New Musical Instrument**, called **Wheatstone's Patent Concertina**, and perform on it a FANTASIA on Themes from the Opera of "Norma."
6. GRAND DUO CONCERTANTE—from the Opera of "Fra Diavolo," executed by RICHARD HOFFMAN and JOSEPH BURKE.....Herz and Lafont

which I remember gave me great encouragement at a time when I stood in need of it.

"Mr. Richard Hoffman deserved richly the compliment paid him by the management in inviting him to take part in the first concert of the Philharmonic for the season, and in his admirable performance of Men-

approbation at the hands of the fair portion of the audience. We were glad to see him there on this occasion, as it gave him an opportunity of stamping on the minds of some of our most discriminating judges an idea of his genius and talent."

At the time of my arrival in New York

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there were many excellent pianists settled here—Timm, William Scharfenberg, Dresel, Fontana (a pupil of Chopin), the two Rackemanns, Louis and Frederic, and a little later William Vincent Wallace took up his residence in this city. The musical critics were also of the best; among others, Henry C. Watson Otis of the *Express*, and Richard Grant White of the *Courier and Enquirer*. An occasional "bravo" from such men as these did much toward stimulating me in my public performances, and in furnishing me with an incentive to study and cultivate a higher grade of music than the general public demanded. My bravura playing always called forth abundant applause from my audiences, and it was a temptation to neglect the more serious music which alone can develop the true musician, but which at that time the musical patrons of New York were only willing to receive in small doses.

In December of the same year I started on a concert tour with Joseph Burke, which lasted until the spring. As I look back upon that winter of '49 I often wonder how we held out as long as we did, through all the trials and discomforts attendant upon such an enterprise. Travelling was primitive and slow; we went by boat whenever we could, as time was not of the same importance then as in these days of rapid transit. Concerts were postponed to suit the weather, and as tickets were rarely secured in advance, we suffered the excitement of perpetual uncertainty as to the possible receipts from our entertainments.

We began our experiences in Albany, where Burke had many friends, and we gave two concerts in Boston. We also visited Worcester and Springfield, and went as far east as Portland. As we attended to our own advertising, it entailed the necessity of staying a day or two in each town before giving the concert, unless we could write in advance to a friend to herald our approach through the local papers. I recollect they told us at Newburyport that it would be useless to ask over twelve and a half cents for tickets, and I think we reduced them to twenty-five cents for that occasion. When our expenses were paid, my share of the profits in this town was under one dollar. Things were not quite so bad as this everywhere, however, as we managed to make our living out of it; but the Eastern States proved a barren field for our efforts, and we turned our steps southward, going to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. We returned to New York in the spring, and afterward made a summer tour in the West, taking in Buffalo, Rochester, Detroit, Milwaukee, and even Chicago. Some figures of our receipts may illustrate the scale upon which these concerts were conducted.

	RECEIPTS	EXPENSES
First concert in Milwaukee,	$89.50	$16.95
First concert in Buffalo,	40.00	24.75
First concert in Rochester,	57.00	23.00
Three concerts in Montreal,	215.00	100.00

As tickets were always fifty cents, this represented fair audiences.

We often had difficulties in the smaller towns in procuring a piano, and I remember that in the town of Hamilton, Canada, we were in despair of finding one, when some public-spirited citizen offered to lend his square for the occasion, but with special injunctions to return it the same night. The concert was given in the dining-room of the hotel and, when it was over it devolved upon Burke and myself to see that the piano got safely back to its owner. The absence of any "help" at that hour made it necessary for us to do the moving ourselves, and as the dining-room was fortunately on the ground floor, we proceeded to wheel it out on its casters into the street and to push it in front of us to its owner's house, a distance of two or three blocks from the hotel, where we finally left it in safety. This illustrates the simplicity of our methods, and savors of the backwoods and early settlers. We were literally among the pioneers of art in this part of the country, and when I contrast our journey of 1849 with one I made last year [1895] over the same ground to Chicago, where I played for the first time since this early experience, it was hard to realize that such changes as I found were possible to have occurred in a space of time covering less than fifty years.

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PRINCESS THU-THUR'S HALF-HOLIDAY

By Frederick Palmer

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

SOARING blithely over the maples of a village street, Danbury Rodd swept downward to a vista of farm-land, the draught from the *Falcon's* propellers scattering the pollen from the tassels of soldierly rows of corn. The next field was abloom with autumn flowers. In the middle of it, right across his path, he saw a little girl alone, her hat no higher than the cathedral stalks of golden rod at her elbow.

"I must not frighten her," he thought.

He swerved outward at a rising angle, but not soon enough to prevent the shadow of his right wing flitting across her face. As she looked up a purple shower of wild asters fell from her grasp. She stretched out her hands toward the birdman in a gesture of wonder as if calling him; then she sank to her knees beside her scattered bouquet and seemed about to cry.

"Here, this will never do!" said Rodd. "Never, in such fine weather!"

Early October had taken a calm day out of August, which it had cooled with a charge of ozone, and set in old gold in place of summer's blazing gilt. It had lifted all humanity at the hour of twelve on Saturday out of the ruts and caste of toil into the indestructible democracy of sunlight and play. The section boss may have been ugly, or the brief may have been knotty; but what did that matter now when laborer or lawyer had lungs to breathe the velvet air, and cheeks to feel its touch!

"I must go out on Long Island," Rodd had explained to the very eminent banker who had invited him up the Hudson for the week-end. The must was honest, as the must of fish for water. Running out to inspect his Chicago plant or to one of his substations or any other journey with a definite objective had something of the routine aspect of the commuter's daily trip to business. He had planned a half-holiday of his own, watching the people at theirs, flying how and where he pleased over their heads.

In this mood of a thistle-blow's vagarious intimacy with the landscape, some adventure as simple as drying a little girl's tears would be vastly more fun than taking up the very eminent banker's very eminent guests over the very large lawn very free from weeds, and answering questions which were already answered in books and interviews.

So he turned the *Falcon* sharply. In the ecstasy of an aërial merry-go-round, he circled the field a dozen times, rising and diving, pirouetting, showing off a little, perhaps, before the admiring audience under a sailor hat, which was the pivot of his progress.

"There! Isn't that a cure for the blues, O Princess of the wild flowers?" he said finally, to himself. "But you've had your five cents' worth, and, as you didn't catch one of the brass rings out of the slot, why, you're not entitled to another ride."

With a wave of his handkerchief, he shot over the top of a big elm. Wheeling eastward—without any particular reason for not going westward—a glance over his shoulder revealed the same attitude of beckoning and surprise with which she had first greeted him. It was like a signal for help or, at least, a signal for salt to put on a bird's tail. Then her small fists went to her eyes, and again she collapsed into a woful heap.

"Cure not complete," Rodd said. "I see what is the trouble. I am getting a lesson in manners. Having knocked a lady's bouquet out of her hand, I hadn't the courtesy to go back and pick it up."

She must have been peeking through her fingers, for instantly the *Falcon* started to return she sprang up and clapped her hands.

The last strokes of the propeller fused the flowers into a kaleidoscopic furrow of color as Rodd glided to earth. He could see at once that he was in the presence of a most distinguished personage, and inwardly chided himself for not being in shining armor and a plumed helmet. The flaxen hair stole gold from the sun; her eyes, of the

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opaque blue of Dutch faience, glistened with tears of distress.

"I'se wosted. Pwease, birdman, f'y me home!" she said.

The words came painfully, not so distinctly as written, and with hiccoughing efforts to hold down the cork that would keep jumping into her throat. Rodd could drop on his knees even if he were not in shining armor; and he already imagined that he was, which was the next best thing.

"Now, let us see. Your home—it isn't over there, you don't suppose?" he asked, nodding toward a gable showing between the trees of a private park.

"No, no!" she answered, with summary positiveness. "Home's miles an' miles an' miles away! Oh, pwease, birdman!"

"Miles and miles! And how did you come here?"

Three or four long struggling breaths had to come and go before she could begin her story. She proceeded determinedly, seeming to fight sobs with a courage that won his heart.

So far as he could make out, she had been playing beside the road when an automobile had halted for a minor repair. She had climbed on behind and ridden ever so fast and far. When the car stopped, she had dropped off and had wandered out into the field to pick flowers—there were so many and such pretty ones. It all seemed outlandish and incredible, yet convincing in the tragic earnestness of the recital.

"Who was in the automobile?" he inquired.

"Mans—two-oo mans."

"And what did they say? Why did they bring you?"

"M-m—no see!" she answered. "Wear doddles; no look. Me hide twick!"

She struck him as a little girl worthy of adventures, and all the more so on account of her calm Dutch blue eyes, and her pronounced and charming lisp. It was possible that she could have climbed in the space between an empty trunk rack and the body—it was snug there, according to her own description—without the automobilists, who hadn't a whip-behind-eye out, ever having seen her.

"Then we must find your home, mustn't we? And, let me see—what is your name?" which Rodd believed was always the policeman's first question on such occasions.

At this she shook her head soberly, perfectly aware of the crisis in her affairs. With a deliberate gesture she pointed to the vacancy, where second teeth were barely showing, which made her consonants go wrong.

"Thu-Thur," she answered, at her arduous best.

"Thu-Thur!" It was as enlightening as Egyptian hieroglyphics and sounded like the name of an Egyptian princess. "Thu-Thur! Try again!" he begged.

"'Es," she responded philosophically, as if an encore were customary, and the performer would condescend to honor the audience just once more. She squinted and puckered her lips, and he felt her fingers growing rigid with stern purpose.

"Thu-Thur!" she repeated.

"Splendid! Most enlightening!" said Rodd.

But she saw that he was laughing at her.

"Toofs! Tan't!" she exclaimed, with finality. He should not have another number, no matter how much he applauded.

The next best step seemed to be to find out where she lived. She answered Long Island. What part? To the westward, he concluded, after further probing. And the name of the town?

"Thitich" was the nearest she could come to the original.

"Well, Princess Thu-Thur of Thitich, as a matter of geographic consistency, you surely ought to live in Connecticut."

"Thu-Thur, Thitich, Thetut," she repeated, in the inspiration of the discovery of a new dental obstacle. "Tell daddy; he laugh," she added.

"Possibly the family will move for the joy of hearing you say it," mused Rodd. Then he tried to learn if there were anything characteristic of her town.

"Very distinctive—a marked American community!" he thought when he had ascertained that it had a church, a school, a railroad station, and a Carnegie library.

After all, wasn't it the duty of helpless masculinity in such a predicament to consult the nearest feminine authority to where he had found her?

"I am sure there are nice people in that house yonder," he said. "It looks like a house where nice people live, doesn't it? I'll take you there, and then we will——"

He got no further, being interrupted by a

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trembling "No!" articulated with a sob. The monosyllable accused him of being the worst brute in the world, and the broken lisping gasp that followed, when translated into intelligible English, was a "And leave me lost and alone?" from the heart.

"Never!" he said, out of sympathy and out of fear of a storm. "And now"—he slipped his arm around her—"and now we must work this out together. What is *your* plan?"

From her change of expression he thought that it must be connected with a rainbow breaking out of a moist sky. She inclined her head, cast winning glances out of the corners of her eyes, and snuggled close to him.

"Please, birdman; please take me home in your flying machine," she whispered.

"What would your mother think of that?" he asked. To the average parent the plane must seem a dangerous vehicle, thanks to all the impatient amateurs who were dashed into fences or hung up on telegraph wires. But Thu-Thur was surprised at the aviator's caution.

"Mother thanks you. She will be dreadfully worried," she explained, grandly, with a delightful adult manner of reassurance. Still he hesitated. "Please!" She slipped her arms about his neck and imprinted a kiss on his chin in a way that indicated that this was a mighty favor to a stranger—and he was lost.

Somewhere a frightened household was waiting for its precious Thu-Thur. He knew that on this halycon day she was as safe with him in the *Falcon* as in a pony cart behind a venerable, pudgy Shetland, led by a stalwart groom. He would take her westward to Hempstead, and there begin inquiries anew.

"Then we fly; yes, we fly, Princess"—for some way he found himself bound to give her a royal title.

"Oo-ee!" said Thu-Thur, dancing and teetering. Then she gave him another kiss as payment in advance; and her next thought, in the midst of her glee, did credit to her affections.

"For mother," she explained, starting to gather up the fallen asters.

He assisted her. With her bouquet for "muddy" held tight, he fastened her in the seat with a strap around her waist, and, determined to be in fashion himself, tied a spray of golden rod to a brace.

"Now, you mustn't be afraid," he said, "when the motor begins to purr like a big cat."

"Not afraid," she answered, in a superior manner.

"I beg your pardon. Of course not," he apologized. He ought to have known that a princess who had set forth for the unknown on the tail of an automobile would fear nothing.

What care he took to avoid any shock in the start! Runners grazing the petals of the flowers, the *Falcon* swept upward as if on greased air.

"Oo-ee!" exclaimed Her Royal Highness over the wonder—the wonder which makes the motorist, who has been a worm crawling through the pile of the rug, find himself a butterfly skimming the variegated pattern.

They looked through the imaginary roofs of the open-air playhouses of a Saturday afternoon, which Rodd had come to see. The spectators on the village ball-ground in frantic demonstration over a two-bagger by a member of the home team, framed one picture; some elderly gentlemen at croquet framed another; a white figure on a tennis court in the next was seen a statue, with racket uplifted; a young man was walking along a path with his arm around a girl; and the figures of golfers dotted a broader landscape. It was a revelation which had set Thespian mobility into the noncommittal faces of taciturn men of affairs and limbered their tongues.

"Oo-ee! Oo-ee!" repeated Thu-Thur, and nothing more, as if flying were the most natural thing in the world to her. Her imagination had not been loaded with the lead of facts. It was not so long since her spirit had emerged from the sky world whither she was bound.

"Can't you go faster?" she asked critically; and before he could answer she leaned over at sight of an automobile passing at an angle to their course. "Little girl in bubble! Can't you pass her?"

"But it takes us off our route," he said. "However, it is only a matter of a minute or two," he added as he saw her disappointment, and wheeled in pursuit.

"Nearer!" Her Royal Highness desired and commanded. "Wan't to say Howdy-do!"

He dipped and slowed down as they overtook the car, and she waved her handker-

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chief and shouted "Howdy'do!" to that little girl, who was plainly beside herself with delight. My! but that was an aristocratic triumph of flight! Rodd was inclined to trace a sense of feminine snobbery in Thu-Thur's attitude.

"Let's go back and take the little girl for a fly," she said, disabusing him of his worldly suspicion.

"A beautiful idea, but I think we'd better not," he rejoined, setting the *Falcon's* course for Hempstead.

Thu-Thur's gaze roamed the earth and heavens questioningly. Aloft a train of fleecy cumuli were pacing across an otherwise unflecked sky.

"Can't go fast as the clouds?" she suggested.

"Oh, yes. If we were up there we would travel with the current that carries them," he explained. "You see, they aren't walking. They are riding." But that only excited her desire.

"Please try!" she begged, leaning over and touching his shoulder with her head. "Please try!"

Rodd recollected that the Mad Hatter once made a remark to the March Hare that it was time to be serious.

"See here, young woman," he admonished her, "your mother may be crying. Think of that! And your father may be running about the fields, oh, so frightened, as he hunts for you."

She looked miserable as he painted the picture, but shook her head decidedly.

"M-m—no!" she answered.

"But what the—" he began.

The lisp was particularly trying; but so far as he could make out, only the nurse was at home, and her mother was away and would not return until the six o'clock train.

"But nurse will worry. She will alarm the whole neighborhood, and she will cry, too," Rodd objected.

"M-m—no," said Thu-Thur. "Nurse leave me alone and went walking with her steady company." This partly explained, Rodd concluded, why Her Royal Highness had been able to climb on the automobile unobserved. "Bad, cruel nurse! She spanks me! No love her!" she continued, looking at Rodd with an expression to melt a stone.

"Yes, very bad," he assented.

"Please try to catch the clouds. Plenty of time!" She cuddled ingratiatingly as she made the request.

Not a ripple moved the tree-tops. The ocean lay as still as the shallows of Great South Bay.

"You can't!"

She set his professional reputation at stake with a glance. She was arch and entreating. She was such a little girl as you want never to grow up. If six, you would have her remain six forever, lest seven alloy the charm. Who could refuse an invitation to fly anywhere with her?

"Princess, your slave obeys," said the foremost aviator of the day.

"Oo-ee!" said the Princess graciously to the slave.

What a picture they made! The knowing wrinkles around his twinkling eyes, each with a tale of far-flown distances to tell, wove themselves into a smile as young as hers. Tracing a loop of gradual ascent, the *Falcon* broke the calm with a wake of swirling air. Underneath the scene spread, and Long Island, which held so many little pictures, became a tongue of green between waters that melted into haze. Thu-Thur, who took security for granted, was not the least dizzy as she looked down, but mostly she looked ahead.

"There's our door," Rodd said, and, with a patch of blue as his goal, he sent the *Falcon* through a break like that between two railroad coaches in the sprawling, racing cumuli into a space that was all blue. They flew over the train of sunlit mist and, rounding its head, the earth, which it had hidden, reappeared.

"You see we did beat the clouds," he said, with juvenile pride—yes, almost boastfully.

But she seemed disappointed, even disillusioned; and he ceased to think so well of himself.

"Beautiful!" she said, to please him. "M-m—but she wasn't there!"

"Wasn't there? Who wasn't there?" he inquired.

"Old Lady Riding a Broomstick," she told him, revealing the secret of her desire.

"No. I'll tell you something strictly confidential," he said. "The old lady only comes out at night from a cave in the moon, where she lives."

"You can't go to the moon?" inquired the irrepressible Thu-Thur.

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No, he had to admit that he could not. She shook her head solemnly. She would never find out whether the moon was really made of green cheese or not. He liked her all the better for her belief in the good old stories. He also believed in them that afternoon; and who had a better right of faith in fairies than Danbury Rodd? They taught him his limitations as an aviator, for which he was contrite. He did wish to go to the moon, and he knew he would never feel himself an egoist again.

Thu-Thur's fancy, swifter than the *Falcon*, was already looking for new experiences. A flock of wild geese were passing a few hundred feet below, their wings beating the faithful, enduring stride of the feet of veteran infantry in a long march.

"Chase the birds!" she said.

He had played among smiling, rolling, gleaming clouds, and fought angry, roaring, treacherous clouds, but here was an idea which had never occurred to him when he was flying for the pure joy of flight.

"Do you know why they keep together in a wedge?" he said. "Because this is not a holiday for them. It's business. The leaders blaze a path, they make a sort of draught, like when you open the door, in the air. All that we learn from the birds."

"Oo-ee!" said Thu-Thur, with a flattering smile either understanding or pretending to understand.

He had dropped to the level of the goose flotilla's direct trail and, increasing his speed, drew nearer and nearer. Their squawking protest at this mighty pursuer with strangely fashioned, motionless wings could be heard even above the motor. Suddenly they right-wheeled, but even in their fright keeping their formation with heroic fellowship. He stopped the motor, and the full volume of their cries came piercingly to the ears in that feathery solitude.

"Don't—don't hurt the birds! Poor birds!" said the Princess. "Poor tired birds!"

"You dear!" said Rodd, who hated the idea of injuring anything that flew, even a sparrow. "If you had been a boy you would have wanted to run them down, when it is clear that the right of way up here is theirs, isn't it?"

After that, what wouldn't he do for her? Buoyantly on a rising wave of an air-current they soared for a time. In the distance, its towers shining in the haze of its heated breath, lay the great city, a prison with gates opening outward to the country and under their feet the ticket-of-leave prisoners looking like shoe-buttons, as Thu-Thur said, bathing and delving in the sand of the beaches.

"Now for home!" said Rodd.

Her face turned grave at the suggestion, grave as the faces of the people at play would become if the sky should snow telegrams of bad news to every one.

"Home!" breathed Thu-Thur dismally.

Evidently she was miserable with the weight of a mighty secret. She had told him only half of her story. Now she knew him well enough to make him her confidant in all.

"No home! No daddy any more. No mother any more. Poor Thu-Thur!"

"Why, how is that?" he asked, thunderstruck.

The series of childish, nasal indrawings of breath went straight to his heart.

"Daddy and another lady—bad, bad lady!" she said. "Mother cry and go to grandmother. Daddy go to Europe on steamer with the bad lady. Poor mother! Poor Thu-Thur!"

How could any father desert such a child as this? Rodd was on fire with indignation.

"I'd like to tell daddy how I love him, then he'd come back and mother come back. Thu-Thur kiss them both. Happy Thu-Thur!"

They still coasted gently. He slipped a free hand around her in a mute effort to assist her in her battle against tears.

"What steamer did he go on?" he inquired.

"'Tania!" she answered. "That 'Tania? she suggested, pointing out to sea to an ocean liner.

"Yes, it's one of them—the one that sailed this afternoon, no doubt."

"Please catch steamer—catch daddy!" she implored, brightening instantly.

If her father were really aboard, what a retribution for him when Thu-Thur appeared!

"Yes, we'll catch her," said Rodd.

"Oo-ee!" said Thu-Thur, all smiles again. In her quick changes of emotion she reminded him of the gray squirrels in

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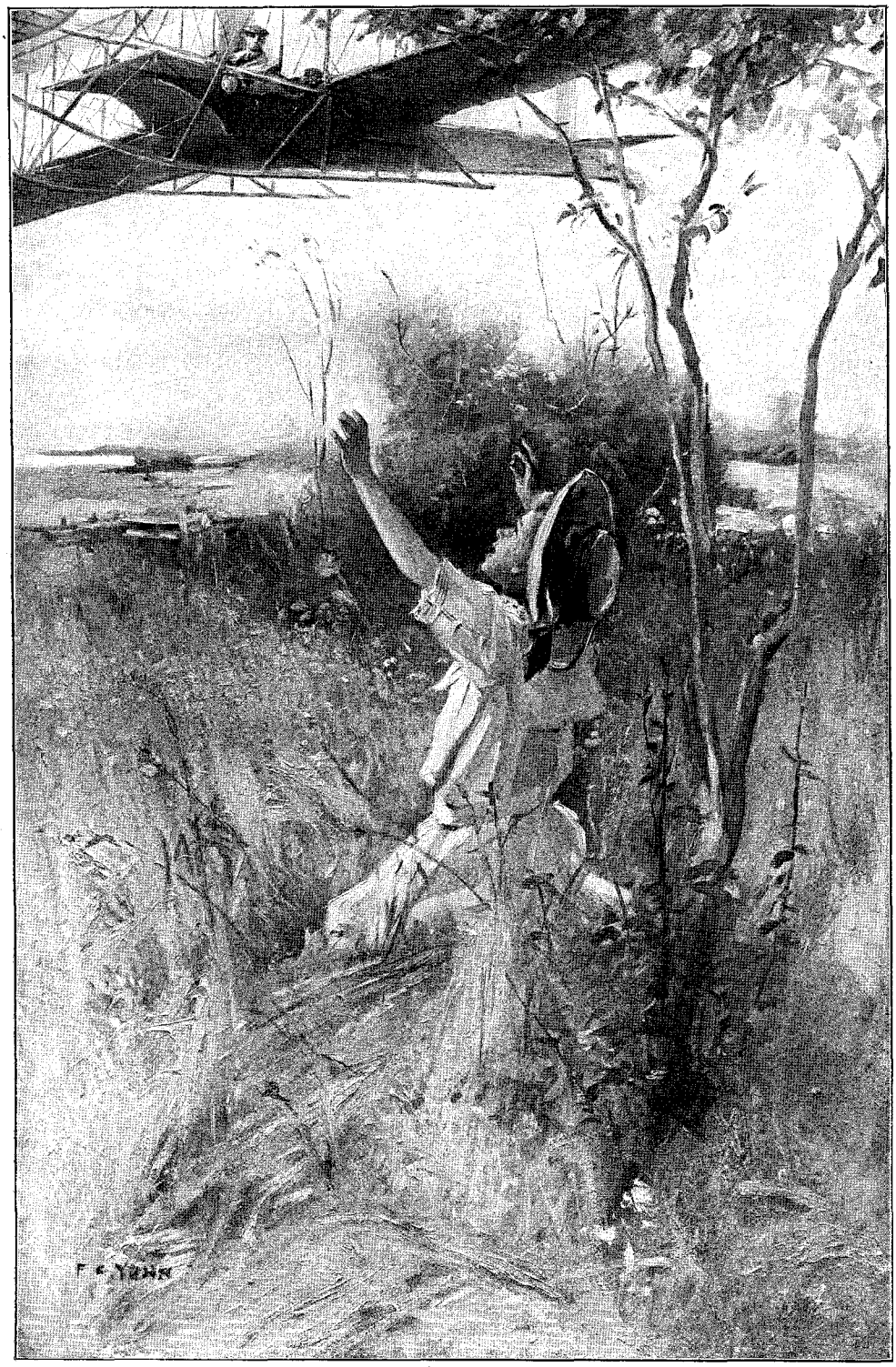

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

It was like a signal for help.—Page 352.

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Central Park, which put a paw over a palpitating heart one second and the next gleefully nibble a nut.

It was easy work for the *Falcon*—a long, swift, gradual descent toward the steamer, which had shaken off the pilot and, harbor free, in the deep, broad lane had started it full speed on her long journey. Her passengers, baggage in place, were out of their cabins taking the first hearty breaths of salt. Their faces blossomed above the rail when they saw an aeroplane's flight, setting the ship for the target. As Rodd ran alongside even with the promenade deck, they broke into a cheer. Was it for the aviator, whose clean-cut face they recognized, or for the winsome little girl beside him, or both? He touched his cap and she waved the bunch of asters which she still held fast.

"Is Mr. Thu-Thur aboard?" Rodd called.

"You mean Thorp? Got a telegram?" sang out a nervous man.

"No, the little girl's father," said Rodd. "Thu-Thur. It's a password he can't fail to recognize, if he is!"

"M-m—no see him!" said Thu-Thur matter-of-factly, as she strained her eyes.

"Send the stewards through the steamer saying Thu-Thur; message for her daddy from Miss Thu-Thur—and lisp it like that—Thu-Thur!"

"Say, this beats me! What's it all about, Mr. Rodd? Aeroplane searching a ship?" called a young man, who scented a story, which made the rampant curiosity of the passengers which had no way of expressing itself glad that a reporter was aboard.

"Beats me, too," answered Rodd, and wheeled the *Falcon* out of earshot, while he waited for the result of the investigation.

"Oo-ee!" half giggled Thu-Thur. Her face was close to her bouquet, mischief dancing out of her eyes in a way that seemed to Rodd out of keeping with the seriousness of the situation.

"Too bad! I'm afraid he is on another ship," said Rodd.

"Too bad!" said Thu-Thur, but not as if it were really so, at all. Rodd had to smile to himself at the thought of the stewards knocking at cabin doors and lisping through the many passages of the liner.

"Nobody responds!" called an officer through a megaphone.

"That settles it," said Rodd, waving his cap in thanks. Thu-Thur waved her asters gayly.

"Oo-ee!" she whispered.

"But—" for he had expected her to break into tears.

"Oo-ee! Look!" She pointed at a gull which dove for a morsel of food in the boiling wake of the screw. "You can't pick up crumbs like the bird can!"

Something very like suspicion was gathering in Rodd's mind.

"No, I cannot, and I'll not try," he answered. "Your Highness, the Prime Minister is about to take a firm stand. It's home now! Not even if you should cry I will not try"—with a show of resolution to resist the spell of temptation she could weave about him.

She regarded him studiously and saw this time that there was no daring him out of his course.

"No cry, no cry!" she answered, as if the very suggestion that she should cry were ridiculous.

"And we are going straight to Hempstead, and there we are going to ask about Thitich."

"Siswich!" Thu-Thur demurely corrected him and, to his amazement, with almost no lisp at all. His scepticism grew.

He knew the location of Siswich well. It was in line with his course to Hempstead, only a few minutes away over brown meadows and red and gold groves. In the afternoon sun the still windmills looked like the petals of big sunflowers, shot with the arrows of their guides. Thu-Thur, oblivious of the landscape, studied her bouquet, with nothing to say except a single "My!" in a long sigh.

"Now, can you tell me where is your house?" Rodd asked, as he slackened pace, with the highest church steeple of Siswich only a few hundred yards away.

"There!" she said, indicating a solitary oak among a younger generation of trees.

As they rounded it in their descent, a man and a woman on a veranda flashed in view. The woman was in a wicker chair, and the man was standing beside her, shaking something in a silver receptacle. It was anything but a scene of connubial infelicity. At sight of an aeroplane alighting on their lawn they started; and when they saw who the passenger was they ran down the steps in panic, the woman leading.

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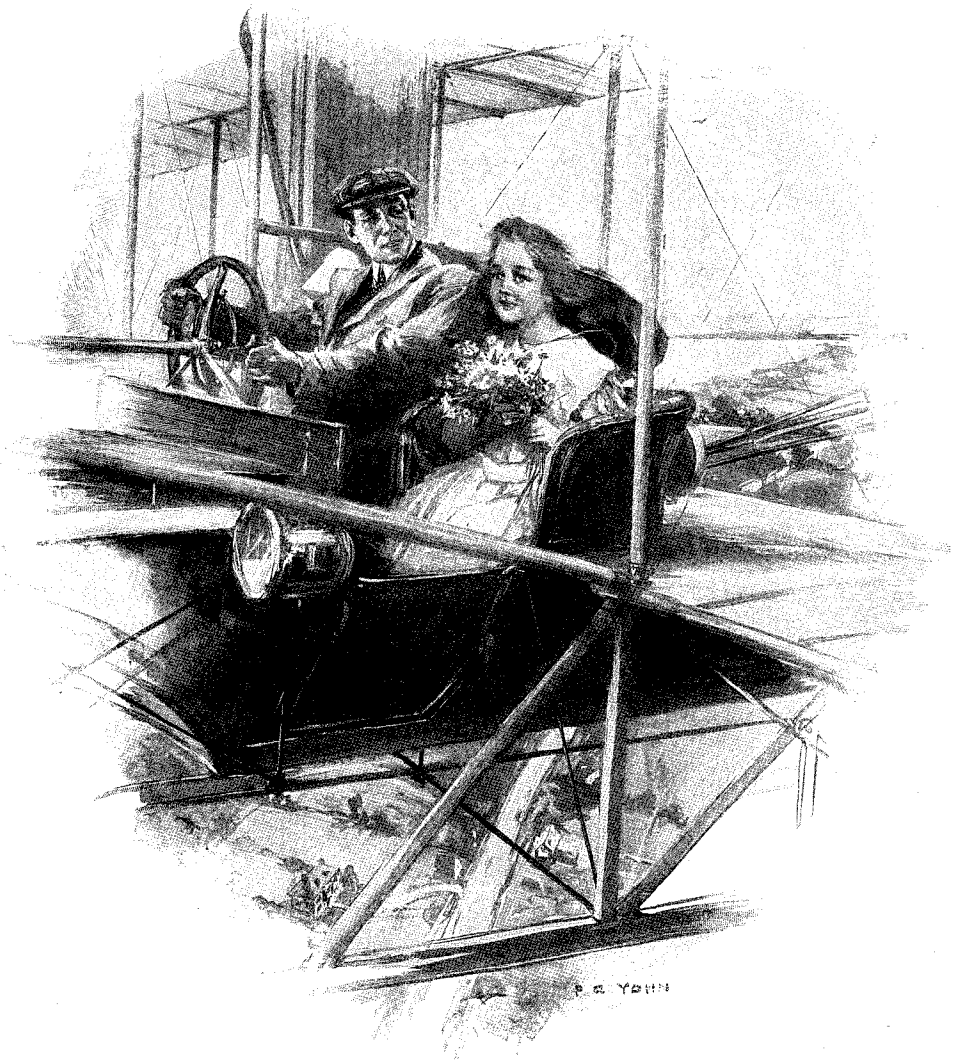

"Not even if you should cry I will not try."—Page 358.

"Susan Thurston! Susan Thurston! Where on earth—what on earth—Susan Thurston!" exclaimed Thu-Thur's mother, her voice running through the scale of incomprehension, fright, vexation, and relief.

"I've been flying!" said the Princess softly; and after the straps were unfastened and she stepped to the ground, she held out the bunch of asters to avert the parental wrath.

"Beautiful flowers!" she lisped, at her cunningest. "Thu-Thur pick all for you, mother. Hold 'em tight all time I fly—up in clouds, big steamer, birds, and Old Lady Riding a Broomstick."

"Yes, it was all so perfectly reasonable, easy and safe," put in Rodd, almost plaintively, feeling the guilt and satisfaction of a boy who had been robbing a peach orchard, and determined to stand by his fellow culprit.

"Of course it was safe if she was with you, Mr. Rodd," said Mr. Thurston, "but what I want to know, Susie, is how your Aunt Susan came to let you go."

"No ask her," said Thu-Thur, now in her mother's arms.

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"Then that house with the gable in the park—was that her Aunt Susan's?" asked Rodd, enlightened.

"Yes, and I wanted to fly!" put in Thu-Thur logically.

"Aunt Susan is her godmother, and we let her go for a little visit," Mrs. Thurston explained.

"Lonesome," said Thu-Thur. "Love mother best."

"But Aunt Susan will be beside herself!" Mrs. Thurston was sufficiently over her excitement to see beyond the head nestling against her shoulder.

"Birdman and I fly back and tell Tant-Thu—oh, th-th-so twick!" urged Thu-Thur, at the prospect of another flight.

"No, young woman. You have flown enough for one day. We will telephone," said her father, going into the house.

When he came out he had added enough ingredients for three to the contents of the silver receptacle. There was nothing to do but Rodd should stay to dinner, as a fitting close to that memorable half-holiday. On his intimation that it would please him, Thu-Thur was allowed to sit up for a while.

"Her imagination quite terrifies us," said Mrs. Thurston, as Rodd was telling the story of the afternoon, "and as for her lisp, though she has grown out of it, she still seems to find it useful at times."

"And the scandalous cause of our visit to the steamer?" Rodd was bold enough to inquire.

"Oh, I can explain that!" said Mr. Thurston. "The other evening we were to see one of those triangle plays, where the child unites the stricken mother and erring father, and I suppose Susie heard us talking about it."

They laughed, while Thu-Thur soberly bent over her porridge. As she went upstairs to bed, she said sleepily to Rodd from the banisters:

"My! 'Twas grand, birdman!"—precious compliment from Her Highness, and her first confession that anything wonderful had happened.

"Oh, the eternal feminine!—from Helen of Troy to date!" mused Rodd, flying homeward.

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HYMN FOR THE VIGIL-AT-ARMS

By Benjamin R. C. Low

O THOU that in the deepness of the night
Beholdest me;—
Captain of Kings, invisible and dight
With mystery:
Thou that art death, and ridest on a sword;
Thou that art love, upon a cross adored;
Thou that art life, and life eternal, Lord,
I kneel to thee.

I am as yonder taper on thy shrine,—
Late-lit and tall;
My spirit bows with every breath that thine
Here letteth fall:—
The flick'ring world is witched and turned and trolled;
And oh, my heart is wax, that once was bold;
I perish straightway save that thou uphold;—
Thou that art all.

It was but lately that a child I came
First upon life;—
Loving spring flowers, gentle, without blame,
Knowing not strife:
The world was old ere battles bloomed for me;
Boyhood was dreams and swooning minstrelsy;
I wandered all alone and wandered free
Where dreams are rife.

But all at once, the silver-crested surge
Ceased to be cloud,
And thundered over me: I felt the scourge
And sting, and bowed
Under the brine, until, half-dead, I lay
Forespent upon the sand; and from that day,
Triumphant-tongued, the fury of the fray
Calls me aloud.

Let priestly pardoners still shrive the world,
White and aloof;
Mine be the battle flame, the fear unfurled,—
The flaming hoof;
Let me be mingled with a maze of blows;
Hard pressed to live, heart mad, beset with foes,
Or, lance in rest, ride down the lists' enclose
To peril's proof.

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I would drink deeply, Lord, past joy and pain,
Down to the lees;
I would live life to every utmost vein;
Like sap in trees
Let me know root and branch; let this be mine,
To drain the world's whole heritage of wine;—
Co-parcener of pain with thee and thine. . . .
I ask not ease.

Yet . . . round my battered helm may dreams be born,
And raptures spring,
As I have seen fair clouds a craggy horn
Engarlanding;
Let dreams be wings and waft me from the ground;—
With sprigs of Arcady my brow be crowned,
And where I lie, all battle-stained, be found
The fairy ring.

Let me look back on boyhood and be fain
Of childish cheer;
Make after fight, like robins after rain,
Glad thoughts appear:
Remind me of the sweetness of the May;
Pink apple-blooms with starlight on their spray;—
Exotic odors out of yesterday,—
Let such be near.

Let such be near, through all the storm and fret,—
Near in the fight;
The bitter wrong, the sorrow, the regret,
Let these make right:
For I no longer, Lord, take bribes of joy,
Nor follow rainbows as did once a boy;—
Give me my dreams, and let the years destroy
Other delight.

Give me the steps that unto Heaven's blue
Steeply aspire;
Lift me with song, and all my thoughts imbue
With spirit fire:—
Mine be the mould and measure of a man;
Let me be strong, O Lord, to build thy plan,
But lest I fail . . . let me be greater than
My heart's desire.

Like one that dwelling inland comes at last
Upon the sea;—
Breathing strange breaths, and but a pebble-cast
From mystery;

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So I upon a headland here do stand
Fronting the whole of life, my forehead fanned
With strong sea-wind, and out, far out, from land
The future see.

Lord, is it cloud, or is it castle, there
Beyond the brim?
What heavenly towers, Lord, are those, so fair,
So great and grim?—
Are those the gates that glitter, as with gold;
In mother-of-pearl are those the bastions bold;
And is it war, and do the warriors hold
The ocean's rim?

Nay, for the long horizon fills with rain,—
Soft shadows creep,
And blind oblivion falls upon the main,
As of a sleep:
I drink old voices, drear and out of kin;
Half-utter'd wails of prophecy begin;—
I hear of heroes dying, in the din
Where dies the deep.

I am afraid, Lord; is it thither thou
Wouldst have me go?
I am afraid, and would wend backward now
Where violets grow:
My heart is fickle for the fields, I yearn
Once more at eve to see my windows burn;—
Once more, ah, let me, down old paths to turn,—
I love them so!

Nay!—'tis the morrow, yonder leaded panes
No more are dim
With dark-browed infidels, but are the fanes
Of seraphim;
And holy saints and warriors are dight
With jewelled colors flaming in their flight,
And out of Heaven, wrapped in lovely light,
The rafters swim.

It is the morrow, Lord, the sweet airs blow
Up the long nave,
And plight the day's full troth, yet . . . ere I go,
One thing I crave:—
Thou that art death, and ridest on a sword;
Thou that art love, upon a cross adored;
Thou that art life, and life eternal, Lord . . .
Let me be brave!

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THE GREAT RAILWAY RATE BATTLE IN THE WEST

By Samuel O. Dunn

UNTIL 1906 the main object of Federal regulation of railways was the extirpation of secret discrimination. The enforcement of the Elkins law and the passage of the Hepburn act in 1906 killed railway rebating. It seems improbable that it will ever be revived. Two other problems of railway regulation of importance equal to the suppression of rebating, and of greater complexity, have now pressed to the front.

One is the problem of establishing fair and satisfactory relations between the freight rates of rival producing and distributing communities. While the Interstate Commerce law now prohibits every form of secret discrimination, it prohibits only public discrimination which gives an "undue or unreasonable preference or advantage" to a person or a community. The long and short haul clause even permits a higher rate to be charged for a shorter than for a longer haul when the "circumstances and conditions" of the hauls are "substantially dissimilar." Now, there are all degrees of dissimilarity between the "circumstances and conditions" of transportation. When is reached the "substantial dissimilarity" which the law-makers had in mind? There are various forms and degrees of discrimination between localities. When, exactly, do they become "undue and unreasonable"? Conditions in the United States make these queries very hard to answer.

The second important question arises from the Hepburn act empowering the Commission to reduce rates that are excessive. It is exceedingly difficult to say when a rate is excessive. Does it become so when it brings in more than the current rate of interest to the railway? Or when it brings in more than the ordinary commercial profit? Or does it become excessive only when it puts an unreasonable burden on the shipper?

These two great problems are met in their most complicated and refractory form in the territory west of the Missouri River; and differences over them there between the shippers and the railways have led to the greatest battle over freight rates ever fought in the United States. This struggle involves all the freight rates from all points on and east of a line drawn from the Canadian boundary through St. Paul, Minn., and Kansas City, Mo., down to the Gulf of Mexico, to practically all points west of that line. It involves all freight rates from all points on the Pacific Coast into a territory extending eastward from the coast about eight hundred miles. Its result will settle whether or not the earnings of the roads concerned shall be reduced many millions of dollars annually. It will settle how the manufacturers and jobbers of the East, of the Middle West, of the Western intermountain country, and of the Pacific Coast shall divide the making and selling of the finished products consumed in all of the territory west of St. Paul, Minn., and the Missouri River, with its fast-growing wealth and population. The struggle is now going on before the Interstate Commerce Commission. But the interests of the combatants are so diverse and incompatible and the principles of rate-making that they seek to have applied so irreconcilable, that the sequel is pretty sure to be litigation in which the Federal Supreme Court will be asked to rule with finality on the question which is really the fundamental issue involved, viz., whether, in fixing the "reasonable" rates which the law requires, the railways and the Commission shall use as the main touchstone of reasonableness the *cost* incurred by the railway in rendering the transportation service, or the *value* of that service to those to whom it is rendered.

The complaining shippers ask the Commission to make general reductions in rates. The railways contend that under the Hepburn act it can only change specific rates which have been specifically shown to be

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unduly discriminatory or excessive. If the Commission tries to make general reductions, the roads undoubtedly will challenge its powers in the Federal courts. The result of the contest is likely to influence greatly the future of government regulation of railways, and perhaps even the future of American railway transportation.

The adjustment of freight rates in the West has long been the object of attack. The main reason is that it ignores distance to a greater extent and with more seeming arbitrariness than any other scheme of rates in the world. It has not been created, as is sometimes assumed, by caprice or malice. It has slowly evolved in an environment of unusual industrial, commercial, and transportation conditions. We shall understand it better after a glance at its history. The historical method of investigation often explains what it cannot justify. Sometimes it explains and justifies what at first seemed neither explicable nor justifiable.

Formerly the only practicable means of transportation from the eastern part of the United States to the extreme western part was by water around Cape Horn. In 1854 the Panama Railroad was built. After that goods were carried by water from New York to Colon; by rail from Colon to Panama; and by water from Panama to San Francisco. The first transcontinental railway was finished in 1869 by the completion at Ogden, Utah, of the Central Pacific from the west and the Union Pacific from the east. In that primitive period of railway history the traffic manager knew only one principle of rate-making. He "charged what the traffic would bear." He did not mean by this that he charged all that the existing traffic would bear. That would prevent the development of more traffic; and to develop more was his main object. He meant that he charged all he could without hampering the movement or growth of traffic. The situation of the first transcontinental road, running through an undeveloped country, much of which was inhabited only by wild animals and wilder men, was such that it had to apply this principle rigorously. To get any of the traffic from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast it had to make rates which would be as attractive to the shipper as the low rates made by water. It did not have to make rates as low in proportion on traffic from the Pacific Coast into the interior; it had a monopoly of that business. It therefore made its rates from the Coast to the interior relatively high. Nor did it have to make low rates to get traffic moving from the east to the western interior. If goods for the interior came by water the shipper had to pay the ocean rate, plus the rate of the railway back from the Coast. To all points within four hundred or five hundred miles of the Coast the railway made rates that were equivalent. When its trains on their way from the East dropped goods off at these points, it charged as much as if it had hauled them to the Coast and back. If its rate from New York to San Francisco was $1.00, and its rate from San Francisco to Reno, Nev., 50 cents, its rate from New York to Reno, Nev., was $1.50. The places to which rates were based on the rates to coast terminals were called "intermediate" points.

When the Northern Pacific built to Tacoma, Wash., the Great Northern to Seattle, Wash., the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé to Los Angeles, Cal., they one after the other adopted this same method of rate-making, and it is still followed.

Originally the railway rates to the Pacific Coast from Eastern cities not on the Atlantic Ocean were more than from New York City and other Atlantic ports. But the steamship lines began "absorbing" the railway rates from cities such as Pittsburg and Buffalo, to the Atlantic, thus making the rate by rail-and-water from these places the same as by water from New York. The railways met this competition by also making their rates from places four hundred or five hundred miles west of the Atlantic Ocean the same as from the Atlantic seaboard. The manufacturers and merchants at cities in the Middle West demanded the same rates to the Pacific Coast as were given Pittsburg, Buffalo, etc., and the Atlantic seaboard. It was to the interest of the roads extending from the Middle West to grant their demands. When a manufacturer or jobber in Pittsburg shipped goods all-rail to the Pacific Coast, the roads west of Chicago got only part of the rate. When a competing manufacturer or jobber in Chicago shipped them, the roads west of Chicago got all of the rate. Consequently, in 1894 the rates to the Pacific Coast were

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"blanketed"—that is, made the same—from all points in the United States east of the Missouri River.

Corresponding changes seldom have been made in the rates from the East or the Middle West to points in the Western interior. The rates to these places are not directly affected by water competition, and therefore on traffic moving to them the Eastern lines commonly exact their usual local rates to the end of their rails; and the Western roads commonly exact their usual rates from there on. The distance * to Seattle, Wash., from St. Paul, Minn., is 1,900 miles; from Chicago, 2,300 miles, and from New York, 3,200 miles. But the first-class rate to Seattle, whether from St. Paul, Chicago, or New York, is $3.00 per 100 pounds. The distance to Spokane, Wash., from St. Paul is 1,500 miles; from Chicago, 1,900 miles; and from New York, 2,800 miles; but the first-class rate from St. Paul to Spokane is $3.00; from Chicago, $3.60; and from New York, $4.35.

Nor do the class rates fully disclose the state of affairs. The great bulk of the traffic from the East to the extreme West is handled on "commodity" rates, which are special low rates on specific commodities. Many more of these rates are made to the Coast than to the interior. This greatly increases the disproportion. Take, for example, a rather extreme instance, the item of "tin boxes and lard pails, nested." When these articles are shipped in car-load quantities to Spokane the fourth-class rate is applied, which is $1.90 from St. Paul; $2.10 from Chicago; and $2.45 from New York. But from throughout the East to Seattle a uniform car-load commodity rate of 85 cents is made. Even cities east of the "intermediate points" and whose rates are not based on the Coast terminals, in many instances have to pay higher charges than cities on the Coast. These differences are due to the policy of the roads in exacting their usual local rates on goods shipped to the Western interior. Salt Lake City is 1,000 miles west of Omaha and 800 miles east of San Francisco. The first-class through rate from throughout the East to San Francisco is $3.00. The shipper at Salt Lake has to pay only $2.05 from Omaha. But if he buys goods in Chicago he must pay the sum of the local rates, which is $2.85; and if he buys them in New York he must pay $3.52. The "blanket" commodity rate from the East to San Francisco on structural iron is 80 cents. But when the shipper at Salt Lake City buys structural iron in Pittsburg, he has to pay 22½ cents from Pittsburg to the Mississippi River, plus 22 cents from the Mississippi River to the Missouri River, plus 65 cents from the Missouri River to Salt Lake City, a total of $1.10, or 30 cents more than the through rate to San Francisco. In many instances the rate from the East is higher even to Denver, Colo., than to San Francisco, although Denver is 1,400 miles farther east.

The earlier attacks on this scheme of rates were based on the ground that it violated the long-and-short-haul section of the Interstate Commerce law. But the Supreme Court of the United States held that water competition created "substantially dissimilar circumstances and conditions" that justified the making of lower rates where it was encountered. When the Interstate Commerce Commission was given express power to fix reasonable rates, the people of Spokane, Wash., renewed the contest. They filed the first complaint under the Hepburn act. They again alleged that the rates were unduly discriminatory because higher to Spokane than to points on the Pacific Coast. But this time they also set up that the rates to Spokane were excessive because they yielded to the railways larger profits than common carriers are entitled to earn. The Commission took a great deal of evidence on each point. In its decision, which was rendered in February, 1909, it ruled against Spokane on the first point. It said:

"It cannot be denied, in view of the uncontroverted facts, that water competition does exist, and that it does produce a controlling effect upon rates to the Pacific Coast from many Eastern destinations. It is beyond doubt that this competition absolutely limits those rates from New York and points within a few hundred miles of New York to Pacific Coast terminals."

But it ruled in favor of Spokane on the second point. It expressly held that the net earnings of the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern were excessive, and ordered them to reduce their class rates from Chicago and St. Paul to Spokane 16⅔

* The distances given are only approximate.

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per cent., or to the same level as their present rates to Seattle, and to make corresponding reductions in commodity rates. It said that owing to water competition the carriers do not violate the law by maintaining higher rates to Spokane; and that it required them to apply their existing rates to Seattle as their rates to Spokane merely because these would be reasonable rates to Spokane, "irrespective of Seattle."

The ruling that the rates to Spokane are excessive, because the net earnings of the railways have been unjustifiably large, is of the greatest interest and significance. It is without precedent in the decisions of any Federal tribunal. I shall revert later to the very important question that it raises. I am concerned at present with the effect of the decision on the *adjustment* of rates.

Other transcontinental roads, such as the Union Pacific, the Southern Pacific, and the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé, have been earning profits comparable to those of the northern lines. Their rates to other interior communities are as high in proportion as those to Spokane. It followed that if the rates to Spokane ought to be reduced, so ought those to the rest of the interior. Other communities were not slow to see the point. Petitions for reductions were poured upon the Commission by communities from the Canadian to the Mexican border, including Walla Walla, Wash.; Le Grande and Pendleton, Ore.; Lewiston, Idaho; Reno, Nev.; Salt Lake City and Ogden, Utah; Phœnix, Ariz.; and Las Vegas and Albuquerque, N. Mex. The northern lines suggested a plan of readjustment. This was to reduce class rates both from Chicago, St. Paul, and cities on the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, and from the Pacific Coast, to intermediate communities by 16⅔ per cent., and to make commodity rates from the Middle West to intermediate points 75 per cent. of the rates to the Coast, plus the local rates back. On articles produced mainly in the East the rates from the Atlantic seaboard would be the same as from Chicago. On articles produced both in the Middle West and in the East, the rates from the Atlantic seaboard to an intermediate point would be the local rail rate from the Atlantic seaboard to Chicago, plus the rate from Chicago to the intermediate community. The object of thus making the rates from the East higher in some cases than from the Middle West was to "give the Western lines an advantage by originating the traffic nearer their terminals."

This plan called forth general protests. The jobbers on the Pacific Coast objected that it would place them at a disadvantage in competing against the jobbers in the Middle West for business in intermediate communities. The present first-class rate from St. Paul to Spokane is $3.00. A 16⅔ per cent. reduction of this would be 50 cents. The first-class rate from Seattle to Spokane is $1.35. A 16⅔ per cent. reduction of this would be only 22½ cents. The absolute reduction from the Coast would be 27½ cents less than that from the Middle West. The jobbers at Seattle and Tacoma, Wash.; Portland, Ore., and San Francisco and Los Angeles, Cal., therefore filed complaints with the Commission protesting against the proposed readjustment, and alleging that the present rates from the Coast eastward are excessive both because they are higher in proportion to distance than those from the Middle West and because they yield to the railways exorbitant profits. The people of Spokane protested because although in all cases their rates from the Middle West would be lower, in some cases their rates from the Atlantic seaboard, where they buy only 10 per cent. of their goods, would be made higher than now.

The manufacturers and jobbers at Chicago, St. Louis, and other Middle Western cities intervened to prevent the *percentage* of reduction from the Coast being made greater than from the Middle West. And, finally, the manufacturers and jobbers of New York City and other places in the East intervened to argue that in no case should the rates from the Atlantic seaboard to the West be made any higher compared with those from the Middle West than they are now!

The Commission decided that it was not worth while to make two bites of a cherry, even such an extraordinarily big one. It reopened the Spokane case, and announced it would give a series of hearings at which it would investigate the entire Western rate situation; and hearings were held during the fall of 1909 at Salt Lake City, Spokane, Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, and several other places. Never were the rates of any section sifted by a

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public body with such thoroughness, or attacked and defended with such skill, energy, and resources.

In this, as in all other struggles over railway rates, the interest of the public as a whole is what ought to be considered by the Commissions and courts that are the immediate arbiters of such struggles, and by public opinion, which is the ultimate arbiter. And the main interest of the public is not that this or that contestant shall prevail, but that from the facts found correct principles shall be induced which shall be applied to the beneficent solution of this and other problems involving the just relations between the rates of rival producing and distributing communities, and the respective rights of the carrier and the shipper.

It is plain what principles the complaining communities seek to have applied. They argue, in substance, that rates should be based on what it costs the railways to render the service of transportation. As distance is an inexact, but approximate, measure of cost of service, they ask that rates shall be made roughly in proportion to distance. The railways contend, on the other hand, that rates should generally be based, not on what it costs the railway to render the service of transportation, but on the value of its services to those to whom they are rendered.

The shippers' argument, as applied to the rates on a specific commodity, is as follows: The rate on green coffee, in carloads, from New York to San Francisco, 3,200 miles, is 75 cents, or 4.7 mills per ton per mile. Now, of course, the railways make this rate to meet water competition. But it is not to be assumed that they voluntarily fix a rate that does not cover the cost of the service, including operating expenses and overhead charges. But their rate on green coffee, in car-loads, from New York to Denver, 1,900 miles, is 93 cents, or 9.4 mills per ton per mile. It must follow that they make a very excessive profit out of this rate, and that it ought to be reduced to substantially the same basis per ton per mile as that to San Francisco.

The railway traffic managers reply that this reasoning is fallacious. The initial fallacy is in the assumption that the railway will not voluntarily make any rates which will not cover all operating expenses and overhead charges. They make rates every day that do not cover all these things. The production of transportation, like the manufacture of several articles in the same factory, is an example of joint cost. The meat packer pays, perhaps, $7.00 per 100 pounds for a steer. He makes a number of things from the carcass—steaks, roasts, etc.—and finally, from the residue, fertilizer. He does not sell 100 pounds of each for the average cost per 100 pounds of the steer, plus proportionate parts of the expense of operating his factory and of his overhead charges. He sells porterhouse steaks for a great deal more than this. He sells fertilizer for very much less. The manufacture of fertilizer adds something to the expenses of running his plant. If he gets for it something more than this *added* expense, he can say truly that he has derived a profit from it, although he may not receive for it one-tenth as much per 100 pounds as he paid for the steer. He does not try to base his prices on his average cost, because if he did the prices of his higher-class products would not equal, and his prices for his lower grades of products would exceed, their value to his patrons, and his profits would be reduced both because he accepted less for porterhouse steaks than they were worth, and because he tried to get more for fertilizer than any one would pay. His sale of fertilizer for less than his average cost does not hurt those who pay him more than his average cost for other things; in fact, whatever he gains from making and selling it, tends to enable him to sell other things for less than he otherwise would have to charge.

Now, the railway manager is in a situation precisely analogous to the packer. The transcontinental railways haul goods to and from the Western interior. They haul vast quantities of fruit, vegetables, lumber, etc., from the Pacific Coast to the East. It does not make much difference in their total operating expenses whether they pull their cars to the Coast empty or loaded. If they can load their cars to the Coast with traffic that pays only a little more than the additional expense incurred by taking it, their net gains will be increased by that much. Now, the rates that they can get to the Coast are strictly limited by the rates by water. If they are made much higher than the rates by water the Coast shipper will bring his goods in by

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boat, because the rail charge will exceed the *value* to him of the rail service as compared with the water service. These low rates to the Coast, therefore, cannot, it is contended, be taken as the criterion of the reasonableness of rates to the interior where water competition is not met, any more fairly than the price at which the packer sells fertilizer can be taken as the criterion of the reasonableness of the price at which he sells porterhouse steaks. If these rates were made the measure of the reasonableness of the rates to the interior, the railways would have to forego the Coast traffic and get all their revenue elsewhere, which would make it necessary to charge higher rates elsewhere.

Many shippers concede that the railways should not be required to make rates to the interior as low in proportion to distance as to the Coast, but contend that at least the rates to the interior should not be higher absolutely than to the Coast. Theoretically, the rates might be made the same either by raising those to the Coast or by reducing those to the interior. But, as a matter of fact, the charges to the Coast cannot be raised without the sacrifice of a great deal of traffic. For water competition is no myth, as some writers with more imagination than knowledge have asserted. It is a stern reality. The American-Hawaiian Steamship Company now regularly takes goods from New York to Coatzacoalcas, Mexico, by boat; thence across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec via the National Tehuantepec Railroad; and thence by boat to destination, and lands them in San Francisco in 25 days from New York; in Portland in 35 days, and in Seattle in 40 days. With this fast service, and with rates 20 to 60 per cent. lower than those of the railways, it has rapidly built up its business since it established this route on the opening of the Tehuantepec Railroad in 1907. The present size of ocean shipments to the Coast is illustrated by the fact that last year the boats, not including tramp vessels, landed 266,000 tons of freight in California, while the Southern Pacific carried there of transcontinental traffic only 205,000 tons. It will be only a few years until the Panama Canal is done. The steamships can then give a much cheaper and faster service. How can it be said that the railways can raise their Coast rates when facing such a situation?

Suppose that they should adopt the other alternative and reduce their rates to the interior to the same level as their present rates to the Coast. This would enable the jobbers in the interior to compete more successfully against those on the Coast. The railways would not mind this, for they get all the traffic to the interior, while they have to divide that to the Coast with the boats. But the steamship companies would mind it, because their prosperity depends entirely on the growth and prosperity of the cities on the Coast. Undoubtedly, therefore, they would make such reductions in their rates as should be necessary to enable the cities of the Coast to continue to compete successfully with those in the interior. The Coast cities always have had lower rates than those in the interior, and they always will have them; and this, regardless of what the railways have done in the past, and probably regardless of what they shall do in the future.

The logical application of the distance principle would be ruinous to the very communities that are contending for it. If, on principle, rates *into* this territory should be based on distance, then, on the same principle, rates *out* of it on its products ought to be based on distance. But both the Pacific Coast and the interior West are very remote from the great markets of the East where they sell their fruit, vegetables, lumber, etc. To enable them to sell their products in these markets the railways have made much lower rates on them in proportion to distance than on similar commodities when produced farther east. To these low rates is largely due the present extraordinary prosperity of the West. As illustrating this prosperity, it may be said that the postal receipts of Spokane, the chief complainant, increased 264 per cent. from 1900 to 1908; its bank clearings 400 per cent., and its population 500 per cent. On the distance principle, these low rates from the West would have to be greatly raised, to the equal detriment of the Western producer and of the Eastern consumer.

It does not necessarily follow that some readjustment of rates is not feasible and desirable. The roads concede that some changes should be made. It is to the interest of the entire nation, including the Western railways, that the development of the rich natural resources of the interior

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West should be fostered in every practicable manner. The only way the railways could put and keep it on an actual parity of rates with the Pacific Coast would be to get control of the water lines. Public opinion would not stand that. The roads may also help the interior communities considerably by reducing the rates charged their jobbers from the East and Middle West; provided, however, that they shall be at the same time allowed to maintain relatively high rates from the Pacific Coast eastward. If each reduction from the East and Middle West to the interior is to be accompanied not only by even greater reductions in the water rates, but also by corresponding reductions in the railway rates back from the Coast, the jobbers on the Coast will always have the same relative advantage over the jobbers in the interior that they have now. There will be no change in the *relations* between the rates to the contending communities, but only similar reductions to all and consequent depletions of the earnings of the railways.

On the principle contended for by the complainants in these cases and upheld by the Commission in its decision in the Spokane case, however, justice would not be done by merely readjusting rates so as to alter the relative advantages and disadvantages of the various communities. For, it is asserted, and the Commission in the Spokane case held, that the net earnings of the carriers have been excessive and that, therefore, their rates in general ought to be reduced. This brings us to the consideration of the second problem mentioned at the beginning of this paper, viz., whether rates may and should be reduced when and because the profits of the railways have become large.

Those who hold the affirmative base their argument chiefly on legal grounds. In the view of the law railway companies are quasi-public corporations. They perform a public service; they exercise the right of eminent domain; and, it is said, in the language used by the Supreme Court of the United States in 1897 in the Nebraska Rate Case (Smythe *vs.* Ames, 169 U. S., 466), "What the company is entitled to earn is a fair return upon the value of that which it employs for the public convenience." It is argued that a fair return is the legal rate of interest; and that when a railway's net earnings exceed this they are too great. This, of course, is just another phase of the cost-of-service theory. The argument epitomized is that the railways ought to render the transportation service for cost including operating expenses and interest. The net earnings on the capital stock of the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific, which the Commission found excessive in the Spokane case, had been 10 to 15 per cent. per annum for six years; and the Commission said that the capitalizations on which this was based were only slightly more than it believed to be the values of the properties.

Whether public authorities constitutionally may reduce the rates of a railway on the ground that its earnings are excessive is an open question. The decision of the Supreme Court of the United States which has the most direct bearing on the matter is that in the case of Cotting *vs.* Godard (183 U. S., 79), rendered in 1901. This was a case involving the constitutionality of an act of the Legislature of Kansas reducing the rates of the Kansas City Stockyards Company. On the rates fixed by the company it was earning 11 per cent. On the rates fixed by the Legislature it could have earned 5.3 per cent. It was contended that the Legislature was justified in reducing the charges of the company because its profits were excessive. But the Supreme Court unanimously held otherwise. Justice Brewer, who wrote the opinion, said:

"As to parties engaged in a public service, while the power to regulate has been sustained, negatively the Court has held that the Legislature may not prescribe rates which if enforced would amount to a confiscation of property. But it has not held that the Legislature may enforce rates that stop only this side of confiscation. . . . It has declared that the present value of the property is the basis by which the test of reasonableness is to be determined, although the actual cost is to be considered, and that the value of the services rendered to each individual is also to be considered."

He quoted many decisions in which American and English courts had passed on the reasonableness of the charges of public service corporations, including railways, and, summing up, added:

"The authority of the Legislature to interfere by a regulation of rates is not an

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authority to destroy the principles of these decisions but simply to enforce them. . . . The question is always not, What does he (the person performing a public service) make as the aggregate of his profits? but, What is the value of the services which he renders to the one seeking and receiving such services? Of course, it may sometimes be . . . that the amount of aggregate profits may be a factor in considering the question of reasonableness of the charges, but it is only one factor, and is not that which finally determines the question of reasonableness."

While this case involved the rates of a stockyards company, the railways maintain that it established a precedent for railway rate cases. They argue that so long as the rate that they charge a shipper is not unduly discriminatory or in excess of the value of the service rendered to him, he cannot complain that it is unreasonable because it yields the railway a larger profit than some other rate, or because from all of its business the railway's profits are large.

It is contended by the railways that even if the public, through commissions or legislatures, has the *power* to so reduce the rates of railways as to limit their net earnings to the current rate of interest, it will not be economically expedient to exercise it. What has enabled the railways in the West to struggle up since 1897 from bankruptcy to their present prosperity? Shippers say that it has been the general prosperity of the country and the consequent growth of traffic. But in one way the railways of the country have not shared with other business concerns in the general prosperity. It has been a period of large advances in the wages of labor and in the prices of materials. The railways have had to pay their share of these higher wages and prices. But, unlike other concerns, they have not been able, in the West or elsewhere, to advance materially the prices of what they sell—transportation. Can it be said, then, that the increase of their net earnings has been solely due to the growth of traffic? This question was touched upon in an article in the *North American Review* for September, 1909, by a competent and disinterested observer, W. M. Acworth, the leading authority on railway economics in England. His conclusion was that the great change in their financial situation has "arisen mainly from the stern lesson of adversity taught to American railways in the year 1893, and the way in which American railway officers took those lessons to heart." He added:

"If an outsider might criticise, I should say that I am startled at the ingratitude which the American public has displayed in return for the marvellous skill and energy with which American railway men revolutionized the operation of American railways in the years when traffic began to recover after the panic of 1893."

Mr. Acworth implies that the main cause of the large increase in net earnings has been the reductions in operating expenses that have been effected by improvements in the railways' plants and in the methods of operating them. A large part of railway net earnings, whether first paid out as dividends or not, has always been invested in improving the existing lines or in building new ones. This has been of great benefit to the public. But, say railway managers, the main incentive to improve and reduce the expenses of existing railways and to build new lines will be removed if it shall become the policy of the Government to appropriate for the benefit of those who furnish neither the money nor the brains for railway improvements and extensions all the net earnings above a certain low maximum. It is argued that so long as the rates of the railway do not discriminate or impose an undue burden on traffic it is entitled to earn at least the ordinary rate of commercial profit in the territory where it does business. It is contended that the prosperity which the West is enjoying shows that the rates of the railways as a whole lay no undue burden on its commerce. It is shown that the average annual profits of the very jobbers who most complain are, according to their own testimony, from fifteen to twenty per cent. per annum. It is argued that in view of these facts, there is no justification for sweeping reductions in freight rates.

Railway rates in the United States have universally been based on the value of the service. The adoption and consistent application of the principles contended for by the shippers in these Western cases would work a revolution. A simple illustration will indicate what would be the effects. Coal is shipped to every city in the country from a large number of mines. Under the

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present method rates from the nearby mines are made relatively high per mile and from the more remote relatively low. This enables all the operators in a large district to sell their output in a large market at a profit, and the people at that market to buy their coal from any of these operators that they please. On mileage rates the operators of the nearest mines would get and keep a monopoly of the market until their mines approached exhaustion, while the more distant coal mines would be rendered comparatively valueless. The present method of rate-making tends to stimulate commercial competition; basing rates on distance would tend to build up petty monopolies in every community. At present rates are made much higher in proportion to the cost of transportation on valuable than on cheap commodities. On the basis of cost the rates on valuable commodities would have to be much reduced and those on cheap commodities to be much raised. Many commodities are so bulky in proportion to their value that under this plan they could not bear the rates imposed; they would be excluded from the avenues of commerce; their producers would be ruined; and the public would lose whatever advantage it now derives from their use.

The proposition to base the *earnings* of railways on the cost of furnishing transportation seems as untenable and inexpedient as the proposition to so base their *rates*. The builders of a new railway always hope for profits, but always take the risk of getting none. The owners of existing railways always hope that investments in improvements in their plants will reduce operating expenses more than they increase interest charges, and thereby yield a profit; but they always take the risk of increasing interest charges more than they reduce operating expenses, and incurring a loss. Now, it seems obvious that men will not go on taking the risk of building new railways and making expensive improvements in old ones if the Government is to appropriate by reductions in rates all their profits over the current rate of interest, for they can get the current rate of interest elsewhere without taking such risks.

There are many freight rates in the West and elsewhere which are unjust. The nation wisely has clothed a public tribunal with power to correct such results of the traffic manager's poor judgment, unfairness, or malice. But however the carriers may have erred or sinned in details, the principles for which they contend seem right. By making rates on those principles they have contributed enormously to promoting the industrial and commercial development of the United States. If those principles are right, it is of vital importance that the Interstate Commerce Commission and the courts shall adopt them in regulating rates; for the principles that they adopt in regulating rates must ultimately prevail in making rates; and on how rates shall be made largely depends the future of transportation, industry, and commerce in this country.

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THE HOUSE OF BROKEN SWORDS

By William Hervey Woods

On one side marshes met the snarling sea,
And on the other three gaunt mountain peaks
Shot up 'mid screaming eagles; and between,
Beetling above an inky tarn, upclomb
That hostelry.
Cloud-high it loomed, and dark
As Amazonian forests. Far o'erhead
Its shadowy roof, sometimes but spindrift dim,
Sometimes was heaven, with lucent twilight skies
Besprent with stars; and round each echoing hall
In carven ambrys quaint, old storied arms
Blazoned the walls. There on Goliath's blade
Goliath's blood still rusted; there sea-born
Excalibur flaunted his wizard hilt,
And Soldan's yataghan and Richard's brand
Hung with the baton that in Cæsar's grasp
Dispeopled nations.
But the loftiest nave
In that strange house was hung with broken swords,
Whereof the chiefest three had shields beneath
Scrolled each with shining names. One shield was his
Who long time humbled Rome, and one, blood-red,
Recalled the Corsican; and last a shield,
Now wet with old men's tears, proclaimed the chief
Whose ramparts linger 'mid Virginian pines.
Untenanted the place, to casual eyes,
And silent; but anon began afar
Onset of armèd feet, and thunders rolled
(Thunders or battle), and a hand unseen
Lifted a veil, and Lo! a marching host
Swept through the aisles, while on amazèd ears
Sea-like uprose the Prayer of Beaten Men.

"We are the fallen, who, with helpless faces
Low in the dust, in stiffening ruin lay,
Felt the hoofs beat, and heard the rattling traces
As o'er us drove the chariots of the fray."

"We are the fallen, who by ramparts gory,
Awaiting death, heard the far shouts begin,
And with our last glance glimpsed the victor's glory
For which we died, but dying might not win.

"We were but men. Always our eyes were holden,
We could not read the dark that walled us round,
Nor deem our futile plans with thine enfolden—
We fought, not knowing God was on the ground.

"Give us our own; and though in realms eternal
The potsherd and the pot, belike, are one,
Make our old world to know that with supernal
Powers we were matched, and by the stars o'erthrown.

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"Aye, grant our ears to hear the foolish praising
Of men—old voices of our lost home-land,
Or else, the gateways of this dim world raising,
Give us our swords again, and hold thy hand."

Thus prayed they, and no spoken answer fell;
But whoso watched, saw the dark roof again
Flash into sudden heaven aglow with stars
That aimed their rays, straight as God's glances on
Those shields alone beneath the broken swords.

THE NEGLECTED ART OF ORATORY

By Francis Rogers

DURING the past one hundred and fifty years there have been many great men in this country whose leadership and whose influence upon the affairs of their time have been largely due to their skill in the use of the spoken word—to their oratorical ability. Patrick Henry, James Otis, Hamilton, Clay, Calhoun, and Webster are some of the mighty orators whose fame has come down to us in written record; then, through Rufus Choate, Edward Everett, Wendell Phillips, Henry Ward Beecher, and Phillips Brooks the great oratorical tradition descends almost to our own day. With Beecher, whom Dr. Lyman Abbott rates as the best-equipped orator to whom living ear has listened, and with Brooks, the embodiment of all that is best in pulpit eloquence, the line seems to have come to an end.

To-day there is one man who can lay just claim to this rich inheritance—William Jennings Bryan. However widely we may dissent from Mr. Bryan's political views, there can be but one opinion as to his truly extraordinary gifts and achievements as a public speaker.

Can one imagine a more thrilling and exhilarating pleasure than that of swaying with one's words a listening host of people, warming or cooling their passions, bending their thoughts and wills in the direction of one's own thoughts and will, even as Bryan did at the Chicago Convention in 1896? This power has wrought mightily for both good and evil, and it is astonishing that nowadays so few speakers should train themselves to wield skilfully such an effective weapon. Every lawyer, every preacher, every politician, every man, in fact, who has occasion to address audiences, ought to study the technique of oratory so that he can at will, within his own sphere and limitations, interest and persuade his hearers.

No art is so neglected in these days as that of oratory. The writer, the musician, and the painter give years of study to the acquisition of their respective arts, but the preacher and the public speaker, often enough unacquainted with even the rudiments of the art of oratory, seem to feel that when they succeed in speaking their words audibly, they have done all that can reasonably be expected of them. The speaker who uses his voice skilfully and effectively, who makes graceful and illuminating gestures, and who stands nobly upon his feet, is one of the rarest of birds.

And yet the requisites for a good oratorical technique are within the reach of nearly everybody. Many a great singer was laughed at in his early days for his apparently foolish ambition, because his friends thought his voice absolutely without promise. Jean de Reszké was approaching middle life before fame began to smile upon him, and the history of the concert, as well as the operatic, stage shows to us over and over again that determination and persistence have much more to do in bringing about ultimate success than the initial pos-

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session of a beautiful voice. In the history of acting the weight of testimony is on the same side. Coquelin and Henry Irving are pertinent instances of dramatic triumphs founded, not upon natural gifts, but upon laboriously acquired technique. The art of the orator is of close kin to that of the singer and of the actor, and by just the same methods of intelligent study as those which the singer employs to train and perfect his voice and diction, and those by which the actor learns to portray nature on the stage, the orator can develop and fortify his own technique.

The two requisites for effective oratory are, first, to have something to say; and, second, to know how to say it. Strangely enough, there is an opinion, only too generally held, that the first requisite alone is sufficient, and that if one has something to say, some mysterious power will inspire one with the ability to say it persuasively. Especially have I heard ministers sustain this point of view, in the very face of the fact that the decadence of the art of oratory is nowhere more strikingly exemplified today than in the pulpit, where ill-managed voices, indistinct utterance, meaningless gestures, and wearisome, often comic, mannerisms are the rule rather than the exception.

I recall hearing a distinguished clergyman who, when preaching, had a habit of raising himself on his toes and raising the pitch of his voice simultaneously; and then, when toes and voice could be stretched no higher, quite regardless of the rhetorical effect, would fall back on his heels and drop his voice to an inaudible murmur. Another well-known parson, a few blocks down the street, used, in the first five minutes of his sermon, to roar himself so hoarse that at its close his voice was reduced to a raucous whisper. A surgeon told me of a patient of his, a clergyman, who had actually thrown his spine out of plumb by the mighty blows which, during his sermons, he delivered with his good right arm upon the unresisting air. Everybody can easily add instances in point from his own experience. Good pulpit orators are as scarce as good operatic tenors, and the case of public speaking in general is scarcely less lamentable.

I make no attempt to deal with the psychological side of this subject, alluring though it be, but make a brief plea for the study of the mere physical technique of which every speaker stands in need. The object of the orator is to make his auditors think and feel as he wishes them to think and feel. If he cannot do this, he is a failure as an orator; and that the orator of our time so seldom succeeds in doing this is due, in large part, to his never having mastered the technique of his art.

Last winter a clergyman told me that he had never studied elocution for fear that it might make him self-conscious in the pulpit. This is, perhaps, only another way of saying, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." As sensible for the student of the violin to neglect, for the same reason, to study the correct position and use of his hands and fingers in playing his instrument. Of all public speakers the preacher should be the most eager to submit himself to criticism, because the conditions under which he practises prevent him from hearing any unfavorable comment on his preaching, unless he deliberately seeks it.

The president of a large university used to take but a slight interest in the department of elocution, maintaining that if one had something to say, it was easy enough to say it, without bothering about a special training in speech and gesture. The head of the department ventured one day, in a moment of exasperation, to reply to him, "But don't you think, sir, that your own bearing upon the platform would be more impressive, if you refrained, when speaking, from clasping your hands over your waistcoat, twiddling your thumbs, and shuffling your feet?"

In laudable contrast with this mistaken attitude is the custom of a certain bishop to preach a sermon at least once a year in the presence of a teacher of elocution, whose duty it is to criticise the delivery of the sermon from the point of view of the expert. I recommend just such a course as this to every speaker, no matter how perfect or experienced he may think himself. The speaker, like the singer and the actor, can neither see nor hear himself as others see and hear him, and for this reason, even if he has once been thoroughly grounded in the technique of his art, has but a very limited ability for self-criticism. His most dangerous and insidious enemy, the mannerism, is certain, under one form or another, to take possession of him, unless he has some frank critic to warn him betimes of its approach.

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Why should the art of oratory, alone among the arts, be considered exempt from the study of technique? To do anything well we must have technique. The good business man has his, just as the skilful surgeon and the billiard expert have theirs. Technique in any line of endeavor is, after all, only the knowledge of how to achieve one's end in the easiest and simplest way. There is a period in the life of every student when preoccupation with technique causes self-consciousness, but this self-consciousness disappears as the technique affirms itself. One might say that technique in piano-playing is superfluous, because Paderewski's playing is so entirely free from self-consciousness. But there was a time when Paderewski played self-consciously and laboriously, and his present artistry is due to years of persistent, well-directed effort to acquire the mechanical mastery of his instrument. *Ars celare artem.* I should apologize for uttering such trite commonplaces about any art, if the art of oratory were not so often held to be superior to, or outside of, the general law.

Emerson asserts that power is composed of innate impetus or temperament, concentration, and drill. In the same essay ("Power") he says: "Practice is nine-tenths. A course of mobs is good practice for orators. All the great speakers were bad speakers at first. Stumping it through England for seven years made Cobden a consummate debater. Stumping it through New England for twice seven years trained Wendell Phillips." Innate impetus, or temperament, is in the gift of the gods only; concentration and drill are well within the domain of the human will.

Demosthenes, the most famous of all the world's great orators, though endowed by nature with the requisite temperament, was at first hindered in his ambition by several bodily defects. To remedy a hesitating and obscure utterance he taught himself to speak distinctly even with pebbles in his mouth; to cure a shortness of breath, he climbed hills and exercised his lungs systematically; to enable his weak voice to carry above the shouting of a mob he trained it to dominate the roar of the breaking surf. This discipline to which he submitted himself in order to overcome difficulties that to a less determined character would have seemed unconquerable, gave him a technique in his art which has had no equal in the history of oratory.

The art of the orator is closely allied with that of the actor, except in that the orator speaks his own thoughts, while the actor utters the words of another. Their preliminary training is the same—first, the study of the mechanics of breathing, voice, articulation, and pronunciation; and then the study of the expression of thought and emotion through the infinitely varied use of voice, facial expression, pose, and gesture. The orator, like the actor, must learn to hold the mirror up to nature, and to sway by conscious means the minds of his hearers, just as Shakespeare's Mark Antony swayed the Roman mob in the presence of Cæsar's body.

It is an endless and fascinating art, which carries one deep into the study of human nature and of the stimuli to which human nature will respond. One must understand familiarly not only the psychology of the individual, but also that of gatherings of individuals, and be able to read their minds even while one is speaking to them. An audience is an antagonist who dares the orator to enter the arena with him, and to interest, instruct, amuse, and move him. If the orator accepts the challenge and fails in the contest, the public will have no more of him; but if he is strong, resourceful, and trained to the minute, he will soon have his opponent at his mercy, and by the victory win the admiration and affection of his audience, which always dearly loves to be subjugated.

The world has always rewarded its great orators generously, and unless human nature has undergone a fundamental change, it is even now holding precious laurels in store for those who shall charm its ears with golden speech. Why is it that there are so few who think these laurels worth the winning? In some degree we all are capable of earning a share of them, and even if the gods have not granted us that innate impetus without which the highest pinnacle of oratorical power is never attained, we can by intelligent and persistent effort acquire at least a technique which shall win for us some of the minor triumphs of the successful orator.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

EVERY year, for some years now, a celebrated French singer has come to us whose business has been to sing simple little songs of the long-ago. We used to know this same singer, once upon a time, as most modern in the interpretation of her repertoire, even when it harked back to the folk-song, the old French *chanson*.

Old Songs

But now we find her using all the resources of her art to strip herself, as much as may be, of all sophistication. One may be so admiring of the woman's share in the transformation (which chooses to present to your vision a quaint, fresh, matter-of-fact Victorian person whom you never saw before, rather than a twenty-years-later edition of the same erstwhile idiosyncratic personality, which would inevitably bring with it a trail of tiresome comparisons) that one may overlook the artist's share. What is really interesting is the preference of this artist, trained originally in the most up-to-the-minute actuality, for little commonplace, old-fashioned ditties.

But is the preference surprising, after all? What fun everybody seemed to have in those old ballads! Even when the persons sung about were being miserable, what a good, stupid, comfortable sort of miserable time they seemed to have! Of course, one would not wish to be understood to belittle the newly acquired "social sense" of the race—one knows very well the penalties that attach to lukewarmness in this regard in these years of grace—but one just wishes to slip in the suggestion that the uncultured old-timey songs of nearly all peoples exhale a humanness hard to beat. How, in fact, they could be so human (and the populations from whose hearts they sprang inferentially the same), while they expressed so little of the new and proper way to feel toward your fellow man, is indeed a mystery. One could almost find one's self fearing that, as we advanced further in the sex, class, group, and other consciousnesses, we may lose this extremely human quality somewhere on the way. Such fear assailed one person, the other day, on reading a certain love-story in a magazine. It was a very good love-story, in that the young people were very much in earnest. But there were obstacles, and finally the wise man of the neighborhood pointed to the hard upward way. He said to the young people, Why do you not socialize your love? And they saw a great light. And one went straightway home and was good to the old mother sitting there. Ah, well. There used to be youths and maids who could, if need be, give each other up, and of course be good to the old mother too, without knowing what you called it.

This seems like digression, but it is not. The youths and maids and other folk in the old songs seem really to have known as much about everything of importance as we do, and to have acted accordingly, only there, precisely, was the difference: they did not know what you called it.

Where will you find, for instance, a sounder feminine philosophy than that of the young lady in the pre-Victorian "Keys of Heaven," who will neither walk with, nor talk with, her rich suitor while he makes his plea on the basis alone of what he has, materially, to offer her? She has, so far as we know, no scruples as to the social justice, or otherwise, of his ability to be proffering a coach-and-four; nor even any saving conviction that wealth means opportunity; and in these respects she may strike you as having a still rudimentary consciousness. But there is nothing rudimentary in her perception that the only way to get on comfortably with a man, in wedlock, is to have him well down on his marrow-bones before ever you make a start. And is not the root of the matter also in the other contemporaneous lady known as "The Dumb Wife," who had every virtue, including speechlessness, but whose husband, manlike, could never be satisfied until she talked? Well did she revenge herself when he had his wish; whereby we see that, while they prated not of sex slavery, the women of those days had no intention of submitting to any such thing. There was some sense of humor in these old-time personages, even as there was a pretty, romantic spirit—such as peeps out from "The Bailiff's Daughter," and kindred balladry. For the loss of such humor and good-humor and gallant belief in sentiment—for the loss, too, of such lovely simplicity as speaks forth in an old

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French "Noël," or in the joyous welcome to the spring that still sends groups of children, in small south-German towns, singing through the streets on May-day,—we say, for the loss of such human things, what shall repay us? Of course these are not "important" things. But if one were a singer and an artist, one might conceivably feel one's self in very good company among them, in spite of, or perhaps because of, their unimportance.

A Matter of Debate

I AM inclined to think that as to one feature in our public life, we Americans are a little too modest; but I hasten to say that our apparent excess of modesty is due to our ignorance of the facts. We are wont to sing rather small when a question arises as to the level of debate in the Congress of the United States as compared with the level reached in the United Kingdom, in Germany, or even in France. We stand mute when we hear the praises of Mr. Balfour, Lord Morley, Lord Rosebery, of Prince Bülow and Herr Bebel, of Clemenceau and Jaurès, and we hardly realize that we have at Washington, from time to time, debaters who, if not equal to these in scope and style, are by no means inferior to them in the adequate performance of the task that discussion in Congress imposes.

It must clearly be understood, at the outset of a comparison of this sort, that the task at Washington is essentially different from that in London or Berlin or Paris. Each of the European capitals is the seat of a highly centralized government, dealing with questions of great importance at home and with foreign questions of world-wide concern. No American "budget," if we had one—which, in the sense of a responsible statement of taxation and expenditure, we have not—would begin to have so intimate a relation to the life of the people as has that of Mr. Lloyd-George, or that on which Prince Bülow was overthrown, or that in the discussion of which M. Clemenceau so suddenly and almost accidentally met a fall. Moreover, in London and Paris the Government of the day depend directly and completely on the possession of a majority in the popular branch of the national legislature, and in Berlin there is a sort of indirect dependence of this sort. Hence the parliamentary debaters are fighting for their political lives, and the struggle puts them on their mettle whenever a "crisis" approaches. Nothing of the sort occurs at Washington. No crisis can arise that can dislodge the party in power immediately, or is likely completely to break its hold, if that hold be strong, in a long time. In the last quarter of a century there have been four political changes in the Presidency—in 1884, 1888, 1892, and 1896—but in all that time there has been but one brief term of two years in which the President and both Houses of Congress were Democratic. It may be a wise arrangement of checks and balances that makes "crises" so rare and so difficult to calculate, but it is obvious that it makes discussion in the American Congress a very different thing from discussion in a European Parliament.

Bearing in mind these marked differences in conditions, I think a very fair case may be made for American debaters. In the matter of form, one thing may properly be emphasized —the courtesy observed, especially in the Senate, is quite as uniform and of a character as refined as that of the House of Commons, and decidedly superior to that prevailing in Berlin or Paris, and though this quality is more imperative in our Senate than in the House of Representatives, it is the general rule in the latter also. As for the more fundamental characteristics—command of facts, force of presentation, aptness in retort—these appear, when occasion offers, to an extent not generally appreciated. Occasion did arise in the recent extraordinary session of the Congress called to revise the tariff, and it was met, particularly by the members of the majority who opposed their party, with a really admirable demonstration of talent and skill. The polish, for example, of Senator Dolliver of Iowa, if not equal to that of Mr. Balfour grappling with an analogous subject, was by no means beneath comparison, while his vigor, candor, and sustained elevation of argument were quite up to the best English standard. I am aware that this opinion may surprise readers who get their impression of debates in the American Congress from the newspapers, but it is one of the drawbacks in our political life that the newspapers, for various reasons, do not give an adequate or correct impression of these debates. If the Capital were New York, or Chicago, or even Boston, their treatment of the matter would be different and far more thorough. Much fuller reports would impose themselves and would not be denied. As it is, the perspective of the press and its readers is deranged, is, in the popular phrase, "queered," by conditions of publication. And, apart from this, there is the undeniable fact that no large proportion of the

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American people are much interested in most of the subjects of debate at Washington. There is a certain partisan interest, but that is usually vague. Very little direct, intimate, practical interest is aroused such as one finds in England or even on the Continent. American debates do not come home to the business and bosoms of men as do those of foreign parliaments in the capitals of more centralized governments. Whence what I am persuaded is the mistakenly low popular impression of the ability and equipment of our national legislators.

The Tontine of Fame

IN the eighteenth century, and even in the earlier years of the nineteenth, the tontine was a favorite form of speculation. A certain number of men made equal contributions of money, which was used to erect a building or otherwise invested; and the investment became the sole property of that one of the original subscribers who happened to survive the longest. Although the tontine has now fallen into innocuous desuetude, it was alluring in its way; and it was specially tempting to strong men with superb confidence in their own vitality. Indeed, its attractiveness is exactly the reverse of that of life insurance, in which, as the California gambler put it, "you have to die to beat the bank."

Although the tontine no longer appeals to the speculative as a method of getting a good deal for very little, it can be discovered still in existence in other realms of human activity than the financial. In politics, in literature, and in art some of the men who manage to survive beyond the allotted threescore years and ten profit unduly by the mere fact of their longevity. They gain an excessive reward in reputation by survivorship. The aged politician who has retired from active service, lingers in the public gaze in the lofty position of a Sage; and he bulks bigger in the eyes of his younger contemporaries simply because he still exists in the flesh. For example, we may query whether Gladstone, who attained to fourscore, was really a wiser and a more far-seeing statesman than Canning, whose career was cut short at less than threescore. In other words, Gladstone lived long enough to profit by what we may call the tontine of fame.

In literature the examples of this acquisition of a wider reputation by mere survivorship are abundant. Shelley and Keats were cut off in their youth, before they had accomplished all their early promise; and Tennyson survived and ripened and matured and was able at last to achieve the fullest expression of his native endowment. But if Tennyson had died at sixty, or even at fifty, the body of his work would be smaller, but it would be only a little less significant and only a little less valuable. Yet his reputation kept on spreading and branching out, largely because he lived on into a green old age. Alfred de Musset died young, and Victor Hugo attained to more than fourscore years, with his fame steadily rolling up like a snow-ball, and until the disproportion between the reputations of the two poets came to seem emphatically unfair. Might not the relative positions of Goethe and of Schiller have been more or less modified if it had been the author of "Faust" who had died in middle life, and the author of the "Robbers" who had lingered long into the nineteenth century?

And consider certain of our own American authors, more especially the poets. Bryant won his reputation in his youth, and can scarcely be said to have greatly advanced it by anything which he wrote after he was thirty or forty. But he continued to walk the streets of New York until he was long past threescore years and ten; and his good gray head continued to give dignity to public meetings of one kind or another. Can it be denied that when he died his fame had profited by his longevity, and that he seemed then to be a greater man than he will be in the opinion of the next generation that knew him not? Consider Poe, snuffed out early, and Whitman having the vitality to outlive the early hurly-burly about his more aggressive works. Whitman won a prize in the tontine of fame which Poe failed to secure. Whitman was paid compound interest on the later years of his life.

Art and the Multi-Millionaire

OUR "multi-millionaires" are faring badly at the hands of the art critics. Those in England complain that some caprice of vulgar taste is leading these omnivorous buyers to absorb all the masterpieces of the past into their private galleries; and those of America are complaining that this passion for expensive masterpieces is bringing it to pass that American art of the present day is ignored, and that American painters are left to languish in New York apartments with barely the few thousands per annum necessary to pay their modest

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rent. The case is a sad one, but let us look not only the facts but the inferences squarely in the face. Let us ask the one important question: Is this state of affairs good for American art or bad for it? It may be a cruel optimism that answers, "Good," but one that will justify itself in the end, I think.

These masterpieces that are pouring into the country, while temporarily they are swallowed up in private galleries, are certain in time to reappear as public or semi-public property. When that happens the young art student will find it more profitable, if less economical and less amusing, to stay at home than to go to Europe, since he will have a chance to correct his taste amid his own environment and the concomitant chance of becoming a master. If he is disposed to doubt his good fortune in this case let him reflect upon Dürer and Rembrandt in contrast with their Italianated brethren.

But this is not the only benefit or the chief one. The picture buyers, as a class, will form the habit on their side of correct and independent taste. Unless the owner of masterpieces is either exceptionally dull or exceptionally uninterested, he will come to a gradual but certain sense of values in art, using the word neither in its technical nor commercial sense, but as a measure of merit. Nothing so surely trains the mind as association with excellence, and the people who to-day can command excellence in the art of the past are not, as a rule, either dull or uninterested.

I knew a millionaire—he happened even to be, through no virtue of mine, so I may say it without shame, a multi-millionaire—who unquestionably bought pictures with an eye on the market, and the dispersal of whose collection after his death proved him to have been in this as in other affairs an astute judge of market values;—but who had learned more than the one lesson.

He was talking about a current exhibition—another exploded theory, for multi-millionaires do, when occasion seems to warrant, visit current exhibitions in person. He had discovered a painter whose work pleased him because it reminded him of Luini. He came to it with the unjaded eyes of an amateur and the trained faculties of a multi-millionaire. He had not made it his business to discriminate among differing grades of mediocrity, he had made it his business to surround himself with the best, and behold the fruit of his labor—he knew his little Luini!

This detached instance to a certain degree is typical. A dealer, the other day, was speaking of his customers, distinguishing between the buyers and the collectors. There were wealthy patrons of the arts, he admitted, who were merely buyers who would take a dealer's word for the merits of their purchase. With engaging candor he permitted himself an accent of contempt in this asseveration. But also there were collectors, Wall Street potentates perhaps, who could not be cheated as to the point reached by a certain obscure stock on a certain day a few years back, and who, when they turned their minds to art, mastered technical points with the same concentration of effort and an equal success. "A man," he said naively, "who has made a great deal of money is usually rather intelligent."

Should it not be considered on the whole a desirable thing that this admitted intelligence be fed with masterpieces? Will it not, when the day of American art has come, work in favor of wise selection and stimulating criticism? Are we not possibly safe in trusting the men who have made their millions with the spending of them?

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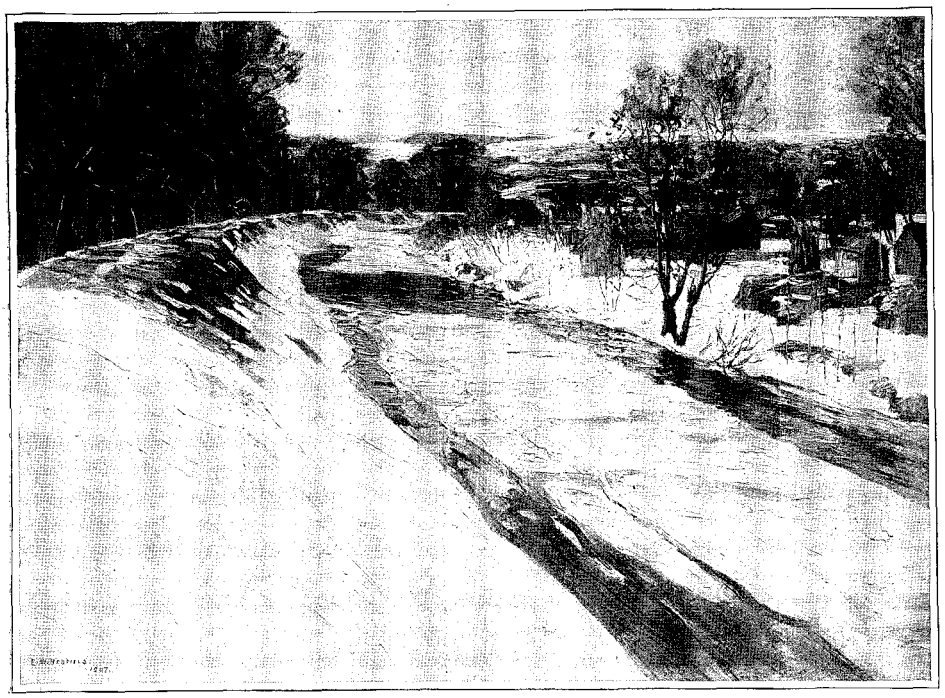
THE FIELD OF ART



"February," by Edward W Redfield.

Bought by the French Government in 1909.

THE LUXEMBOURG AND AMERICAN PAINTING

IT would be easy to miss the meaning of the purchase of Mr. Redfield's "February" by the French Government. For a quarter of a century and more this sort of compliment to American painting has been rather common. It has been accorded, however, upon the tacit condition that our artists should do the French sort of thing. One has only to recall the pioneer Americans at the Luxembourg—Whistler, Sargent, Walter Gay, Tanner, Alexander Harrison, J. McClure Hamilton, Dannat, Henry Mosler, among others—to admit that their work is essentially cosmopolitan. The achievement of these artists, however intrinsically excellent, lacks national idiom. It resembles the similar successes in French verse of those voluntary exiles of talent, Stuart Merrill and Vielé-Griffin. Now Mr. Redfield's "February" is emphatically our kind of thing. Its subject is a Pennsylvania tow-path with straining ice below, and beyond a glimpse over a level against which rises a leafless tree. The method, too, is ours—a crisp, direct naturalism which is saved from banality by thoughtful selection and elimination. It is the quality of a youthful art. Scandinavian painting shows it clearly. British and Continental landscape tends to display a stronger infusion of decorative or romantic sentiment, or, in the poorer examples, a less reflective realism. At the risk of seeming a benighted philistine, let me insist upon the interest of the subject. The acceptance of our themes by France implies the gradual enrichment of the motives of modern landscape. To gain this recognition has been difficult. For a generation Inness was known in Europe, but his exoticism on the whole repelled even the more intelligent critics. His autumn colors seemed to them far-fetched and even false. If the virtue of a work of art is in the observer,

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one may say that an Inness, very excellent art in New York, became very dubious art in Paris or Munich. The honor paid to Mr. Redfield's "February" announces the end of the probationary period of our landscape. Our rocks and rills should be duly grateful to him.

Let me repeat that this æsthetic migration of subjects is a chapter of art as interesting as it is neglected. I can only note how the Flemings and Dürer filled Italy, and even Spain, with the castellated walls, stepped gables, and channelled alluvial plains of the north; how Claude made the receding amber hills of sunset Italy European coin; how Everdingen and Ruysdael gave to the world the foaming, bowlder-studded river-courses of lower Scandinavia. So Constable imposed upon the world the dense oaks, lush river pastures, and drenched skies of Suffolk. In our day the French have made us all intimates of the rugged forest of Fontainebleau, of the poplar-lined rivers of the Seine valley, and the sweeps of green chalk pasture down by the Norman sea, while the Scandinavians, abetted by our own painters, have conquered artistic standing for bristling firs, sparkling glaciers, and velvety fields of snow. It seems to me that the time has come when we too shall contribute from our landscape something specific and valuable to the world, and this implies for ourselves a more keen and affectionate enjoyment of a land that has received the classic consecration of art.

We often say loosely that a picture has been "bought by the Luxembourg." As a matter of fact this gallery buys nothing, but exists merely as a centre of exhibition and distribution. The French Ministry of Fine Arts, in accordance with long precedent, purchases every year a number of works from the chief exhibitions, and these acquisitions are disposed of chiefly through the staff of the Luxembourg Gallery. It is thus in the odd and not wholly enviable position of a museum that does not control its own buying—a fact that criticism has not always remembered. The Luxembourg maintains a permanent, if slightly changing, exhibition of modern art. It distributes many of the ministerial purchases to provincial galleries, some immediately, others after temporary exhibition at Paris. Finally, and surely its most important function, by a sort of probationary ordeal, extending usually over a generation, it sifts out of the current production the comparatively few works that prove themselves worthy of promotion to the Louvre. This last service seems to me its most substantial one, the single one perhaps that might be imitated confidently here in America. Or if we require a nearer precedent, the Tate Gallery is successfully accomplishing a similar work of selection at London.

But before advocating a limbo whence works of art shall, according to their deserts, pass to the glory of the greater museums or the obscurity of the country galleries, it may be well to look for a moment to the history of the Luxembourg, especially to its admitted defects, and then to our own museum situation as regards the art of to-day. Thus we may learn what part of French experience seems applicable to our own present needs. Like many other useful institutions, the Luxembourg was founded from an oddly indirect motive. Louis XVIII, desiring to lend prestige to the quarter in which sat his unpopular House of Peers, decided to establish there a gallery of modern art. This was in 1818. At that time or since, in no country but France could the opening of an art gallery have seemed a sound political argument. The philosophical historian of the future may judge whether the speedy expulsion of the Bourbons ensued in spite of or because of the Luxembourg Gallery. Probably it worked neither way, for until the early fifties its activities were most haphazard, and naturally unimpressive. Since the expansive times of the last Bonaparte the Luxembourg has exercised a deep influence upon French art. Its defects, as its critics have not failed to point out, have been those of all bureaucratic organizations. A dependency of the Ministry of Fine Arts, its taste could hardly rise higher than that of its source. It has at all times unduly befriended the official "art of the Institute," and for years it shut its doors inhospitably to the impressionists and more advanced realists. Yet with all these reservations, it has sheltered much of the best art of the last fifty years, has passed on to the Louvre some of its most valued treasures, and has distributed to the provincial museums hundreds of fine works in sculpture and painting. Whoever is inclined to sniff at the Luxembourg and the system it represents may do well to consider a partial list of its contributions to the permanent collections of the Louvre. Delacroix, Ingres, Chassériau, Decamps, Corot, Rousseau, Millet, Daubigny, Troyon, Couture, Manet, Regnault—these are a few names among many that rise in the memory. The Luxembourg was friendly to that shy and exquisite genius Jean Carriès and to the new and perturbing sculpture of Rodin.

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In short, its happy audacities have been about as frequent as its blameworthy conservatisms.

As a half-way house between the annual exhibitions and the permanent galleries of the Louvre and provinces, it has done a work that seems to me simply invaluable. And here perhaps lies its lesson for us. Almost without exception our museums have courageously, nay rashly, undertaken the delicate task of selecting and buying the work of living artists. Not merely such newer museums as those of St. Louis, Chicago, Buffalo, Worcester, Providence — to take only typical examples, but also those museums which are devoted mainly to older art—Boston, Philadelphia, and the Metropolitan Museum. And of late years, through private liberality at Washington, a National Gallery has been founded that may in time grow into a sort of semi-official American Luxembourg. Now this surely risky policy of buying the work of living artists was probably inevitable. The empty galleries invited such a generous course; it was important to gain the good-will of the artists; it was impolitic at times to thwart the zeal of influential gentlemen combined to land the work of an artist friend in a public gallery. That the fruits of such a course have been, to say the least, imperfectly satisfactory, a visit not

"Woman in Gray," by John W. Alexander.
Bought by the French Government in 1899.

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merely to the galleries, but even better to the store-rooms, of any of our older museums would prove. How many American pictures of note in their day now languish permanently on the racks, only official records could reveal. To one who believes firmly that the museums should adventure in the contemporary field the showing would be a most depressing one. To take one instance: How many canvasses of that erstwhile great painter Kensett does the Metropolitan Museum own? and how many does it exhibit? Or again, why does the Boston Museum of Fine Arts keep one-half of its paintings in storage? To do more than hint at these mysteries of the artistic charnel-house would be unpardonable. Let the mere hint suffice.

Surely it would have been better if there had been some means of sifting out the merely specious from the truly excellent works—if there could have been probationary galleries where the new work might prove its quality. And to-day our museums would be indeed fortunate if they received the work of recent artists only after some such fair and dignified ordeal had successfully been passed. The time may come—indeed I am confident it will—when the greater museums will decline to exhibit the work of living artists except on some distinctly probationary basis.

It is evident, though, that we cannot hope to naturalize so specifically French an institution as a ministerial gallery of modern art. There never can be a central gallery with official and authoritative relations extending to scores of provincial establishments. As in so many other instances, what the French do by authority we must effect informally in our good American fashion through professional comity and common sense. The effect, not the form, of organization is the important thing. I suppose the work of an American Luxembourg will hardly be done by any single institution. What is likely is that in every museum will be organized a department for contemporary art, preferably with its own galleries under their own roof. The essential thing is a full recognition of the probationary idea. Let us give over the false notion of a finality the futility of which we must prudently conceal in our junk-rooms. A few years ago we had the unedifying spectacle of an American public gallery brought to the tribunal for selling what in its day had passed for a great picture. We have come to a maturity, I believe, where we can afford to put away certain sly childish tricks. Let us cease coddling the artist by premature museum honors. Let us acknowledge that all contemporary judgments are highly fallible, and time the surest court of appeal. By buying modern work on probation we insure against its being forgotten and give it its chance to survive. Evidently no artist who shrinks from facing the verdict of a few years deserves a short cut to the abodes of the old masters.

If the museums were to treat modern art in this spirit, the very practical question would soon arise—what is to be done with the works that are not promoted to the permanent museums? Within limits, certain of these objects might be placed on indefinite loan in newer and smaller museums. But obviously the policy of favoring the provinces with the failures of the capitals might in the long run become unpopular. It should be recalled, however, that the value of exhibited works of art is highly relative. Every locality is justly interested in its own artists, and a considerable clearance of the accumulations at the larger galleries might be effected simply by distributing to the proper centres the works that fairly belong there. So might be built up interesting local collections. In short, many pictures have a value as record which they lack as art. A residuum of matter artistically unavailable there would always be. For this there remains as a last resort the store-room. But here, too, the principle of relativity would bring relief. Works of historical import might be lent to historical museums or appropriate public buildings. Indeed, there are few pictures so hopeless that in some place they may not have a certain decorative value. Many a public corridor would be the more attractive for the mellowed mediocrities that now repose *perdus* in museum store-rooms. I believe that some such circulation of pictures is already practised. If it were merely extended and systematized we should have all that is essential in the distributing function of the Luxembourg.

The important lesson which that institution has for us is that the perplexingly difficult task of sifting out the best work of contemporary artists should be undertaken not in a definitive but in an experimental spirit, and by an especial organization free to indulge in generous audacities since its enthusiasms are to be revised by that wisest of appellate judges, Father Time.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

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Drawn by Charles A. Winter.

"LEAVE ME NOT, LITTLE LOVERS OF THE AIR."

"Bluebird and Cardinal," page 407.

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